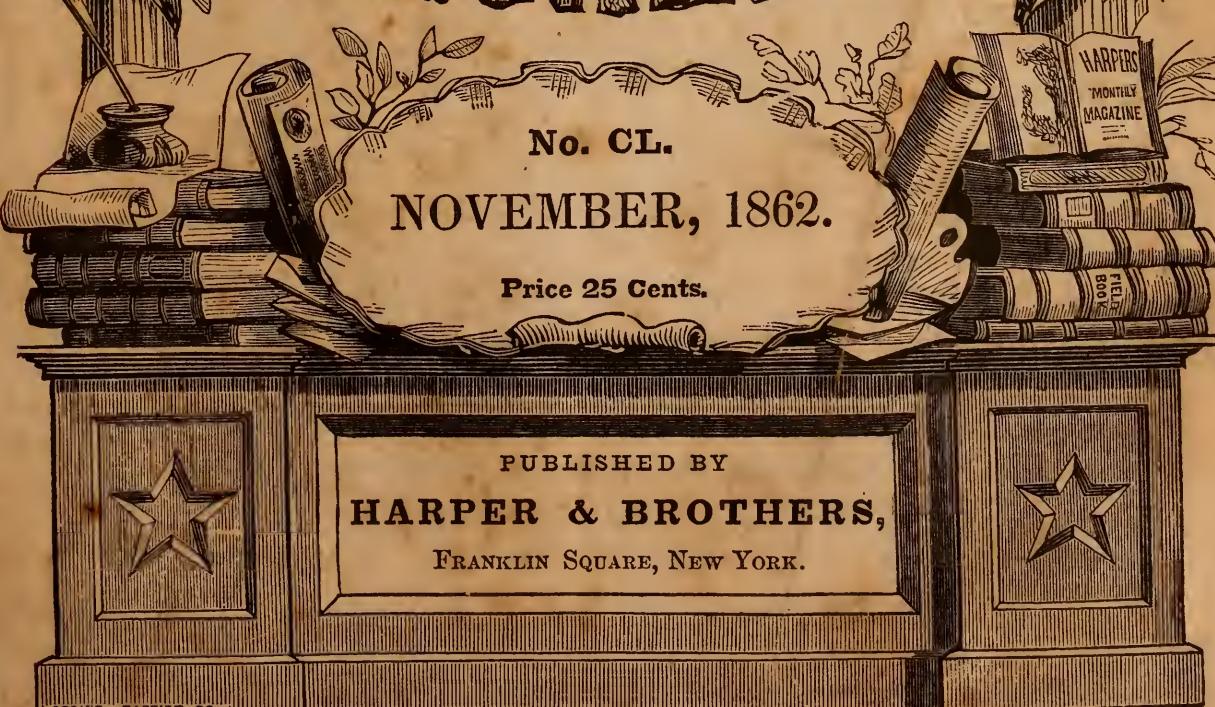


HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CL.—NOVEMBER, 1862.—VOL. XXV.



POLISH NATIONAL COSTUMES.

POLAND OVER-GROUND AND UNDER-GROUND.

I.—OVER-GROUND.

WHOMEVER spends a raw, murky afternoon rambling about in the dingy old Prussian city of Breslau, and attempts to sleep a night at the "Goldene Baum" will be glad enough, under ordinary circumstances, to pursue his journey in the morning regardless of the many wonderful things that still remain to be seen. For myself, I have a natural repugnance to iron and zinc foundries, and do not care particularly for tin-shops, distilleries, cloth factories, or metallurgical establishments.

My landlord—a dapper little Jew—was nevertheless very enthusiastic in his praise of Breslau, which he pronounced far superior to Paris in all the elegances and refinements of life, and quite equal to Berlin. It was the grand commercial metropolis of Prussia, combining within its limits the rarest gems of antiquity and the choicest luxuries of civilization. Here were brass and zinc in all their forms; here were metals from Silesia, and furs from Russia; here were linens and cloth ware of every description; here was the grand wool fair in which wool was gathered from all parts of Prussia and Poland. And in

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the way of antiquities, what could equal the St. Elizabeth Kirch, with its old pictures, enamels, and sculptures; and the Cathedral of St. John, a visit to which was worth a trip from America; and the Rathhaus, built by King John of Bohemia, in the fourteenth century, one of the wonders of the world! To leave Breslau, said my sprightly little host of the Golden Tree, without seeing the statue of the devil, who wheels his grandmother through the infernal regions in a wheel-barrow, would be an act of gross injustice to myself as well as to my friends and relations in America. Furthermore, I could have a room at forty-five kreutzers a day, and breakfast, dinner, and supper *à la carte*.

Notwithstanding all these attractions I took my departure from Breslau at 5 A.M., without seeing the interior of a single edifice except that of the Golden Tree. The handsomest building in the place, to my thinking, was the railroad dépôt, where I procured a third-class ticket for Myslowitz. In other parts of Europe the third-class cars are pretty good and generally clean; but I can not say that I found the company very select, or the cars very neat on this part of my journey. Smoke and dirt grew thicker than ever as I approached the borders of Poland. Nor does the tract of country lying between Breslau and Myslowitz present many compensating attractions to the lover of the picturesque. It is for the most part a desert of sandy plains, dotted here and there with a scrubby growth of pine, and but little improved in its scenic effects by the occasional columns of black smoke that rise from the zinc foundries and iron factories in the distance. I do not remember that I ever had a more dreary journey. Most of my fellow-passengers were Polish Jews, Galician traders, and Prussian peasants; and although they seldom stopped talking, their rude dialects were altogether unintelligible to my inexperienced ear. Silence would have been much more congenial.

At the frontier station, not far beyond Myslowitz, I had a foretaste of the rigors of the Austrian police system. My passport had been duly *visé* by the United States Consul-General and the Austrian Minister at Frankfort-on-the-Main. I delivered it up to the authorities at the dépôt with the easy confidence of a man who believes himself to be all right. There was a delay of an hour required by the vexatious formalities of the Custom-house. Having no baggage except a small knapsack, I got through this ordeal without much trouble. The officer, indeed, hesitated a moment when he came to a sketch-book in which I had drawn some caricatures of the Austrian soldiers at Frankfort, but without appearing to understand the attempted satire, he gravely closed the book and let me pass. While waiting for my passport, I quietly took my seat in the Wartsaal amidst a motley crowd of passengers, and amused myself smoking a cigar and trying to make out the latest intelligence from the United States as set forth in the columns of a Vienna newspaper. I succeeded in getting at the fact that a great battle had been fought, but here my

knowledge of the German language failed me. For the want of a few words I was unable to find out which side had gained the victory. A Polish gentleman perceiving my difficulty came forward and politely gave me the result in French. From that he proceeded to the unhappy condition of his own country, and was discussing in rather animated terms the aspect of political affairs in Cracow—much against my will, for I make it a point never to converse on forbidden topics with strangers—when a messenger in uniform entered and called out a name that bore a remote resemblance to my own. As nobody answered, I looked inquiringly at the messenger.

"Mein Herr," said he, in rather broad German, "is this your name?" And he handed me a slip of paper. There was no doubt about the name—it was mine. "Would I be pleased to follow him to the Passport Bureau? The Herr Director wished to see me." As I stood up to follow all eyes were turned upon me, and there was a sudden lull in the conversation. The fact that I had been selected from the entire crowd to appear in person at the Passport Bureau looked a little ominous. I must confess some gloomy images of Austrian prisons rose up before me.

Upon entering the office of the Chief I made a polite bow, as in duty bound. The Herr Director was a highly important gentleman, bearing upon his person many imposing badges of office. He scanned me rather suspiciously, and then said, in his native language,

"You are an American."

"Yes."

"What is your business here?"

"Traveling for pleasure and information."

The Herr Director looked dissatisfied. Was I a merchant? a banker? an artist? an apothecary? No, none of these; simply a traveler. The Herr Director held my passport in one hand, and demanded, in rather a severe tone, the cause of a certain erasure. An alteration had been made in the figures giving my age. The explanation was simple enough, though I must admit rather open to suspicion.

Briefly, the facts were these: Some time last year a thief got into my room at Frankfort and stole my clothes, razor, and pocket-book. In the pocket-book was my passport. This fellow's name was Schmidt, of Sausenheim—a yellow-skinned, ill-favored wretch with shaggy locks, who, on the strength of my passport, assumed the more euphonious name of Brown; and having altered the age to suit himself, went about the country for some months as a traveling barber, shaving people with my razor and robbing them in my name. The police caught him at last, and as usual advertised the stolen articles in the official gazette. I went to the office of the Justice in the Gross-Kornmarkt, identified my property, and, after several months' experience of German law, recovered all the stolen articles by paying very nearly their full value in satisfaction of advances made by the Government to Schmidt's pawnbroker. The altera-



THE PASSPORT BUREAU.

tion in the passport I endeavored to remedy by scratching out Schmidt's age with my penknife and substituting my own as it originally stood. This was the whole matter. Unfortunately for me it was more than enough. Better had I never explained it at all. The Herr Director was too sagacious a man to be deceived by the simple truth. With a provoking smile he observed:

"Mein Herr, the circumstances are very complicated. A thief stole your passport. That looks badly. The rest I can not understand. You speak very indifferent German, to say the least of it."

"But look at the *visés*," said I, indignantly. "Seen by the American Consul-General and the Austrian Ambassador at Frankfort."

"Ja, Ja!" responded the officer, with provoking coolness; "that may have been before the alteration."

Here was a pretty state of affairs! The bells ringing, the locomotive whistling, the passengers crowding out on the terrace, my ticket for Cracow paid for, and no way that I could perceive of proving my identity, without which it was

no doubt the train would be off in a few minutes. I was nearly distracted.

"Lieber Herr!" said I, appealingly, "what can I do to satisfy you? Here are several letters of introduction, all recommending a person of my name to the kind attention of various distinguished functionaries throughout Europe!"

Ja! Ja!—but they were written in English, and he did not profess to understand that language. How could he be certain that I came by the letters in a legitimate manner? In the extremity of my distress I showed him a letter to my banker in Vienna, written in German. The amount called for, though not very large, was probably more than he had seen for some time. He became somewhat mollified upon reading the letter, and said he was sorry to be obliged to detain me; the rules were very strict; it was an unpleasant duty, etc.

A happy thought now struck me. Strange it had not occurred before. My signature was on the banker's letter, and also on the passport. Seizing a pen and a scrap of paper, I said—"Behold, Herr Director, here is proof positive;" and

impossible I could proceed. I was worse off than Peter Schlemihl without his shadow, for I was practically without a name. Fortunately I had in my pocket some slips cut from the Frankfort newspapers containing some complimentary notices of a lecture which I had recently delivered before the "English Circle" on the subject of the American Whale-Fishery. Perhaps these would serve to indicate my respectability. The Herr Director hastily glanced over them.

"Das is nicht!" said he; "we have nothing to do with whale-fish in Poland!"

I begged him to look at the name. Ja! Ja! the name was well enough, but I must prove that it belonged to me.

The whistle sounded fiercer than ever, the bell rang for the third and last time, the passengers were pouring into the cars, the doors were banging to, and there was

I wrote my name half a dozen times, and then begged him to compare the signatures.

He did so. A disappointed expression came over his features. With a surly scowl he handed me the passport, and waving his hand in rather a pompous manner said I might go, but it would be his duty to notify the Government of all the facts in the case. Grasping up my knapsack I darted out, and barely succeeded in getting into the cars, when for the last time the whistle blew and we were off for Cracow! Could it be possible that this grave and dignified functionary had done me the injustice to suppose I was capable of offering him a bribe? One thing was certain. With all his sagacity he had failed to discover the object of my visit to Poland.

A few hours' journey through the pleasant valley lying along the range of the Carpathian Mountains, the snow-capped summits of which were visible to the right, brought us in sight of the immense line of fortifications extending for miles around the city of Cracow. Much of the country through which we passed was well cultivated, and early as the season was, numerous bands of peasants were out in the fields hoeing the earth in their primitive way and attending their flocks on the hill-sides. The appearance of the men was wild and picturesque, in their loose sheep-skin coats and tall conical hats; and the women, though not remarkable for beauty or grace, presented rather a striking picture with their many-colored head-dresses, short petticoats, and big boots. They all seemed of a ruder and more savage cast than the peasants of Prussia or Middle Germany. Something in their strong Sclavonic features indicated a fiercer and more restless character; and when I looked from the cars at the troops gathered by the way-side, and studied the faces that gazed up moodily at us, I could not but feel that these people belong to the untamable races of mankind. Oppressed, down-trodden, and soldier-ridden they may be, but the fire that burns in their veins can not be utterly subdued by military despotism.

The houses in this part of Poland are constructed generally of wood, owing, I suppose, to the abundance of that material. The roofs are of straw, and by constant overlapping of the thatch, become enormously thick in the course of a few years. Compared with the farm-houses throughout Prussia, they are rude and comfortless, though not destitute of picturesque effect. Nothing of the neatness and order observable in the rural districts of Germany is to be seen in Poland. The farm-yards are dirty, the implements of agriculture scattered carelessly about the fields, and but little attention is paid to regularity in the working of the land. Every thing, in fact, apparent to the casual tourist, indicates the character of the people—slovenly, reckless, and impatient of restraint. Much doubtless is due to the oppressive system of taxation under which they labor—compelled to support a government which they detest; their hard earnings wrested from them to support a despotism that crushes them down, no hope for the future, and

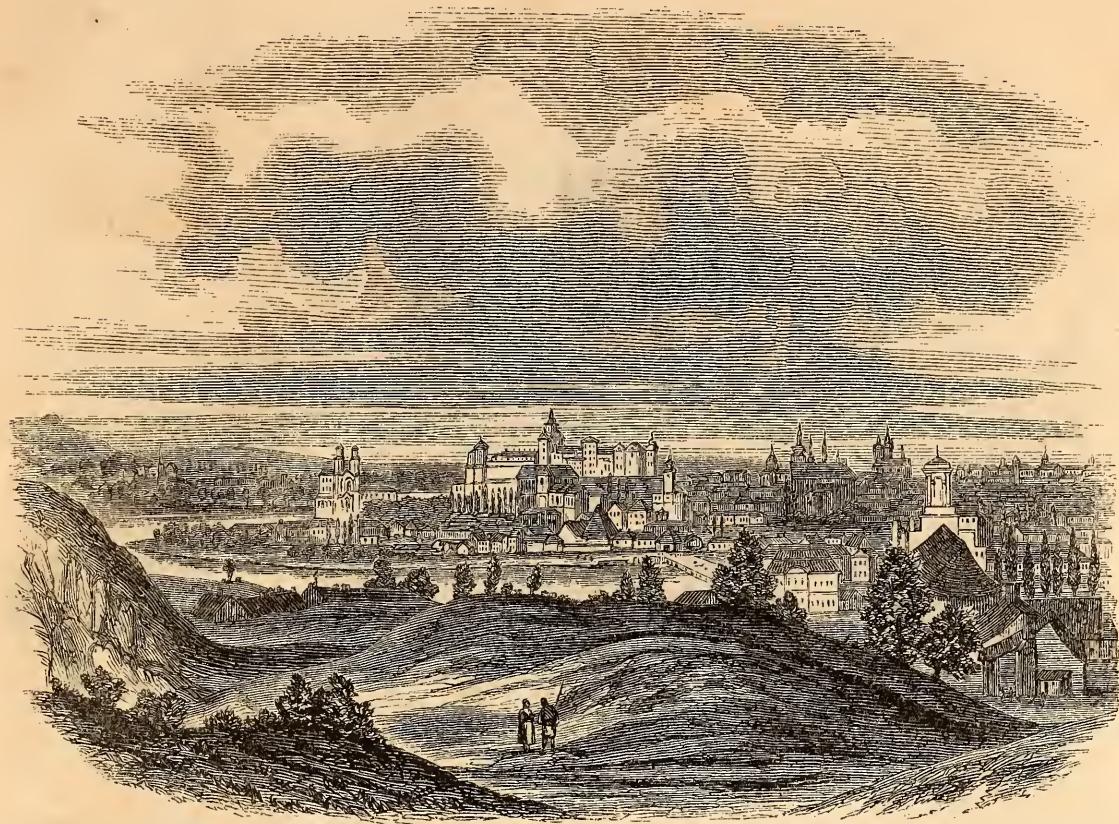
no inducements held out to better their condition. The whole country is a vast network of fortresses and military defenses. At every station by the way-side large bodies of officers and soldiers are seen, and even the smallest villages and hamlets are not exempt from the presence of military forces to keep the people in subjection.

Approaching Cracow an enormous fortress raises its embattled crest on the right. This is said to be designed as a defense against the Russians, in case of invasion; but I apprehend it bears a much nearer relation to the unhappy Poles. Russia has enough to do with her own Polish subjects without undertaking the control of those under Austrian dominion. Passing this formidable line of batteries, the most prominent object is the Brouislawa, or great earth-mound, raised to the memory of Kosciusko by the Senate, nobles, and people of Cracow. This singular monument is 150 feet high, and is formed in part of earth transported, with immense labor, from all the great battle-fields famous in Polish history. I could not but feel interested in any thing relating to Kosciusko, and my first proceeding upon arriving in Cracow was to visit the book-stores in search of an authentic likeness of the great hero who had devoted his life to the cause of liberty.



KOSCIUSCO.

The portrait which was pronounced authentic was the one familiar to me long years ago in Fletcher's charming "History of Poland," which I read while a boy in Harper's "Family Library." It represents the hero in Polish costume, with fur-collared coat, with the national cap and feather. The features and expression, however, are precisely the same with the portrait better known in America, in which he is represented in the dress of an officer of the American Army, which may therefore be considered as an authentic likeness of Kosciusko. In the dark, thoughtful eyes, the strongly-marked brow, the prominent cheek-bones, and finely-developed chin, one can readily trace the character of the man. Something sad and prophetic, it seems to me, is



VIEW OF CRACOW.

apparent in the general expression of the face, as if it reflected the future of his unhappy country.

The first view of Cracow is rather imposing. At the distance of a few miles the numerous spires of the churches, the towers and palaces, and the dark-peaked roofs of the houses, scattered in rich profusion around the grand old castle of Zamek, give the city an appearance of grandeur and extent which it scarcely deserves in reality. The winding waters of the Vistula glisten through a series of extensive promenades, and the undulations of the neighborhood are strikingly picturesque. In early spring, when the trees are bursting into leaf, and the hill-sides begin to assume their verdant covering, one is almost tempted to believe that peace and happiness must reign in such a lovely spot. But all these pleasing illusions quickly vanish upon entering the dark old gateways of the city. Soldiers are stationed at every point. The clang of armor and the rattle of drums fall gratingly upon the ear. Passing along the principal thoroughfares, all that strikes the eye indicates oppression and decay. The streets are thronged with soldiers; the houses are of a dingy and ruinous aspect; the people stroll about idly in their rags, or lie on the door-steps brooding over their wrongs. Filth and misery are every where visible. In all my travels I had seen nothing to compare with the degraded and beggarly appearance of the common people here. An affectation of style is not wanting among the better classes to make the prevailing poverty and filth all the more striking.

In former times Cracow was the head-quarters of the sovereigns of Poland, and contained a population of eighty thousand. The ruins of its palaces and churches, and the grand old gateways which still mark the principal entrances into the city, are now nearly all that remains to indicate its former grandeur. War, pestilence, and famine have reduced its population to less than forty thousand. The streets are badly paved with round, rough stones; the houses are dingy, and the door-ways filthy. Hundreds of lazy-looking, half-savage vagabonds lounge about the steps of the churches and public places, begging for alms. At the entrance to every hotel a horde of Jewish money-changers, guides, and beggars lie in wait for every new-comer, who can neither enter nor leave without being persecuted by their importunities. Some of these wretched creatures will follow him wherever he goes, insisting upon being employed, or appealing to his charity in some form or other; and it is difficult to get rid of them without giving them a few kreutzers in the way of tribute. The stranger seems to be regarded as legitimate game, especially by the money-changers. I had occasion to change a few gulden at the hotel, and being unable to accomplish my object through the attendants, was forced to call in the services of one of these accommodating bankers, who allowed me about two-thirds the current value of the money. To call them an unmitigated set of swindlers would but faintly express the character of these slippery fellows who deal in "wechsel."

With an apparent laxity of morals in many



CHURCH OF ST. MARY, CRACOW.

other respects, both in high and low life, there is no feature more prominent than the prevalence of external forms of worship. While the decayed nobility drive about in their dingy old carriages, with their liveried servants and emblems of departed grandeur, stopping from time to time to do homage to some saint, the prayers of the poor wretches who are forever gathered around the church-doors and street-shrines mingle sadly with the rattle of drums; and it is seldom one hears the peals of the organ or the chants of the singers without the accompaniment of Austrian swords jingling on the pavements, or the heavy tramp of the guards marching to and from their respective stations.

The churches are numerous, and some of them highly interesting. Adjoining the Palace is the Cathedral, built in 1004-1102, which contains numerous treasures of art and the remains of the most eminent of the Polish sovereigns and heroes. Around this are circled a great number of chapels, in one of which lie the remains of Thaddeus Kosciusko. The whole number of churches in Craeow is now thirty-six. That of St. Mary, in the market-place, built in 1276, is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The Cathedral of St. Franciseo is also a picturesque old edifice, remarkable chiefly for its colored windows and massive walls.

The principal part of the city is situated on the left bank of the Vistula. Across the bridge is the Jewish quarter, which is inhabited almost exclusively by Jews. I thought I had seen something of filth before entering this part of the city, but after a brief ramble through its tortuous streets became satisfied that there is filth positive, comparative, and superlative. Here

were houses black and slimy all over, inside and outside; slops in front of the doors of every possible quality and odor; beggary and rags in all their disgusting features, with an occasional show of dirty finery. Here were Jews of every grade, bearded and unbearded, Rabbinical



POLISH JEW OF RANK.

and diabolical; Jew priests, bankers, merchants, and traders; Jew peddlers, tinkers, and tailors; Jew nobles and Jew beggars—all bearing unmistakable evidences of their origin in the length and magnitude of their noses and the sallow color of their skins. The better classes wear fur caps, or rather turbans, and long silk robes; and there is something in the gravity of their movements that gives them rather an Oriental aspect. To describe the costumes of the lower classes, composed as they are of cast-off rags of all textures and colors, predominant only in the single quality of filth, would be impossible. I can only content myself by attempting a rough pencil-sketch, which is at your service.

A few hours in this quarter quite satisfied me that there are other parts of the world equally pleasant, if not more picturesque.

As I rambled back

late in the afternoon, and once more crossed the large square in front of the St. Francisco Church, it was a marvel to me where so many idle people came from. Nobody seemed to have any particular purpose in life. Even the entrance to the Grand Hôtel de Russie was thronged with idlers and beggars lying outstretched on the wooden benches or reclining drowsily against the stone steps. At every point and turn there were groups of hard-favored peasants gazing into the shop-windows; soldiers walked idly about smoking their cigars; officers amused themselves dragging their swords along the pavements; old carriages, bearing the remnants of nobility, rumbled dismally to and fro with their armorial mockeries; students, roués, and shabby-genteel adventurers of all sorts, sauntered about the cafés; pale women of questionable appearance glided stealthily along the by-ways. Wherever I looked there was something to be seen characteristic of a fallen and degraded people. It may well be supposed that I received no very pleasant impressions of Austrian rule.

What future can there be for these Poles?

was a question that repeatedly presented itself to my mind. No less than six hundred spies, as I was credibly informed, are stationed by the Austrian Government in the city of Cracow alone. These men are dressed in citizens' clothes, and are supposed to be engaged in various industrial occupations. They mingle freely with all classes of the people, and their business is to keep an eye upon every person within the limits of the city—including, of course, strangers. They penetrate into the customary haunts of the Poles in various disguises; listen to every casual conversation; follow up all suspicious persons; visit the hotels, restaurants, and cafés, and take note of the occupation of every stranger and customer; in short, they are ubiquitous. Walls have ears, it is said; but in Cracow the very air listens. Of course, where such a system of espionage prevails there can be no such thing as justice. Corruption in public places, malicious persecution, cruelty, and arbitrary dealing are the inevitable consequences. It is, in truth, a sad and impressive spectacle—so many human beings, made in God's own image, placed in such an absolute



POLISH JEWS.

condition of bondage, subject to all the injustice that can grow out of an arbitrary and corrupt system of government. Better be

"Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ!"

Some idea may be formed of the condition of affairs in Austrian Poland from the general inquisitiveness manifested toward a stranger the moment he crosses the frontier. In my own case it was both amusing and annoying. No sooner had I taken my seat in the cars, after the affair with the Director of the Passport Bureau, than several of my fellow-passengers began a series of interrogations in regard to my place of nativity and the object of my visit to Poland. Was I an Englishman or an American? What business was I engaged in? How long did I intend to remain in Poland? When I informed them that I was from California, and merely popped in to see the country and the people, they looked knowingly at each other, and elevated their eyebrows in a way that showed plainly they were up to snuff, and had seen too much of the world to be so easily deceived. One hazarded the conjecture that I was a dealer in salt; another an iron merchant; while a third labored

under the impression that I was in the wool business. The man who spoke French, however, and who had aided me at the dépôt in the translation of a telegraphic dispatch, whispered to me, in an under-tone, that he was rejoiced to believe my mission was of a political nature, and had reference to the regeneration of the Poles. He was personally acquainted with all the leading men in Cracow who had this matter at heart, and would give me their names. Nay, if I desired it, he would go with me personally and introduce me to several of them. In vain I attempted to evade the polite advances of this incautious gentleman. The fact is, he was a little under the influence of wine, and I was apprehensive his friendship might get me into some trouble. The more I disclaimed all revolutionary purposes, the more he winked his eyes and smiled at the transparency of my diplomacy. Fortunately, perhaps, for both of us, he imbibed so freely of his favorite beverage at every station, that long before we reached Cracow he fell asleep, and I was relieved from his embarrassing attentions.

Arrived at Cracow, as soon as I had reached my hotel and taken a room the head-waiter ap-

peared and requested my passport. Presently the register was brought up by another waiter, and I was requested to register my name. Next the chamber-maid came, and, while dusting out the room, took occasion to inquire what country I was from, what I was going to do in Cracow, and how long I expected to remain.—Upon descending to the Spies-Saal the proprietor met me, cap in hand, and after some preliminary remarks, wished to know if my business was of a mercantile character—or had it reference to the funds; and when informed that it had no reference to either, he volunteered a conjecture that perhaps it was of a private nature. In short, wherever I went, or to whomsoever I addressed myself, these questions, in some shape or other, were sure to be asked. The idea of an American coming to a country like Poland—especially at a time



GATEWAY SHRINE, CRACOW.



OUTER WALL, CRACOW.

and season like this—merely on a tour of pleasure, was not sufficiently probable to be entertained for a moment. It was, to say the least of it, a legitimate matter of suspicion; and some persons apparently disposed to be friendly, were kind enough to hint that I had better be cautious in the expression of my opinions upon political affairs. After two days of this annoyance, having satisfactorily accomplished my business—which was really not calculated to produce bloodshed—I determined to visit the great salt-mines of Wieliczka, said to be the most extensive in the world. The excursion would be pleasant, and would not occupy much time.

A branch railway from the main line, extending to Przeworsk, furnishes a rapid communication twice a day between Cracow and Wieliczka. The distance is about nine English miles. Persons, however, wishing to see the mines and return without loss of time, usually find it more convenient to go by private conveyance. At the suggestion of my Commissioner I ordered a drosky; and at 8 A.M., accompanied by that respectable personage, took my departure by the usual route over the bridge across the Vistula and through the Jewish quarter. The only object of particular interest on the roadside is the great earth-mound said to contain the tomb of Cracus, the founder of Cracow. The country is undulating, and some pretty villas are seen on the hill-sides facing the valley of the Vistula.

On arriving at the town of Wieliczka we proceeded directly to an old castle situated on an eminence, in which are the public offices. I

was here furnished with tickets of permission to visit the salt-works. No fee was asked, and, when officers of the government in any part of Europe neglect to ask a fee, I always make it a point not to offend their delicacy by offering it to them. A register is kept, in which the names of the visitors are required to be entered, with their place of residence, business, etc., as usual every where throughout Austria. At the various points of my journey, heretofore, I had endeavored to satisfy public curiosity by assuming the divers occupations in which I had been engaged from early life, so that no mistake could be made about the matter in case any of the Austrian spies should think proper to follow in my wake. Thus, I was a whale-fisher, stenographer, bush-whacker, sailor, cook, ferryman, and philosopher by turns; and now I thought proper to be a rentier in virtue of my house and lot in the city of Oakland (the rent of which goes to pay the taxes and insurance and interest on an outstanding mortgage). The officers of the Bureau were exceedingly formal and impressive gentlemen, though very polite when they discovered that I was from California.

Under the guidance of my Commissioner, I proceeded with the tickets to a wooden building near the principal entrance of the mines, where there is a subordinate bureau presided over by the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen. In the office of this imposing functionary—whose title at once inspired me with the profoundest respect, and whose manners were both condescending and affable—we saw the various caps,



INSPECTOR OF WORKMEN.

head-dresses, and robes worn by the kings, emperors, and nobles, queens, princesses, and ladies of honor, who had from time to time made the descent into the mines during the past two centuries. These royal robes are richly embroidered, and are of various colors and textures. Each article is carefully labeled with the name, date of descent, etc. On such a day, at such an hour, His most Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Joseph, honored the mines with his presence; and at such an hour he came out again, highly gratified with his visit. "This identical robe," said the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen, in an impressive and reverential voice, "covered the back of his most Imperial Majesty!" The fact was very striking, and the robe was green—or yellow, I forget which. Naturally enough I looked at it with profound awe. Robes worn by kings and emperors are wonderful objects to behold. I have known tourists to travel a thousand miles to see the old boots worn by the Emperor Charlemagne, and can confidently assert that the robe worn by the Emperor Joseph is equal to any boots upon earth, old or new. With such fine colors, and such a profusion of rich embroidery, a man must see a great deal more salt than other people when he goes through the mines of Wieliczka.

Perhaps there may be a spark of jealousy in these remarks, since the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen, unmindful of my sovereignty as an American citizen, gave me nothing better than a scanty little wool cap and a plain linen overall wherewith to cover my sovereign head and person. Little did he know that by that invidi-

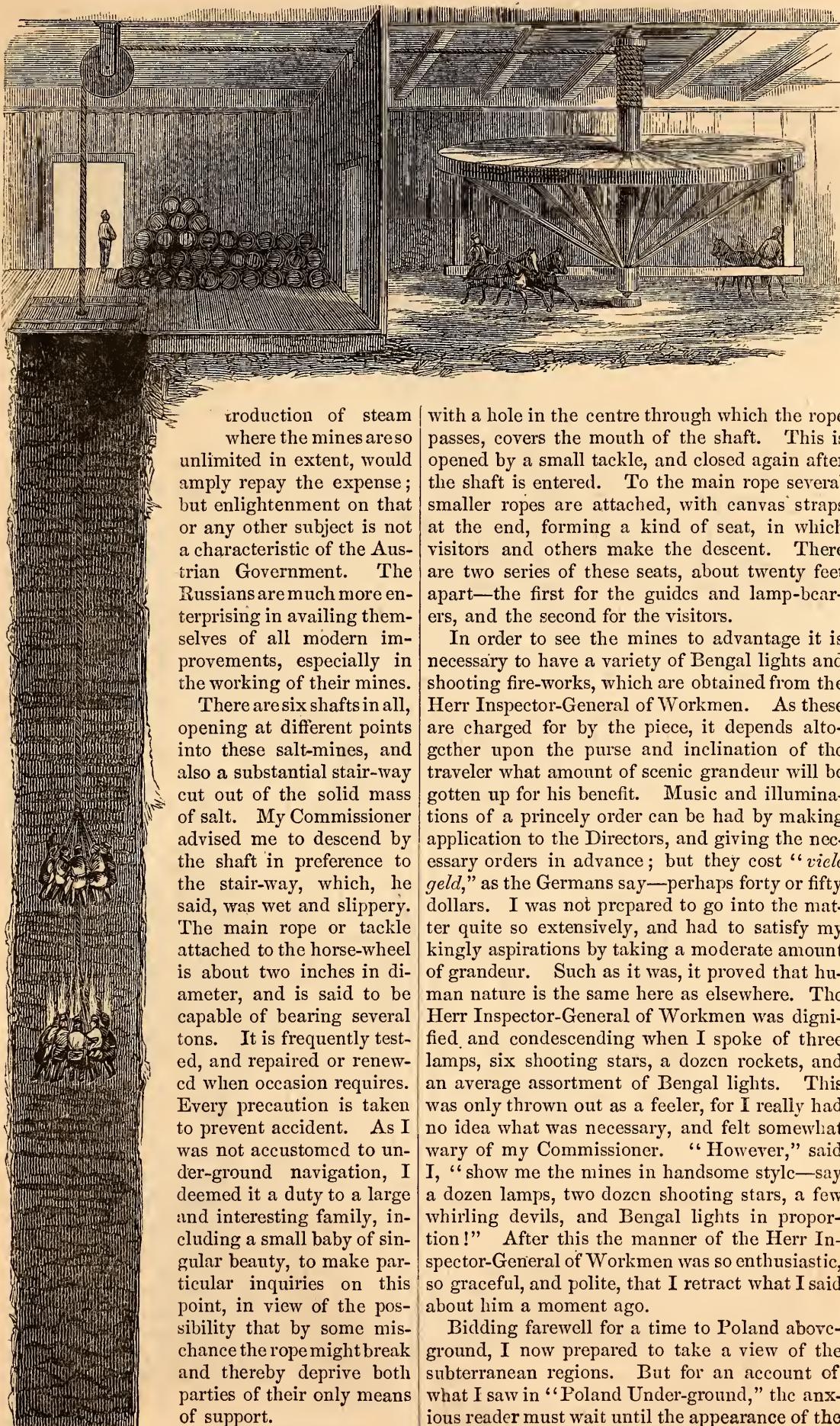
ous act he was placing himself in a position to be criticised, and in all probability condemned to general execration, by five hundred thousand intelligent citizens of the United States.

Perhaps he thought I was a plain man, engaged in the wool trade, or at best a speculator in salt; but he will find to his sorrow, when he comes to ponder over his likeness in the pages of this Magazine, that it is not always safe to judge men by the simplicity of their manners or the homeliness of their dress. There was no use, however, in quarreling about the costume he gave me; and I put it on with rather an unpleasant apprehension that I was not the only common fellow who had worn it. As I passed the looking-glass, it struck me that there was something sinister and ascetic in my appearance; and I could not but fancy that if any romantic young lady should chance to meet me in some of the subterranean caverns, she would involuntarily think of Ambrose or the Monk.

Crossing an open space, in which we were beset by numerous beggars, who begged with a pertinacity seldom equaled and never surpassed in Italy, we entered a large wooden warehouse situated over the main shaft. In this building considerable quantities of salt were stored in sacks and packed in barrels for exportation. An immense wheel, turned by horse-power, works the tackle connected with the shaft. The machinery is of the simplest and most primitive kind, and must be nearly the same that has been in use for over two hundred years. No progress or improvement seems to have been made to facilitate the operations. One would think the in-



AUTHOR IN COSTUME.



introduction of steam where the mines are so unlimited in extent, would amply repay the expense; but enlightenment on that or any other subject is not a characteristic of the Austrian Government. The Russians are much more enterprising in availing themselves of all modern improvements, especially in the working of their mines.

There are six shafts in all, opening at different points into these salt-mines, and also a substantial stair-way cut out of the solid mass of salt. My Commissioner advised me to descend by the shaft in preference to the stair-way, which, he said, was wet and slippery. The main rope or tackle attached to the horse-wheel is about two inches in diameter, and is said to be capable of bearing several tons. It is frequently tested, and repaired or renewed when occasion requires. Every precaution is taken to prevent accident. As I was not accustomed to under-ground navigation, I deemed it a duty to a large and interesting family, including a small baby of singular beauty, to make particular inquiries on this point, in view of the possibility that by some mischance the rope might break and thereby deprive both parties of their only means of support.

A large, heavy trap-door,

with a hole in the centre through which the rope passes, covers the mouth of the shaft. This is opened by a small tackle, and closed again after the shaft is entered. To the main rope several smaller ropes are attached, with canvas straps at the end, forming a kind of seat, in which visitors and others make the descent. There are two series of these seats, about twenty feet apart—the first for the guides and lamp-bearers, and the second for the visitors.

In order to see the mines to advantage it is necessary to have a variety of Bengal lights and shooting fire-works, which are obtained from the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen. As these are charged for by the piece, it depends altogether upon the purse and inclination of the traveler what amount of scenic grandeur will be gotten up for his benefit. Music and illuminations of a princely order can be had by making application to the Directors, and giving the necessary orders in advance; but they cost "*viele geld*," as the Germans say—perhaps forty or fifty dollars. I was not prepared to go into the matter quite so extensively, and had to satisfy my kingly aspirations by taking a moderate amount of grandeur. Such as it was, it proved that human nature is the same here as elsewhere. The Herr Inspector-General of Workmen was dignified and condescending when I spoke of three lamps, six shooting stars, a dozen rockets, and an average assortment of Bengal lights. This was only thrown out as a feeler, for I really had no idea what was necessary, and felt somewhat wary of my Commissioner. "However," said I, "show me the mines in handsome style—say a dozen lamps, two dozen shooting stars, a few whirling devils, and Bengal lights in proportion!" After this the manner of the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen was so enthusiastic, so graceful, and polite, that I retract what I said about him a moment ago.

Bidding farewell for a time to Poland above-ground, I now prepared to take a view of the subterranean regions. But for an account of what I saw in "Poland Under-ground," the anxious reader must wait until the appearance of the next number of this Magazine.

THE SHAFT.



FIGURE 1.—BLACK HORSE-FLY (TABANUS MAURUS).

A NOTABLE CONGRESS.

A CONGRESS!" I hear you exclaim. Yes, a Congress, and one composed of members who perform their duties emphatically and honestly. I shall not describe this Congress logically nor yet reflectively; but when you have investigated its Acts, I think you will admit that your curiosity has been aroused and your knowledge enlarged.

The ancients believed when a man acquired a new language he became possessed of a new soul! How much more should a Christian believe that every secret of Nature, investigated and opened to his comprehension, adds another stanza to his song of praise—a deeper tone to his devotional gratitude! It is only after we have deciphered some of these separate characters that we discover the immensity of individual *facts* presented by simple objects, which almost appall the mind with the recognition, if not the full comprehension, of the incontrovertible laws of Nature, upon which all alike depend—the Man as well as the Fly.

Our Lord told us of people "who have eyes, and yet see not; ears, and who hear not." Is not the world full of them?—the day being sufficient for their physical wants, and the night giving them oblivion of the day, "is sufficient for the evil thereof." And yet the world around them, both day and night, is so filled with beauty, so wonderful in phenomena. Still they shut their eyes and close their ears, and cry, "Fill up my coffers; give me to eat and to drink, for to-morrow I die!"

Go forth and stand in the valley, or wait on the hill-top. Listen! What do you hear? A movement of Life—impulsive, incessant, manifold, multiform. Consider what here presents itself to your senses.

Life! A child or an imbecile can grasp a portion—can see some of the links of the chain connecting the whole grand panorama of Nature: but a wise man gathers them all up, measures

and compares, investigates and analyzes; and from all that is revealed, that becomes perceptible to him, he learns that upon every link of that chain a divine finger has written PROGRESS.

Ever onward, ever upward, is Nature's tendency. Her life-blood, circulating in light and heat around us, fills up in rapid succession the circle of every individual with a multiplicity of phenomena, appealing every where to his senses—in a cloud, in the ripple of a brook, in the leaf fallen at his feet, in the bird on yonder tree, in the insect buzzing in his ear. Is this Life to be a blank to him?

Will he not see with his eyes, or hear with his ears? is every object colorless? is every sound a discord? is there no striking variety around him in the mutations constantly at work in air and earth and water? In a word, will he take no memories of the beauty and marvellousness of earth? no comprehension of natural phenomena? no experience of the grandeur of Nature with him to that better land? Can we believe that *Progress* ceases on this side of Time's mighty river? that it is of the earth, earthly?

Nature, pointing to her myriads of children, refutes the fallacy, and bids man gather up the golden sands of time; to be, like her, ever at work; to see, and to hear, and to garner up truths which will embellish the portion of time allotted to him here—each day adding a new thought, a new result; and by learning to understand her wonderful language, through perseverance, energy, and profound attention, he will come to read in glorious characters the power and goodness of the Divine Creator of us all.

But let me turn for you another page in this great Book of Nature—not as an inductor, however, but a simple and honest laborer in her fields—gathering up daily from her vast harvests here a little, there a little, which though for years may have been inductive, time and investigation have pronounced truths. Be assured of this, that with the acquisition of every new thought

you will learn to love Nature more and more, and you will be the happier for her recognition.

"A Horse-fly! Well, who has not seen a Horse-fly?"

True; but let us see what it is to study one.

Fifteen years have passed since I began to investigate one to satisfy myself; and nine months ago I felt I had gained a result. Dr. Harris remarks that this is the *Tabanus atratus* of Fabricius; but I differ from him. It is larger, when compared with the European specimens from the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, and from the fields in Germany. Our fly exhibits many differences. The body of this fly is of a blue-black color, with a bloom upon it like that on a plum; the wings are sooty, or crow-black; the eyes have no division by lines; the sucker and pulvilli (cushions on the feet) are of a bright dark orange, as well as the last joint of the antennæ. This color is lost or at least fades out in a measure shortly after death. The bloom on the Atratus—at least in the specimens I have seen—was caused by very delicate hairs. Our fly is very free from these, having only a little down around the abdomen and thorax. There is no mention made of the orange color of the extremities. Therefore I call our fly *Maurus*—“Black.”

It is armed with six lancets, which I assure you no horse or other animal can treat with contempt. By holding one between a pair of tweezers you can thrust it through the leather of a boot, it is such a sharp and strong piece of horn. Then consider what execution six such lancets can perform. When not in use they are folded into the sucker as a sheath. The engraving (Figure 2) will explain its parts. The male has but four, and seldom uses them on an-

imals, feeding during his short life upon the dew on flowers or the water of streams.

The mother-fly deposits her eggs in moist places, where cattle abound. They generally appear about the last of June; so we may presume that they remain in pupa state all the winter. The maggot has no feet, but manages to get over the small space it may have to travel very expeditiously by stretching and closing the segments of its body. It has two hooks at the head, with which it obtains its food. After feeding, according to the weather (in a drought it is very much delayed), it descends two or three inches into the moist earth, and commences closing up its rings, leaving the hooks on the exterior of the pupa-case, which we may conclude serve as breathing pores to admit moisture to the pupa within the case. In this manner it reposes, absorbing all the moisture from its old skin until it resembles parchment. In six weeks it pushes itself up to the surface by the six points at the extremity of the pupa-case, three of which we have represented on one side; and bursting it open between the two tubercles, it comes forth the large black fly presented in Figure 1. Its transformation is very similar to that of the Domestic Fly treated in a former paper. They generally continue during the time cattle are exposed in the fields, but seldom venture to deposit their eggs in stables or out-houses. We have many varieties of these flies in this country, their habits and transformations varying very little.

Poised on this tumbler you perceive (Figure 3) an ugly, dumpy little body. This is the *Helophilus palus*—“Cess-Pool Fly.” She looks like an over-fed, well-grown house-fly. If you would like to make her acquaintance you can find any num-

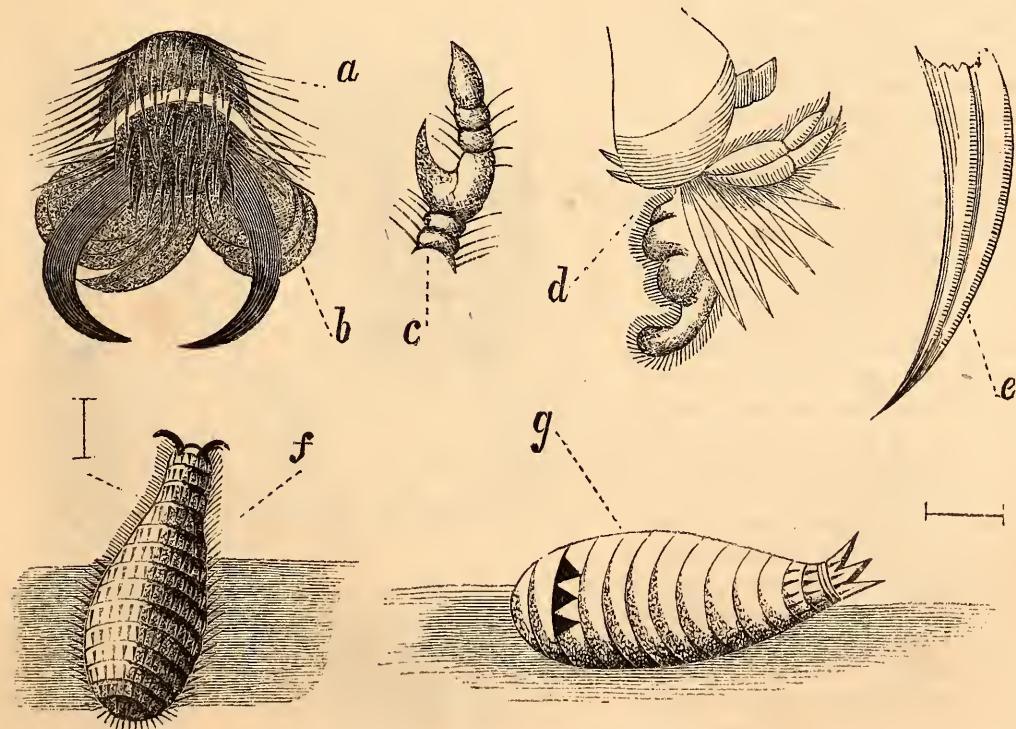


FIGURE 2.—PARTS OF THE HORSE-FLY.

a. Foot.—b. Pulvilli.—c. Antenna.—d. Sucker and Lanceet.—e. Lanceet Magnified.—f. Larva.—g. Pupa.

ber of them around the sluices and cess-pools of neglected domiciles. She deposits her eggs near the nuisance. These are soon hatched, and drawing themselves down to the water or pool, whatever it may be, commence their aquatic existence. The larva of the *Helophilus* is called "rat-tailed" by Reaumur; but it is not so appropriate as to a confrère—the *Eristalis*.

The breathing-tube is a part of the grub, and is a singular apparatus.—It closes and extends, at the will of the little creature, like a telescope. It consists of two tubes, an outer and an inner; these are composed of soft, fibrous rings, and can be extended three times the length of the grub's body. There are two flexible pipes which are coiled up into many folds, having their communication with the double wind-pipe (*trachea*). When it wishes to project the breathing-tube, it inflates these pipes, which of course push out the breathing-tube the length required for its comfort. This tube is very slender, terminating in five bristles, which prevent the point of the tube from becoming obstructed by ooze. How admirably is this little creature adapted to its habitat! Here it remains absorbing all obnoxious fluids, sinking deeper and deeper into the mud as its fluids become absorbed by the atmosphere, until nothing can be seen of it but these long tubes, through which they breathe, protruding from the surface. If you should force it beneath the surface it suffocates immediately. When it has fed its allotted time it works its way to a drier place, and begins to draw in its tube. Slowly, day by day, it lessens, until nothing is to be seen except the last ring. Here it remains until its transformation is complete, and it comes out an *Imago*. There are two broods of these flies a year. The pupæ must remain over the



FIGURE 3.—CESS-POOL FLY (*HELOPHILUS PALUS*).
a. Pupa-Case.—b. Pupa.

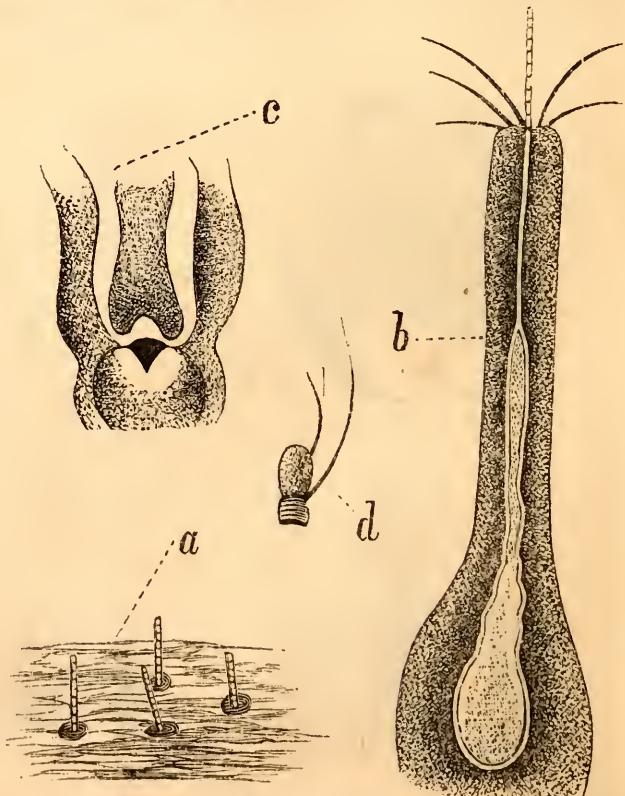


FIGURE 4.—PARTS OF CESS-POOL FLY.
a. Pupa in Ooze.—b. Breathing-Tube.—c. Trachea.—d. Antenna.

winter. They appear as soon as frost discontinues in spring.

The *Eristalis tenax*—“Sewer Fly” (Figure 5)—belongs to a sub-genus, and resembles the former fly. The appendage, however, finishes much more minutely and is not so complicated, as it lives in cleaner places. It is found in sewers. The mother-fly resembles a small bee, she is so full of hairs. She deposits her eggs on the margin of the stones where the fluid of the sewer can bathe them. In a very short time they hatch and take to the water, floating in it and absorbing all its noxious qualities.

Singular it is that if you take these little creatures from their impurities, and place them in clean fresh water, they die immediately and sink to the bottom of the vessel—tube downward. They can remain nearly a minute below the surface of the water without ascending to breathe. They move very rapidly through the water, darting here and there like a fish, with no external appliances of locomotion visible. It is done entirely by the contraction and extension of the segments of the body, aided by the flexibility of the tube. When ready to go into pupa it wriggles itself out of the water up to a dry place, and closes up its rings in the same manner as the former fly. Sometimes it can be found attached to the sides of the sewer by a glutinous fluid from its own body—this is al-

ways the case if the sewer is liable to overflow. They often wriggle to an aquatic plant or grass, to which they attach themselves by pressing the end of the tube against the stem; but this occurs from some derangement of their habitat which I could never detect. Some of the sub-genera of this family are splendid insects, vying in brilliant hues with the beetles. Their eyes, in particular, are very gorgeous. These last are usually found on flowers. It can scarcely be conceived how much large cities are indebted to these two little creatures—the Cess-Pool and the Sewer Fly—who perform their missions for man's comfort so silently and so well.

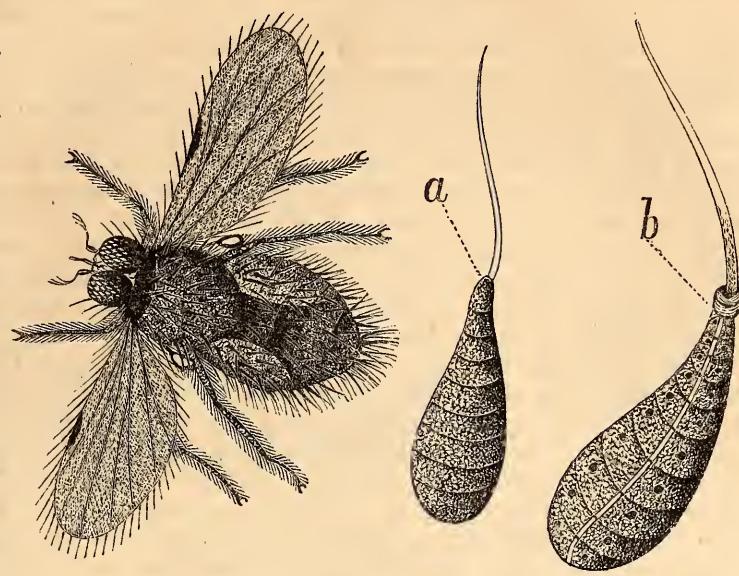


FIGURE 5.—SEWER FLY (ERISTALIS TENAX).
a. Larva.—b. Pupa.

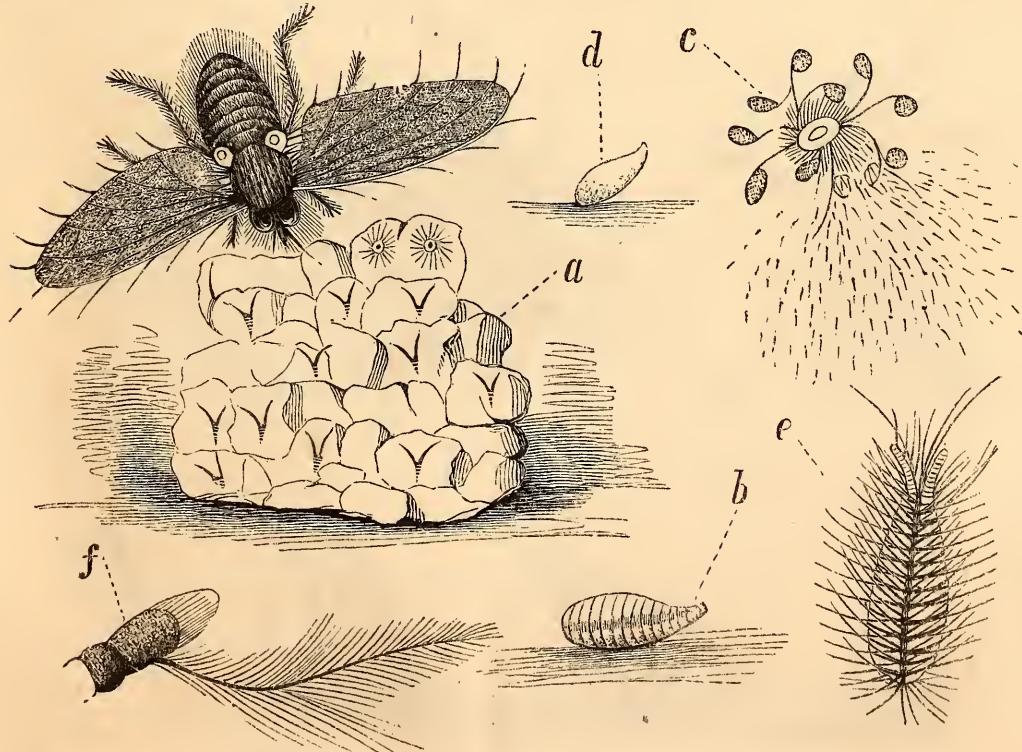


FIGURE 6.—PLANTATION FLY (MUSCA PLANTARIUM).
a. Lump of Hominy.—b. Pupa.—c. Mould, casting Seed.—d. Egg.—e. Larva.—f. Antenna.

Here is another agent of Nature, the *Musca plantarium*—“Plantation Fly” (Figure 6). This fly is found in countless numbers in the Middle and Southern States upon every plantation.

We all know the rapid and peculiarly obnoxious fermentation which Indian corn undergoes. This is the staple and favorite food of the negroes in every form, but particularly when converted into *grits* and *hominy*. This, if allowed to stand exposed to the atmosphere during the hot months, soon begins to deteriorate. First, around the edges of the grains a pink tinge is exhibited, which deepens as time advances. Soon this fly makes her appearance, and begins depositing her eggs. In a few hours they hatch, when a lump of hominy will present under the microscope numberless small black horns protruding from its white surface (as represented in Figure 6, *a*). In the meantime the spores of the mould are growing astonishingly fast. They blossom, mature, and finally burst, sending their seed far and near. Thus two agencies are at work to remedy man's carelessness. But all this is being so rapidly accomplished that only a short time may have elapsed from the first cooking of the article. But Nature delays her labors for no man; her laws are inexorable. A negro coming in for his meal soon disposes of the whole, unconscious of any change which may have taken place in such a short period. Little time elapses before he is aware of derangement in his internal economy, and soon every thing is expelled from his stomach, and headache and languor supervene. With children on the plantation this is of everyday occurrence during the summer months. It is thus explained: The larva, you perceive, is peculiarly hairy; having been taken into the stomach it

increases rapidly from additional heat, and being very active creates a nausea which causes them to be expelled. Often some individuals are peculiarly disorganized when they will cling to the coats of the stomach until killed or rendered harmless by medicine. Lemon juice destroys them instantly, when outwardly applied; so we may presume that it would prove an antidote.

After the larva has fed sufficiently—say forty hours, more or less—it descends into the ground, closing up the rings of the body as with other *musca*. But it remains much longer in the pupa state. I can not say how many broods there may be a summer; but they are constantly swarming where any thing of this nature is exposed.

There are other varieties of this fly, quite as active on other solids. This one has clear wings with very prominent alulets or winglets. The last joints of the antennæ are lead-colored in the female. The male I have never ascertained satisfactorily enough to discover a difference, if there is any, except its being very much smaller.

Shall I be pardoned for introducing to your notice rather an ungenteel member of the Fly aristocracy, *Scatophaga sterquilinum*—“Dung-hill Fly?” (Figure 7.) But she deserves not only your attention, but positively your gratitude. She is not a large fly, but rather slim; of a yellowish color, from the hairs on her body. She keeps her wings when at rest crossed over her back. Her abdomen is always protruding at an angle beyond them. She deposits her eggs on the excrement found around stables, particularly where cows are kept. She prefers the city to the country.

The egg is very pretty, delicate, and peculiar,

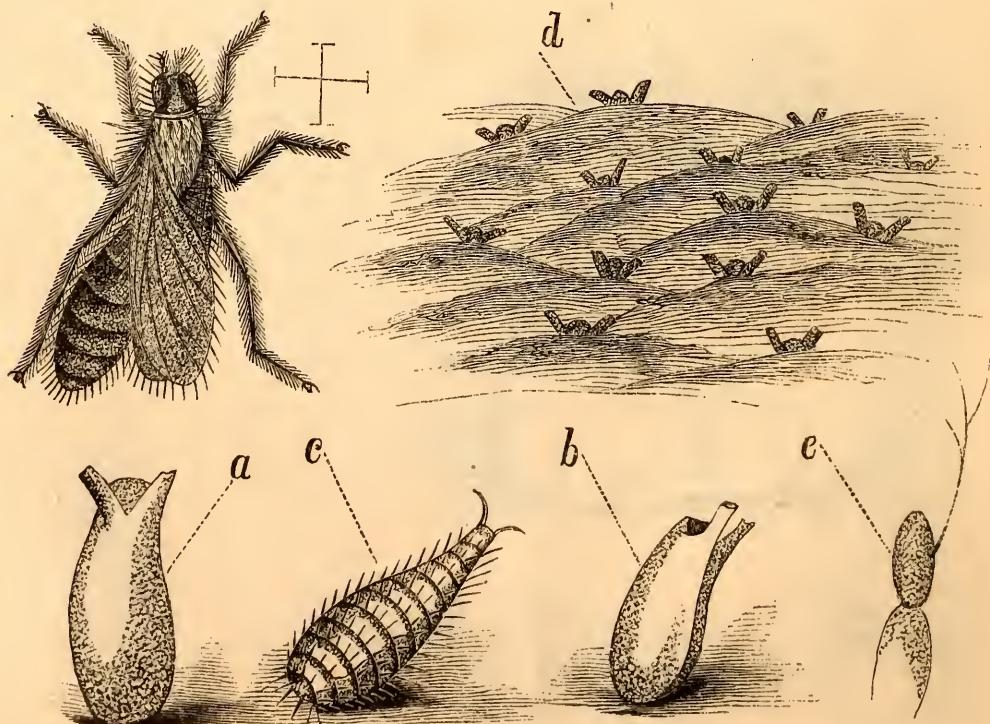


FIGURE 7.—DUNG-HILL FLY (*SCATOPOHAGA STERQUILINUM*).
a. Egg.—b. Side View of Egg.—c. Larva.—d. Eggs in Excrement.—e. Antenna.

having two little horns at one end, which prevent it from sinking into the substance on which it is deposited. If you take them from their habitat they wrinkle and dry up immediately, requiring the moisture natural to them. If you sink them beyond the horns they suffocate instantly. How beautiful is this provision for their security! They hatch, according to the season, rapidly or slowly. The larvæ, from their voracious appetite, soon render any stable *débris* innocuous to the human system. They descend, after feeding voraciously for some days, into the earth, and twisting and rolling their bodies, they close up the rings so completely that the pupa-cases

appear as if they had been turned on a lathe, they are so smooth. The period is indefinite for their transformation; but it is only during the very severe weather of winter that they are found recreants to their duty.

The *Stomoxys georgina*—"Georgia Piercer," or "Gallinipper"—shown in Figure 8, if curses could annihilate it, would soon be driven from off the earth. This fly is, without an exception, the greatest "Piercer" in the insect kingdom. But fortunately, having little or no poison on the lancets, except in very corpulent persons, the wound assumes no inflammation. If ever you have had a needle suddenly stuck into your flesh you can imagine what six such needles would perform; and what provokes one the more, there is no preparation for it, "no rush of whirring wings." Unlike the poet Rogers's famous Gnat, whose "shrill horn its fearful larum rings," it pounces down upon you, like an eagle, anywhere, every where; and when numerous they are enough to render a man furious. They are principally obnoxious in a belt running along the Southern coasts, two or three miles from the ocean; but often high winds blow them into the interior. They are insufferable on the rivers at the South during the summer months.

This fly varies very much in appearance, I presume, with age. When first from the pupa-case it is very handsome, having very bright red eyes, yellow bands around the abdomen, and reddish hairs on its thorax, which scintillate fiercely in a sunbeam. The wings have dashes of a smoky hue between the nervures, which designate this family. The mother-fly deposits her eggs on the banks of rivers, amidst the *débris* washed down by their waters. In a short time they hatch, and the larva feeds like that of other musca. When ready, they crawl up higher among weeds and brush, and descend into the earth, retaining their hooks as tuber-

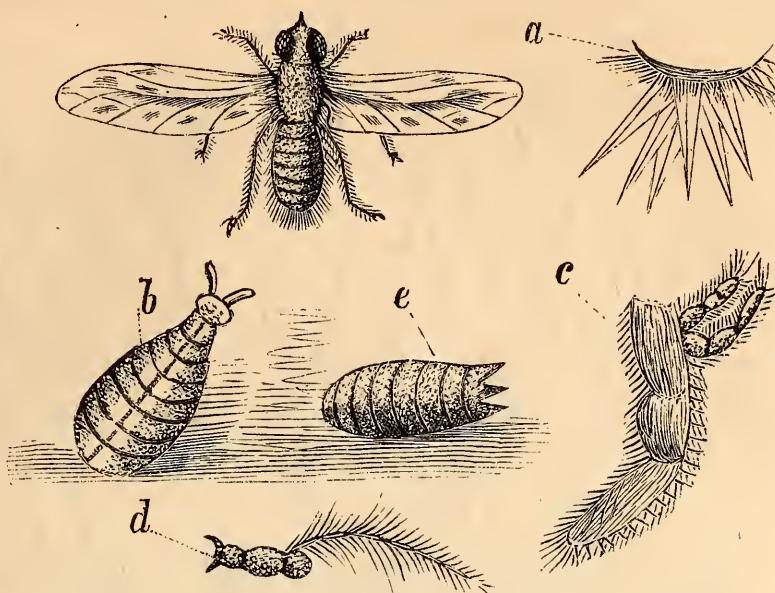


FIGURE 8.—GEORGIA PIERCER (STOMOXYS GEORGINA).

a. Lancets.—b. Larva.—c. Sucker.—d. Antenna.—e. Pupa.

cles, which are necessary for breathing or obtaining extra moisture to prevent themselves from desiccation. They seldom fly except early in the morning and at sundown. After dark they disappear; but their place is taken by a host which renders their absence of little importance.

The engraving illustrates the lancets and the sucker, which are very similar to those of the Horse-fly. Sorrowful it is for a poor animal to be sent South between the months of June and October; for these insects spare neither man nor beast.

The *Simulium aestuarium*—"Salt-Marsh Fly" (Figure 9)—is a nuisance found every where throughout the country near salt marshes; but particularly at the South, where they render homes on "the Salts" almost uninhabitable. Who does not know "the Sand-fly" South, and "the Salt-Meadow Gnat" North? Happy individual who can answer in the negative. But then again there is so much that is beautiful in the economy of this little creature, that one can bear patiently a great deal of annoyance when we know its transformations.

The mother-fly is shiny black, with white bands when the abdomen is distended with eggs, and some white hairs on the thorax and between the eyes. The wings are silvery and transparent, and from each eye protrudes a long seta or bristle, which I have found always a distinctive mark between the salt and fresh water simulia. This fly has only four bristles or needles, very minute but very sharp. Others of the same family have six, eight, three, or two. The antennæ are twelve-jointed, ending in a club-like joint. The eggs I have never been able to detect, but suppose from analogy that they are cast by the mother-fly on the water, as the habit is with others of the same family. The larva is found on aquatic plants and grass, al-

FIGURE 9.—SALT-MARSH FLY (*SIMULIA AESTUARIUM*).

a. Cocoon.—b. Ball.

ways below the water. When first hatched it is long, and larger at the head than at the tail. As it grows older it widens, and consequently appears shorter. The head is oblong, and distinctly separated from the other twelve segments. It has four mandibles (jaws), bifid, which move horizontally. It is furnished with two horns, with two joints each, from the last of which protrude several small setæ or bristles, and two small black eyes, which give it a most quizzical look under the microscope. You can not refrain from merriment every time you look down upon it; and if you look long enough, and your imagination is vivid, you can easily fancy it enjoys fun as much as you do.

The larva has on the second segment, which is incrassated, a retractile conical foot; on the last segment, which is very minute, there are two prehensile feet. Strange to say, not a breathing-tube, so essential to aquatic larva, can be discovered; therefore I conclude that the setæ around the antennæ are tubular, and answer this purpose. But it is impossible to demonstrate this, as the larva itself is scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. It has a droll way of moving through the water. It is very inactive, elinging and hanging on to the stems and leaves around it; but when it wishes to move it advances the retractile foot on the second segment as far as possible, and arching its body draws the two pre-

hensile feet slowly up to the first, stretching out the first foot again, and so on. It is very timid. Coming in contact with any thing, it will pause and hang on by the retractile foot hours at a time. You may often see it, holding on by the prehensile feet, floating to and fro in the water day after day. Its food, I can almost affirm, is small mites found on water plants (*Phylandrium*) and on grasses. These bifid jaws were not intended to be idle; but what a wonderful transformation—eventually exhibiting themselves as setæ or bristles! How marvelous, how inexhaustible are these secrets of Nature! The student pines to know how this process is accomplished; but all he can discover

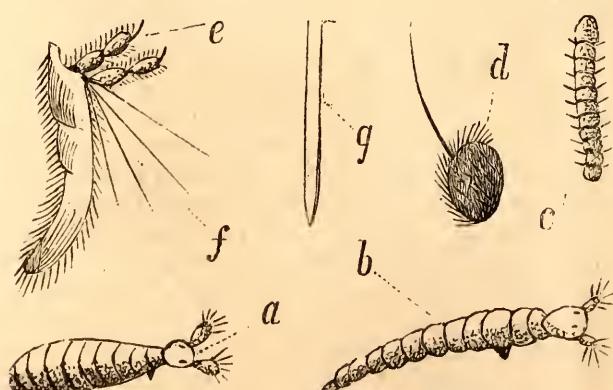


FIGURE 10.—PARTS OF SALT-MARSH FLY.

a. Larva grown.—b. Larva when first hatched.—c. Antenna.—d. Eye and Sucker.—e. Palpi.—f. Needles.—g. Needle magnified

is, that it is done—and how beautifully and effectually!

When ready to transform it spins a soft, elastic cocoon, which it attaches to a blade of grass or a stem of a plant, near which it has been spending its infancy. Slowly it changes into a brown pupa—its head and shoulders protruding from the opening of the cocoon. The skin is so transparent that you can see the perfect insect through it. From the back of the head project four small bristles. These are tubular, and are breathing-pores, which *almost* convinces me the setæ on the larva's head serve the same purpose. When its transformation is complete, the pupa draws itself within the cocoon; and shortly after you will see it bursting open down the back, and the pupa escapes—enveloped “in a bubble of air” say some naturalists—Mr. Fries and others. But this bubble is an exceedingly fine spun *mesh*. It leaves a dark discoloration on white paper, which air would not do; and when dried the ends of fine floss can be perceived, in a good light, with a very high magnifier. It is evidently inflated by the insect in the act of escaping from the cocoon. This little ball falls upon the water, and sinks entirely beneath it. Here the insect casts off another covering, similar in texture to that of the *Ephemera*, or Day-fly. Now it inflates its little wings, bends its antennæ, stretches its body and legs, prepares its sharp needles for instant use, and takes a short rest; then mounting in this fairy-like balloon to the surface of the water, it bursts, and away speeds this little wonder—the future denizen of another element, blood-thirsty as a Nero, and working its pleasure on man until, where they abound, life becomes almost insupportable.

This family of *Simuliæ*, numerous as the grains of sand on the sea-shore, are found in every part of the globe: on the bleak inhospitable shores of Lapland, and amidst the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics; in inaccessible regions where a warm-blooded animal is scarcely known, and where the foot of man has never trodden, they are equally numerous. Can we suppose for an instant that this apparent waste of life is permitted without some results? The student is forced to the conclusion that the larvæ feed upon mites and animalculæ, which otherwise would extend beyond the limits appointed to them by Providence. The female alone sucks blood. The male feeds on dew, and hovers over flowers. But doubtless the female, in the absence of other more congenial food, like her mate, becomes contented with a vegetable diet.

You must not for a second conclude that all small flies which have this thirst for blood are *Simuliæ*. Nearly the entire family of Gnats (*Culicidæ*) have this same propensity; and their confrères, the mosquitoes, have been introduced to you some time ago.

You may gratify yourself with the transformations of this little wonder any time during the summer, and watch all its transitions, by obtaining some of the mother-flies; filling a bowl half full of mud; planting a little hemp or grass seed,

and some of the roots of any aquatic plant, near which you may find the flies hovering. Keep the mud always covered with two inches of water. Confining the whole under a glass vessel, with attention and a good magnifier, you will perceive *in time* all that I have here presented—the labor of years.

Before you is a gnat—the *Culex argentatus*—“Silvery Gnat” (Figure 11). You see how dissimilar it is to the Sand Fly in its appearance. Still more is it so in the manner of its transformation, and yet with the same blood-sucking propensities. You would find vast difficulty in distinguishing between the sting of the two. The mother-fly scatters her eggs over brooks and streams in shady, still places. In many instances they are formed into a floating-raft, then again, as with this gnat, they are simply joined together by a glutinous fluid which keeps them from separating. In a day or two they are hatched, when the larvæ take immediately to the water. You may see them all summer long, floating and sporting in running streams. The larva, as you see, always swims with the head down. The breathing-tube is at the tail. Both it and the last segment are funnels to convey air to the two lateral wind-pipes. When it wishes to descend it closes up the hairs of its funnel, which, from the act of inhaling, causes a bubble of air to form at the extremities of these hairs that serves for consumption while they remain at the bottom. When they wish to ascend they open the hairs, the bubble bursts, and they float up again.

Some Naturalists—Swammerdam for instance—state that they have the power of drawing these hairs through their mouth, oiling them as a water-fowl does its feathers. This must be

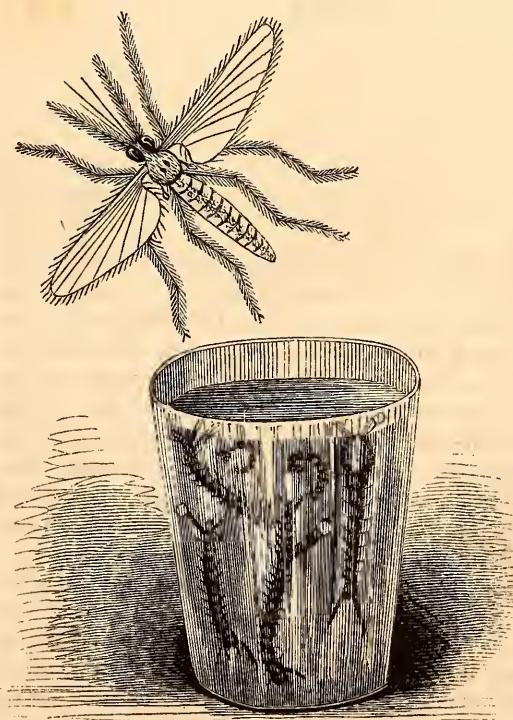


FIGURE 11.—SILVERY GNAT (*CULEX ARGENTATUS*).

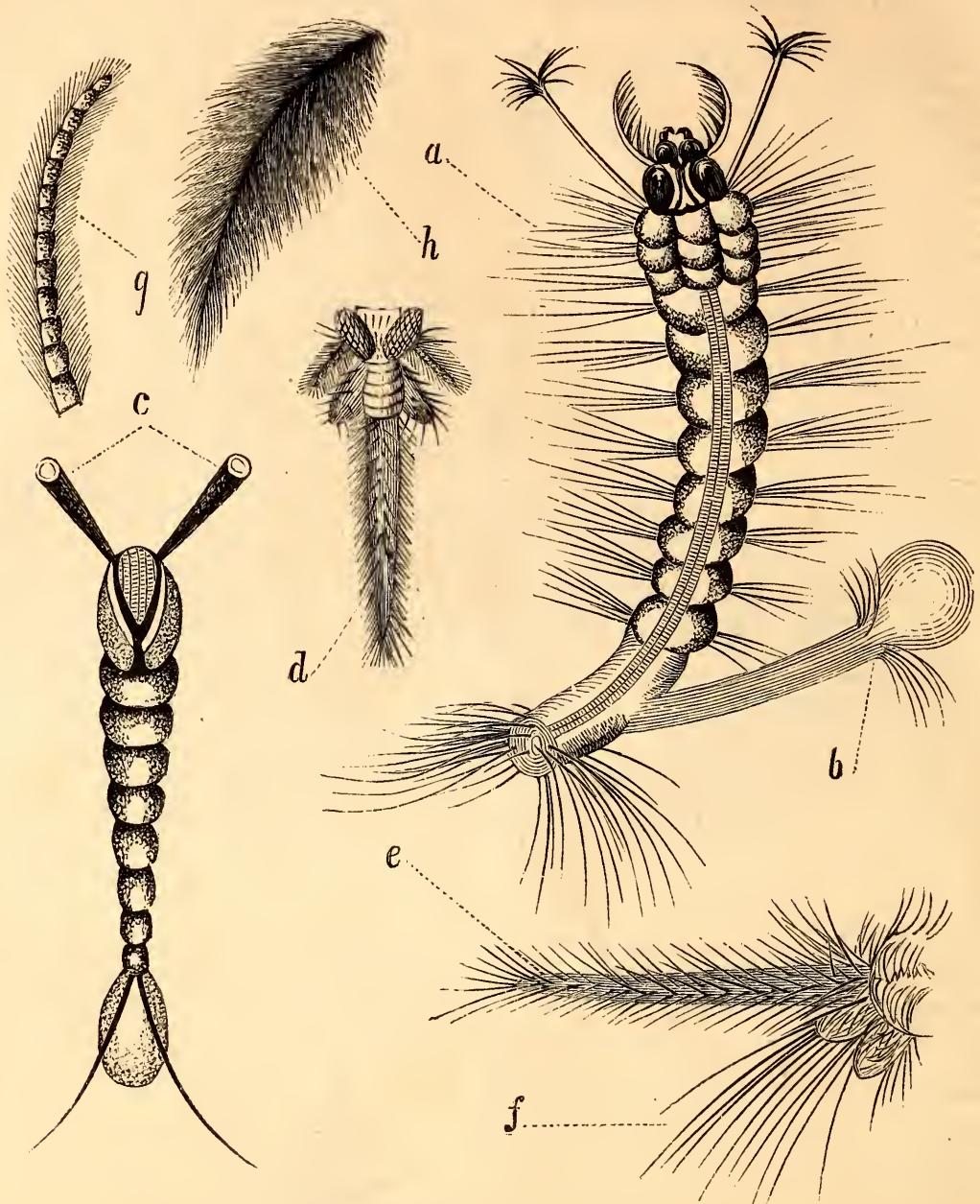


FIGURE 12.—PARTS OF SILVERY GNAT.

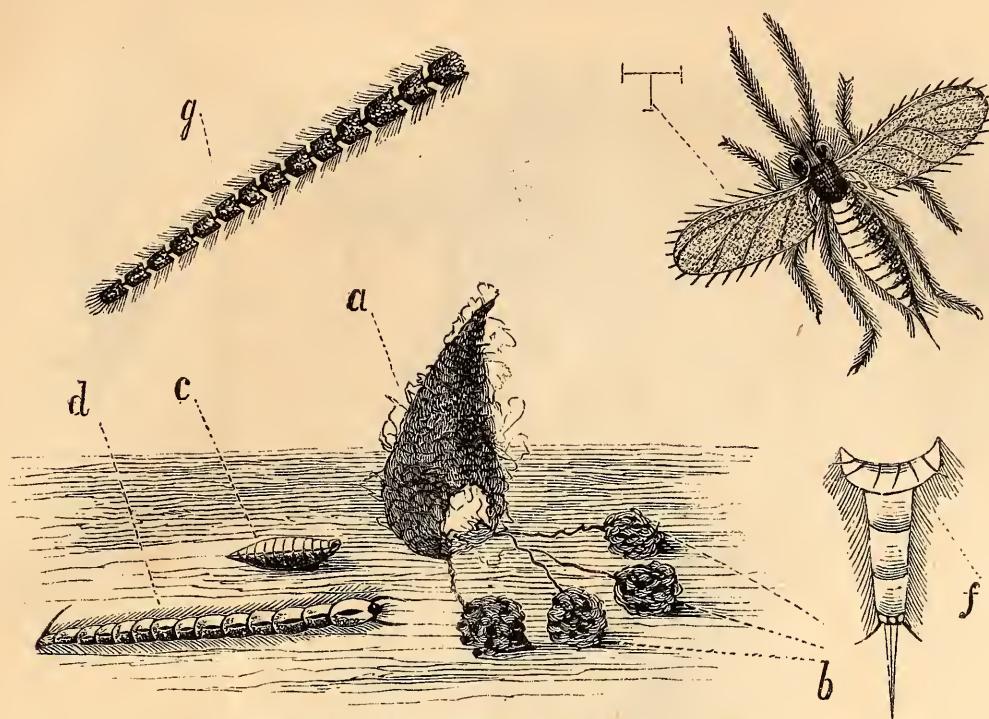
a. Larva.—b. Breathing-Tube and Air Bubble.—c. Breathing-Tubes.—d. Sheath closed.—e. Sheath open.—f. Bristles.—g. Antenna of Female.—h. Antenna of Male.

mere fancy. They have a number of odd contortions in the water, and nothing kills them sooner than to touch the hairs with oil; they become so heavy that they sink instantly and are suffocated. If they have such a power, the fluid must be viscous in its properties. They are carnivorous, feeding on water-mites and animalculæ. In about ten days they go into pupa. Clinging with their jaws to a stem, they slough this hairy skin, and change their position; now floating with the air-tubes on the head, and moving through the water with great agility, aided by the fan-like protuberance at the tail. These horns are tubular, and for the safety of the insect must be kept with short intermissions at the surface. In time the pupa-case bursts at the back, serving as a boat for the insect to float on until its wings are dried and it is ready to change its element. These *zanquidoe*s, as they

are called by our foreign population at the South, abound in immense numbers and varieties all over the globe, even in Ireland. Spenser tells us in his day—

“Their murmuring smal trumpets sownden wide
No man nor beast may rest or take repast—
For their sharp wounds and noyous injuries.”

This gnat is peculiarly pretty; so lustrous and silvery. After it has supped upon you, it becomes of a beautiful rose-color on its abdomen, contrasting with its dark thorax, many-hued eyes, and nodding plumes (in the male). It is a dainty mouthful for trout, and other fish found in mountain streams. The antennæ in the female have fourteen joints and are hairy. It has six minute setæ in its sheath or sheath. They are quite as annoying, when numerous, as mosquitoes, although they really do not sound their “smal trumpets,” and do not visit us in

FIGURE 13.—COTTON CRANE-FLY (*CTENOPHORA XYLENA*).

a. Cotton-Seed.—b. Earth-Balls.—c. Pupa-Case.—d. Larva.—f. Ovipositor.—g. Antenna.

our houses so perseveringly as their "cousins," being fonder of fields and green woods until

"The northern wind with blustering blast
Doth blow them quite away and in the ocean cast."

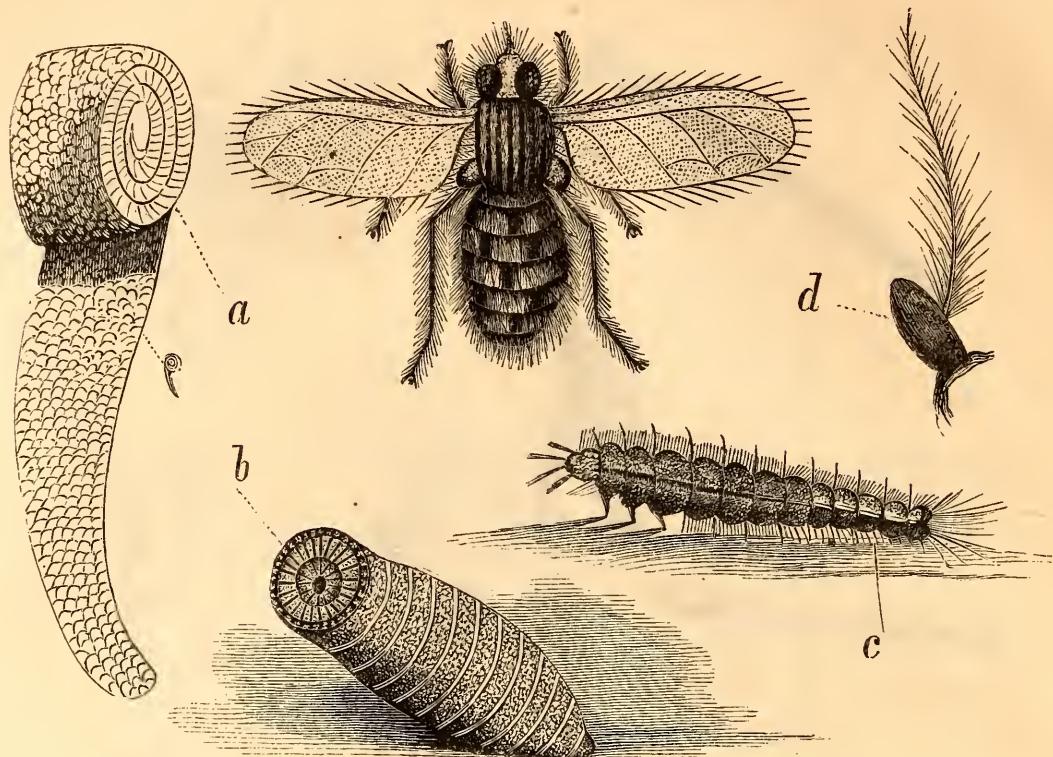
The *Ctenophora xylena*—"Cotton Crane-Fly" (Figure 13)—of the same family, gives serious trouble during its short life. This crane-fly is constantly hovering over cotton-seed on the plantations. She deposits her eggs on the cotton-seed, among the loose fibres clinging to it. They hatch in ten or twelve days, and eat out the whole interior of the seed. The larva is a slim, transparent grub, with a long, stout hair on the last segment. Its head is very large for the rest of its body. After the seed is consumed they attach themselves to the few rootlets or fibres which the seed has thrown out, and spinning a loose cocoon, mixed up with grains of sand, they wait their transformation.

The planter often wonders why his cotton does not come up. If he was to turn over the soil he would find every seed with a dozen small earth-balls, more or less, attached to it. One seed is sufficient to feed half a dozen, they are so minute. The male I have never been able to designate. The antenna of the female has fourteen joints—monilliform—resembling small beads strung on a string. She has an ovipositor which closes like a telescope. The wings are rather clear, the legs long, thighs bright yellow; the abdomen a faint, smoky yellow, covered with hairs. They are always somewhere in the cotton-fields, abounding in wet seasons more than at others. Though so small, it is impossible, unless you know them, to conceive the injury which they inflict. Sometimes a dry spell destroys them; and the cotton comes up only to annoy the planter with its sickly appear-

ance, eventually withering away without bloom and very little foliage. It is better, in almost every instance, to sow fresh seed at the first appearance of a yellow leaf on the cotton plant. An enemy, you may feel assured, is at work; and you may save time and something of a crop.

The *Sarcophaga vigilans*—"Vigilant Flesh-Fly" (Figure 14)—is one of the most watchful of detectives. You can not deceive her. Hide her proper food in the darkest corners, she will buzz round, warning you of your carelessness and neglect. She is every where in cellars and pantries during the summer season, depositing her maggots on bad meat and other offensive substances.

This "Blow-Fly," as it is called, must be familiar to you all. She is broad and stout, and checkered in gray and black squares over the abdomen. She is not the European *Sarcophaga carnaria* of Meigen, being very much larger, and having no shades in her wings. Her thorax is striped with gray and black, her *alula* (winglets) are very large; consequently she announces her presence with an unusually loud buzzing. She does not belong to the same class with the "Blue-Bottle" and other meat-flies, being viviparous. The young are hatched in an abdominal sac, and are deposited, as maggots, upon every obnoxious substance, but particularly on bad meat and dead carcasses. The coil of eggs is folded up in her abdomen like "a watch-spring." Reaumur uncoiled one, and counted 20,000. He must have lost his patience. You may treble this number, and then not count half the coil. The spawn of the shad will convey an idea of their number. They are not hatched all at once; not more than a score or

FIGURE 14.—VIGILANT FLESH-FLY (*MUSCA SARCOPHAGA VIGILANS*).

a. Coil of Eggs.—b. Pupa-Case.—c. Larva.—d. Antenna.

two at a time, which are immediately dropped on their food somewhere. She lives generally three or four weeks, and dies after she has exhausted her egg-coil. The maggot is rather flat, tapering at the head and tail; whitish, and covered moderately with hairs. It is very active and voracious, and loses no time in demolishing the substance on which it is placed. It then crawls off, and attains the ground, if possible. If not, the nearest crack, where it closes up its segments gradually. The pupa-case differs materially from those of others of the same family, having light bands around it, and a rim at the top of small divisions, which leave a very minute opening in the centre as a breathing orifice.

At *a* (Figure 15) you perceive a singular breathing-tube of the larva of another viviparous fly. When shut it resembles a crown. This fly (*Sarcophagus corium*—“Hide-Fly”) places

her young on the fleshy side of hides. They abound round slaughter-houses. These flies (*S. vigilans* and *S. corium*) resemble each other very much; but their larvae render them very distinct. The hairs on the antennae of the last are shorter, with bristles at the extreme tips. These flies have all two wings, you perceive, with halteres. They belong to the great division of *Diptera*, and to various sub-genera, which my space will not allow me to designate. Those belonging to the *Musca* do not change their skins in the larva state, like other insects, but undergo their transformations in the old skin. They pass through an *amorphous* state, which means that they have neither mouth nor organs of locomotion—neither moving nor eating during transition—and bearing in this state no resemblance to the perfect insect.

The two following flies belong to another great division, the *Hymenoptera*, to the sub-genera *Allantites* and *Tenthredinites*—“Saw-Flies.” To cursory observation they appear to be common flies; but upon examination they prove to be as dissimilar as the dog and the cat.

The *Selandria ribesii*—“Gooseberry and Raspberry Saw-Fly” (Figure 16)—is found not only on the gooseberry and raspberry, but on the currant, and even the alder (*Alnus glutinosa*), when either of the former are missing. It has a flat body, covered with yellowish hair, and its wings are very clear. It differs from the *Nematus ribesii* by having no brown on the outer edges of the wings; and the larva partakes more of the slug.

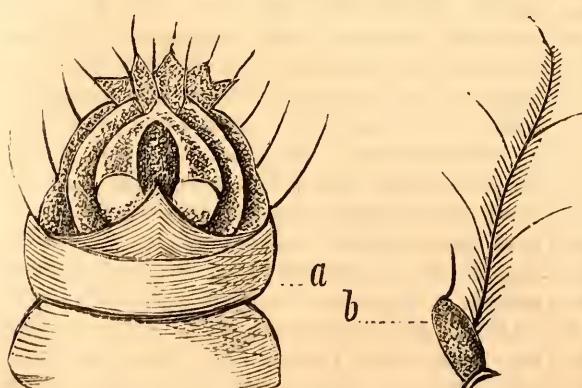


FIGURE 15.—HIDE-FLY.

a Breathing-Tube.—b Antenna

What renders these little flies remarkable is the wonderful *saw* with which many of them are furnished. This saw is put in motion in the same manner in which a carpenter uses his, if you suppose that the tendons (*a*, Figure 18) compose the handle. But this little creature can do more than he. She works two saws at once, whereas he is confined to one; one side is advanced and the other retracted alternately. They work in the same cut; and although the teeth are exceedingly fine, the result is the same as if the mechanic used a saw with what is termed "a wide set." They can not bend or separate while in operation, for the backs of the saws are lodged in a groove composed of two membranous plates, which are very thick near the body at the top of the saws, but thin off as they taper downward. These grooves serve likewise as an oviduct for the eggs to descend to the hole sawed in the leaf. The teeth of this saw, as you perceive, are denticulated with finer teeth; and these possess not only the properties of the saw but combine those of a rasp. These teeth are long and thickly placed on the back of this little instrument.

When she has selected her leaf she bends her body inward in a half circle, and slits up the skin of the leaf, or the bark, in some genera. When she has made it deep enough she straightens her abdomen and works the saw lengthwise until she has rendered the groove of the desired size. The motion is now interrupted, and down slides an egg into the cavity. She then draws her saw nearly into the sheath, and at the same time a drop of white frothy liquid covers the egg, and shields it from the action of the fluids of the tree and from atmospheric changes. When the grooves are finished they

show very little exteriorly—like a small blister on your skin; but by-and-by they commence to enlarge, turning first brown, then black. This enlargement is not caused by the growth of the leaf, for the saw has destroyed all such vitality, but from the growth of the egg; which is a singular fact, and is contrary to any analogy except with a few other instances in insect life. As the egg continues to increase of course the slit is widened; so when the grub is hatched it makes an easy exit from its cradle. The mother-fly seems to be aware of this enlargement. She places the eggs at measured distances, that they may not interfere with each other.

These *false caterpillars*, as they are called, have six legs and sixteen pro-legs. At first they are of a faded greenish color, covered with small black dots, and as rough as shagreen. After their last moulting they lose these dots, and become nearly white, very smooth, with a few hairs on the head. They commit great havoc on the foliage of the delightful fruits upon which they dwell.

The larva generally feeds three weeks, then descends two or three inches into the ground, where, rolling and twisting its body, it forms an oval cavity which it lines with a soft, silky texture; it being very sticky on the outside, the grains of sand adhere to it and form a close covering. Here it undergoes its transformation, and in twenty days comes out a perfect insect. There are two broods a year—the last remaining over the winter.

The *Lyda cerasi*—"Cherry Saw-Fly" (Figure 17)—is of the family of *Tenthredinida*, sub-genus *Lyda*. It is a large shining black fly, with tawny legs and feet, and very transparent wings, wrinkled, as this family generally has them.



FIGURE 16.—GOOSEBERRY SAW-FLY (*SELANDRIA RIBESII*).

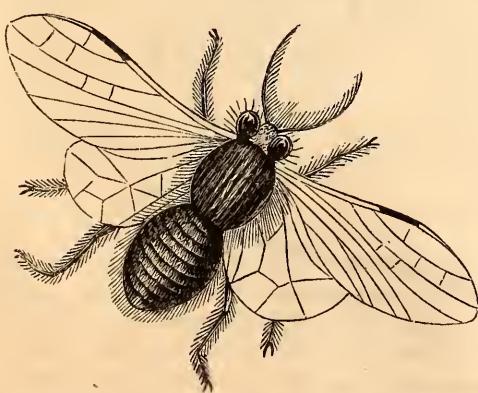


FIGURE 17.—CHERRY SAW-FLY (*LYDA CERASI*).

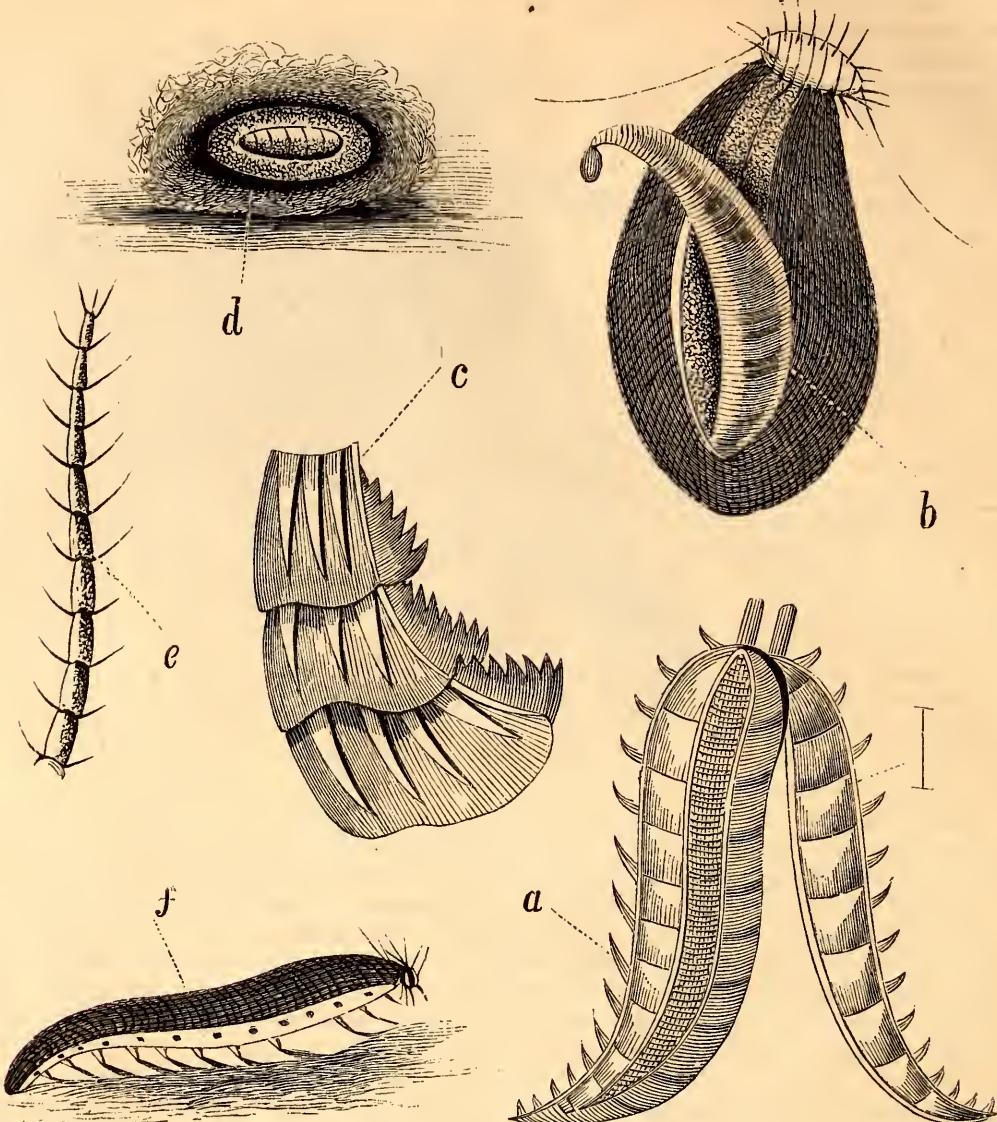


FIGURE 18.—PARTS OF GOOSEBERRY SAW-FLY.

a. Saw open for Use.—b. Saw used as Ovipositor and Egg.—c. Section of Saw.—d. Pupa-Case.—e. Antenna.—f. Larva magnified.

The costal nervure on the upper edge of the wing is very strong; the stigma is very marked. The female has very thick rows of fine hair on the interior sides of the antennæ; the male, which is very much smaller, has his pectinated. The saw ovipositor is very similar to that of the

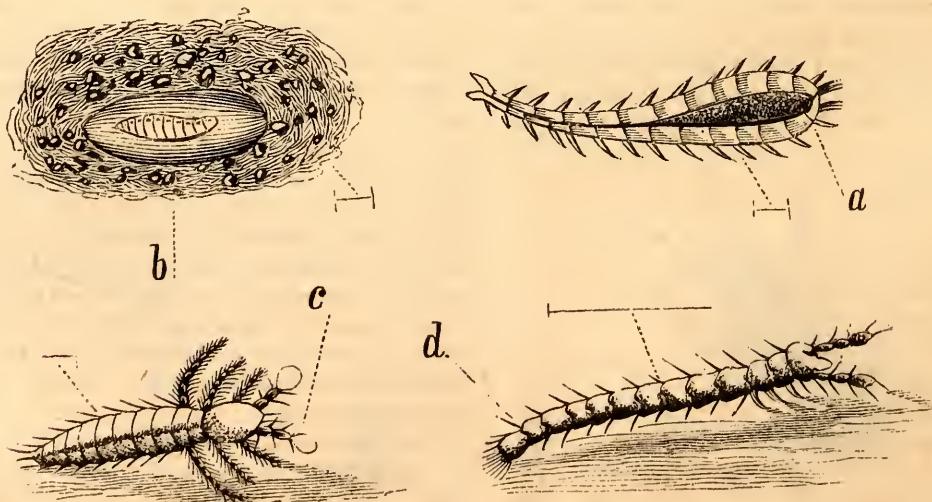


FIGURE 19.—PARTS OF CHERRY SAW-FLY.

a. Saw closed.—b. Chrysalis and Pupa-Case.—c. Larva newly hatched.—d. Larva after the last Moult.

former fly, but is not so complicated. It is used exactly in the same manner. The egg is similarly deposited, and the process of growth is the same. The larva differs, having but six feet (and no pro-legs), very rough, with spines at first; moulting four times—finishing the course as an ugly, slimy, greenish brown “slug,” committing sad depredation on the cherry, particularly on the wild, and very well content with the pear-tree when the other is not to be obtained. It is found every season in company with others of the same family whenever these fruit trees abound. It undergoes its transformations in a cell composed in the same manner as the other, except the chrysalis is very white and transparent. There are two broods a year, and the pupæ remain over the winter.

Now what do you say to my Congress? Has it not worthy members? Knowing their duties, they perform them silently and willingly, leaving the results to a higher Power. Working for the whole—constantly, energetically, and unrepiningly—the abnegation of *self* reads a lesson to reasonable beings full of meaning and pathos.

“Thus,” says Goethe, “Nature addresses herself to the recognized, the misused, and unknown senses: thus by thousands of phenomena she speaks with herself and to us; to the attentive listener she is nowhere dead—never silent.”

little coat, battered hat, and twinkling eye with which he had been presented in the pages of *Pendennis*. When the novelist asked the newcomer if he might offer him a glass of brandy and water, the reply was, “Bedad, ye may; and I’ll sing ye a song tu;” given in the very brogue with which he had endowed his own tipsy old vagabond. “How had I come to know him? how to divine him?” asks Mr. Thackeray. “Nothing shall ever convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits.”

If “Captain GRONOW, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and M.P. for Stafford,” had happened to call upon Mr. Thackeray, he must, in like manner, have been recognized as the “Major Pendennis” whom he thought he had created. And now that the great satirist has read the little book of the Captain, he must be convinced that he must have known him in the spirit long before the Major was created.

“Who is Captain Gronow?”

He is the last of the “Dandies” of the Regency of George IV.; the sole survivor—unless we except the present octogenarian Prime Minister—of the favored mortals who, forty years ago, danced at Almack’s with the fair and frail Lady Jersey; dined at White’s with Alvanley, Kangaroo Cook, Hughes Ball, Red-Herring Yarmouth, and other worthies who have long passed the Styx; who had looked with hopeless envy upon the wonderful coats and miraculous cravats of Beau Brummell and Gentleman George; who knew the men who had penetrated the sacred mysteries of Carlton House; and who never appeared by daylight until afternoon, when the world was sufficiently aired for their advent.

In 1812 Gronow, a lad fresh from Eton, received an ensign’s commission in the Guards, was sent to Spain, where he showed pluck and spirit; went back to London and was admitted to the most select circles of fashion, being one of the half dozen out of three hundred officers of the Guards who had vouchers for Almack’s, whose sacred portals were jealously watched by the lady patronesses; and which no mortal man might pass except in full dress. Wellington himself, coming in trowsers, was once remorselessly turned back. Gronow now speaks somewhat irreverently of the seven lady patronesses, whose smiles or frowns forty years ago consigned men and women to happiness or despair. Lady Jersey’s bearing was that of a tragedy queen, while attempting the sublime she frequently became ridiculous, being inconceivably rude, and often ill-bred. Lady Sefton was kind and amiable; Madame de Lieven haughty and exclusive. Princess Esterhazy was a *bon enfant*—a “good creature;” Lady Castlereagh and Mrs. Burrell, now Lady Westmoreland, were *de très grandes dames*—“mighty stuck-up ladies.” The most popular of all was Lady Cowper, now Lady Palmerston.

Gronow gives a curious picture, representing one of the first quadrilles ever attempted at Almack’s. The ladies wear short-waisted, tight-fitting dresses, which give the impression

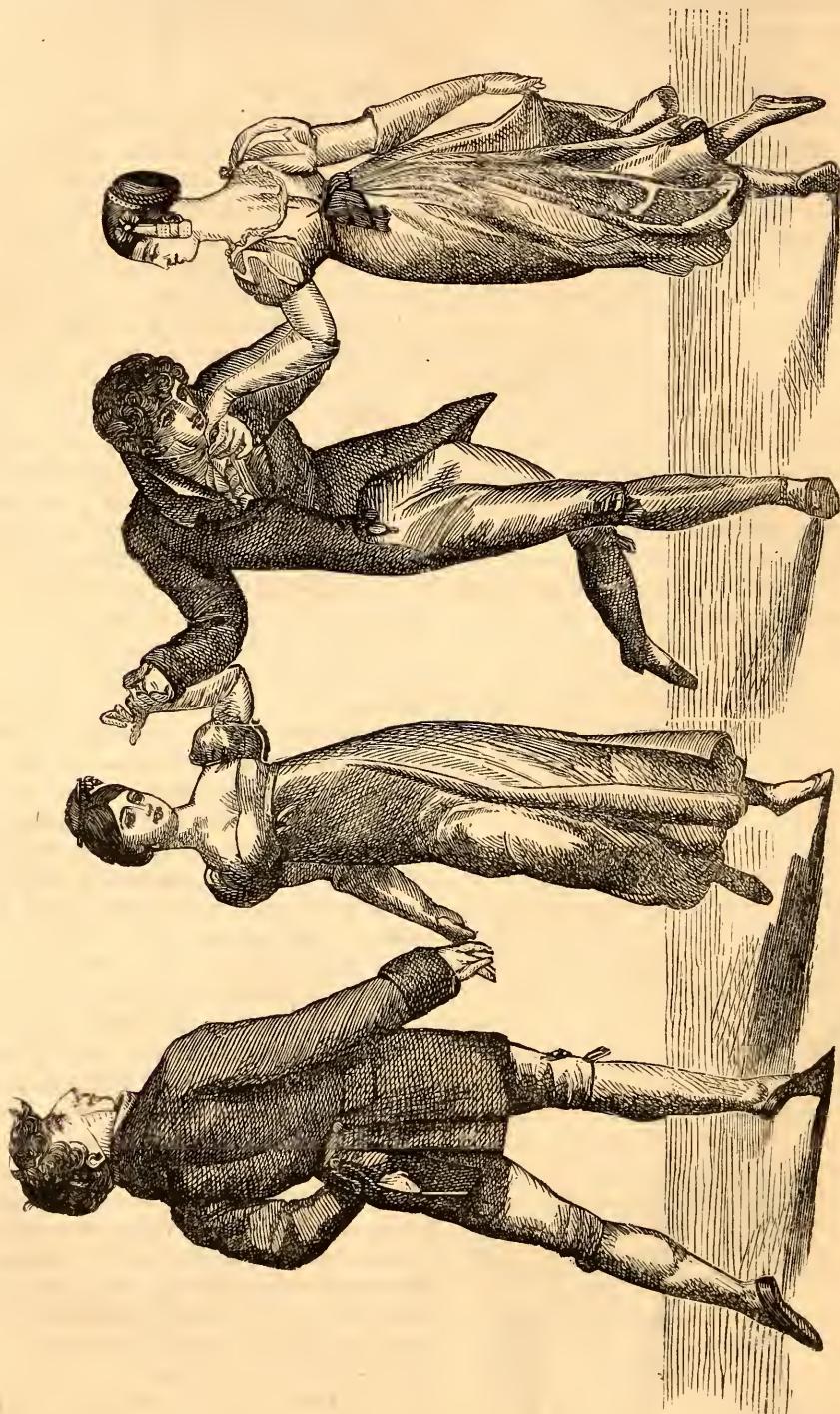


THE LAST OF THE DANDIES.

MR. THACKERAY tells us that having, as he supposed, created his famous Captain Costigan out of innumerable odds and ends and scraps of character, he was one night, while smoking in a London tavern, surprised by the entrance of the very man himself, with the same

of a total absence of under-garments. The gentlemen wear knee-breeches, and pumps, with square-tailed coats. The Roman-nosed personage whose head is well thrown back, as if to prevent his eyes from being gouged out by his pointed shirt collar, is the Most Noble the Marquis of Worcester. The lady whose hand he

holds is the fair and frail Lady Jersey, high-priestess of the shrine of fashion. The active youth who kicks up his heels like a young colt, while he gallantly bends over to kiss the hand of his partner, is Clanronald Macdonald, otherwise unknown to fame. The lady who wheels around on tip-toe is Lady Worcester.



A QUADRILLE AT ALMACK'S, 1815.

These delights were rudely interrupted. Napoleon broke loose from Elba, and the English chivalry were sent to encounter him. Young Gronow's battalion was to stay at home; but General Picton, yielding to his importunity, consented to take him on his staff. A proper outfit was wanted, and the youth's funds were at low ebb. He borrowed £200, with which he rushed to a gambling-house, and staking the

money won £600 more. With this he fitted himself out in becoming style and set off. He had his share in the fight of Waterloo, accompanied the army to Paris, where he enlarged his knowledge of "life," then went back to London to renew with fresh zeal his career as a dandy Guardsman. If not one of the great lights in the dandy firmament, he had yet a recognized place in it. His portrait in time appeared in

the print-shop windows in company with those of Brummell, the Regent, Alvanley, Kangaroo Cook, and other worthies. It represents him, we should say in 1825; a dapper, be-frogged figure, with tightly-strapped trowsers, silly face, and comical hat. And now, an old man of threescore and more, he sits down to give the world some account of his recollections of the great men and lovely women of his early days.

He writes in a dawdling, slip-shod style, worthy of Major Pendennis; but here and there manages to give an anecdote or sketch worthy of notice as a part of the picture of the times. To do the old Dandy justice, there is little of grossness in his anecdotes and reminiscences, though the men and women of whom he speaks were, with hardly an exception, as debauched and dissolute a crew as the world ever saw. Gluttony, drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery were the rule of their lives. Statesmen and judges went regularly drunk to bed; a "six-bottle-man" was looked up to with reverence; every man in "society" expected the gout, and made the pill-box his constant companion. Few of the names which appear in the history of the times are wanting in the scandalous chronicles of their day.

We have named gambling as one of the characteristics of the age. Young Gronow risked his borrowed £200 at the card-table. But this was nothing to the high play which prevailed at the clubs. Fox once played twenty-two hours in succession, losing £500 an hour. His losses in all amounted to £200,000. The *Salon d'Etrangers* in Paris offered to the English visitors abundant facilities for play. It was kept by the Marquis de Livry, who received his "guests" with a courtesy which made him famous throughout Europe. He was in looks the counterpart of the Prince Regent, who sent Lord Fife over to Paris on purpose to ascertain this important fact. His Lordship was a constant visitor to the salon, in company with a French danseuse, upon whom he spent £40,000 in a short time. Another visitor was Fox (not the celebrated Charles James), the Secretary of the British Embassy. He was never seen by daylight, except at the Embassy or in bed. At night he rushed to the salon, and if he had a Napoleon it was sure to be staked and lost. At last he was successful. He put down all he had, won eleven times in succession, broke the bank, and carried off 60,000 francs. Gronow calling upon him a few days after found his room filled with silks, shawls, bonnets, shoes, laces, and the like.

"It is the only means I had," Fox said, in explanation, "to prevent those rascals at the salon from winning back my money." Lord Thanet was one of the most inveterate gamblers. He had an income of £50,000, all of which he dissipated at play. When the tables were closed for the night he would invite those who remained behind to stay and play in private. One night he lost £120,000, and when told that there had probably been cheating, simply replied, "Then I consider myself lucky in not having lost twice that sum. A great gambler of the day was the Hungarian Count Hunyadi. He was for a time the rage, on account of his good looks, manners, and wealth. Ladies' cloaks and cooks' dishes were à la Hunyadi. For a while his luck seemed invincible; at one time his winnings were reckoned to amount to two million francs. He had two gens d'armes to wait upon him to his home, to guard against robbery. To all outward appearance he was the most impassive of players. He would sit apparently unmoved, his right hand in the breast of his coat while thousands were at stake on the turn of a card or a die. But his valet said that in the morning bloody marks were to be seen upon his chest, showing how he had pressed the nails into his flesh in the agony of an unsuccessful turn of fortune. Luck turned at last, and he lost not only his winnings but his fortune, and he was obliged to borrow £50 to carry him home to Hungary. Old Marshal Blucher was a constant frequenter of the salon. He generally managed to lose all the money he had about him, and all that his servant, who was waiting in the ante-chamber, car-



CAPTAIN GRONOW, LORD ALLEN, AND COUNT D'ORSAY.

ried. When he lost he would scowl fiercely at the croupier, and swear in German at every thing French. If he won the first coup he would allow it to remain on the table, but when reminded by the croupier that the bank was not responsible for more than 10,000 francs, he would roar like a lion, and swear in his own language like a trooper. The Bank of France was once called upon to furnish him with several thousand pounds, which, it was said, were to make up his losses at play. This, with other instances of extortion, led to the removal of the Marshal from Paris by the order of the King of Prussia.

Gronow mentions three or four successful gamblers. Among these were Lord Robert Spencer and General Fitzpatrick; being nearly "cleansed out," they put their funds together and set up a faro bank in the club, with the consent of the members. The bank, as usual, was the winner, and Lord Robert soon found himself in possession of £100,000. He pocketed his gains, and never gambled again. Still more lucky was General Scott, the father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland. He was a famous whist-player, and was careful to avoid those indulgences which muddled the brains of his competitors, confining himself to chicken and toast-water; so he came to the whist-table with a clear head, and was able, according to the admiring Captain Gronow, "to win honestly the enormous sum of £200,000." Brummell even found time, amidst the graver cares of the toilet, to do something in the way of gambling. One night he won £20,000 from George Harley Drummond. The loser was a member of the famous banking-house, and was requested by his partners to leave. They doubtless thought that the man who could take no better care of his own money was an unsafe custodian of that of others.

Brummell appears to better advantage in his brother dandy's reminiscences than elsewhere. At Eton he was, according to Gronow, the best scholar, the best boatman, the best cricketer, and the "best fellow" in general. The fame of his accomplishments reached the ears of the Duchess of Devonshire and her set, through whom it became known to the Prince Regent, who sent for him, and gave him a commission in his own regiment, the 10th Hussars. But, unluckily, soon after joining his regiment he was flung from his horse at a review, and had his fine Roman nose broken. This foretaste of the perils of war was sufficient, and Brummell betook himself to the more congenial vocation of "leader of fashion." He found a tailor capable of executing his sublime conceptions. We need not repeat the oft-told stories of the perfection of his coats, the grandeur of his cravats, the immaculateness of his linen, and the brilliancy of his boots. But it is given to no one man to excel in all things. There was a little dried-up old dandy, Colonel Kelley, whose boots excelled in polish those of Brummell himself, and the secret of the blacking was known only to him-

self and his faithful valet. One night a fire broke out in Kelley's lodgings, and the poor old fellow was burned to death in endeavoring to save his favorite boots. All the dandies were eager to secure the services of the valet who had the secret of the famous blacking. Brummell was first in the field. "How much wages do you require?" he asked. "My late master paid me £150; but I think my talents should bring more. I ask £200." This was too much for Brummell. "Make it guineas, and I shall be happy to wait upon you," he said. Lord Plymouth was the lucky man; he agreed to the £200, secured the valet, and with him the sovereignty of boots.

But Brummell's taste was not evinced merely in coats and cravats. His house corresponded with his personal "get up." His furniture was superb, his canes, snuff-boxes, and Sèvres china exquisite, his carriage and horses superb; his library contained the best works of the best authors; and, in the words of Gronow, "the superior taste of a Brummell was discoverable in every thing that belonged to him." He was famous in his day for his witticisms. With a single exception, those that have been recorded by Gronow and other admirers hardly justify his reputation. But that one, the famous "Who is your fat friend?" is sublime. As told by Gronow it is even better than in the common version. The usual story is that Gentleman George, wishing to "cut" Brummell, who had taken the part of poor Mrs. Fitzherbert, encountered the Beau while walking in the street with Jack Lee. The Prince stopped and spoke with Lee, but took no notice of Brummell, who, as George turned to leave, drawled out the famous question. According to Gronow the scene occurred at a grand ball at Lady Cholmondeley's, and the question was asked of Lady Worcester—the same whose hand we have seen so gallantly kissed by the active Clanronald Macdonald—to whom the Prince had just been trying to make himself especially agreeable. If so given, the thrust was a double one, wounding the poor Regent not only as a dandy but as a ladies' man.

The venerable Gronow also professes to set the world right as to another famous anecdote respecting the Beau and the Prince. According to him, Brummell had been excluded from the paradise of Carlton House on account of his espousal of the cause of Mrs. Fitzherbert. But after his famous coup of winning the £20,000 from poor Drummond he was once more invited. Things went smoothly at first; but by-and-by the Beau, elated at finding himself in his old society, took more wine than he could carry; whereupon the Regent, who was on the watch to pay off old scores, turned to the Duke of York with the words, "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk." So he rang the bell; the carriage was called, and the doors of the Carlton paradise were closed upon the Beau. "This circumstance," says Gronow, "originated the story about the Beau having told the Prince to ring the bell. I

received the details from the late General Sir Arthur Upton, who was present at the dinner." He indeed places this occurrence after the "fat friend" affair. But his memory of dates is hardly reliable. Brummell must have felt that this blow was one that could never be forgotten or forgiven by the Prince, and would not, we are sure, have been lured back afterward. We believe that it was the Beau's revenge for having been turned out of the dining-room.

After this fashion does the Last of the Dandies gossip in his feeble way of the great men whom he had known in his younger days. We will select and abridge a few more of his reminiscences, of little account in themselves, but not without interest as giving glimpses of the times.

Among the officers and "men about town" was Colonel Mackinnon, famous for his strength and agility. He would creep over chairs, and scramble over balconies and housetops like another Gabriel Ravel. He would have made a fortune as a circus clown. Grimaldi himself acknowledged that the Colonel's natural gifts in this line exceeded his own. "He was," says Gronow, "famous for practical jokes; which were, however, always played in a gentlemanly way." Thus: In a Spanish town he once undertook to personate the Duke of York. The authorities, in order to do honor to the Commander-in-chief of the armies of their ally, got up a grand banquet, terminating in the appearance of a huge bowl of punch; whereupon the noble Colonel plunged his head into the china bowl and flung his heels into the air, to the wonder and indignation of the grave Dons, who made a formal complaint to Lord Wellington. At another time Wellington, making a formal visit to a nunnery near Lisbon, was surprised to see Mackinnon among the nuns, dressed in the sacred costume, with face smoothly shaved. This "gentlemanly joke" very nearly brought the Colonel to a court-martial.

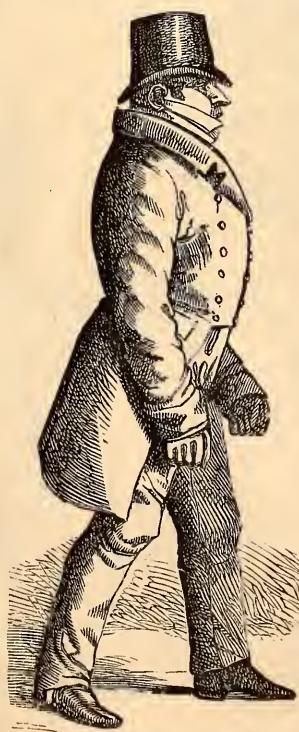
Another worthy, whom Gronow calls "one of my most intimate friends," was Captain Hesse, of the Guards, "generally believed to be a son of the Duke of York, by a German lady of high rank." At all events, he lived when a youth with the Duke and Duchess, and was gazetted a cornet in his eighteenth year. He went to Spain with his regiment, was wounded, and received from a "royal lady" a present of a watch, with her portrait, which was delivered by Wellington in person. On his return the Prince Regent sent Admiral Keith to demand the delivery of the watch and letters. Hesse gave them up, and was assured that the Heir of the Throne would never forget so great a mark of confidence, and would ever be his friend. But, adds Gronow, "I regret to say, from personal knowledge, that upon this occasion the Prince behaved most ungratefully; for, having obtained all he wanted, he positively refused to receive Hesse at Carlton House." Hesse went to Naples, became involved in an intrigue with the Queen, and was expelled from the country. After fighting several duels, he was killed by

Count L——, an illegitimate son of the first Napoleon. "He died as he had lived," says Gronow, "beloved by his friends, and leaving behind him little but his name and the kind thoughts of those who survived him."

Lady Blessington, who knew this adventurer well while at Naples, gives a very different account of him. She says he was the son of a Prussian banker, who was ruined in the wars; he was patronized by the Margravine of Anspach, the divorced wife of an English nobleman, who sent him to England, commanding him to the kindness of the Duchess of York, who got him a commission. He soon distinguished himself as a dandy, and gave out that he was a son of the Margrave and Margravine, born before marriage. The Princess Charlotte was captivated by his dashing manner. She smiled, then bowed, then wrote to him—and, finally, sent him her portrait. Vain of his conquest, Hesse could not keep the secret, and it became public talk. The Princess was scolded and Hesse sent off to Spain, in hope that he might get killed; but he kept portrait and letters, and was with difficulty induced to give them up, through the instrumentality of Keppel Craven, a son of the Margravine by her old English husband.

After Brummell's deposition Lord Alvanley became King of the Dandies, and all the "good things" said at the clubs were attributed to him. Gronow ransacks his memory for some of them, but they are not worth reproducing. But dandies, like other mortals, grow old and bloated. The great George himself was not exempt from the common lot—disgrace it as he might for a while by tight lacing and trowsers, into which he could only get by the aid of two stout valets. How could the lesser worthies hope to escape?

Gronow gives portraits taken in 1830, or thereabouts, of those who were the resplendent dandies of 1815. Alvanley looks like a pig in broadcloth. Red-Herring Yarmouth, the Alcibiades of his day, has become a stout gentleman with cane and heavy Petersham coat. Kangaroo Cook and Hughes Ball, spite of tailors and bootmakers, show traces of old port and blue-pills. Lord Fife looks stupid enough to have wasted a fortune on a ballet-dancer. Prince Esterhazy, of the famous coat, worth



LORD ALVANLEY.

half a million, from which pearls worth a thousand dollars were lost every time he wore it, has grown to look like a thrifty merchant; and Lord Londonderry, whom Walter Scott, ten years before, immortalized as the one who bore himself most nobly in the coronation, presents the perfect picture of our "fat friend," the once dandy Regent. All these have, we trust, gone down to Orcus, and their works have followed them, Gronow being alone left to tell. "*Si monumentum quæris, finetum adspice.*"

Gronow was one of the first English officers who entered Paris. He rushed at once to the *Café Anglais*, where he ordered a beef-steak and *pommes de terre* in addition to the customary potage and fish. The wines he thought were sour; but as the dinner cost only two francs he was content, as he should have been, seeing that in London one could not get a genuine French dinner under three or four pounds, a bottle of claret or Champagne costing a guinea. The Paris of 1815 bore little resemblance to the city of our day. The Champs

Elysées had but few houses; the roads were ankle-deep in mud, and only lighted by a few lamps suspended from cords which crossed the streets. Here the Scotch regiments were biv-

ouacked, the Parisian women thinking the bareness of their lower limbs highly indelicate. The ladies wore short, scanty skirts, with no waists

to speak of, while their bonnets projected a foot

beyond their faces. The men wore blue or black coats, baggily made, reaching to their ankles, with enormous bell-crowned hats. The British beauties, who soon began to flock over, wore long, strait pelisses, the body of one color and the waist of another, with little bee-hive bonnets. The dress of the English gentleman was a brown or light-blue coat, reaching nearly to the heels, with brass buttons; short pantaloons, big waistcoat, and an enormous muslin cravat, hiding the lower part of his face.

The Allies in Paris had a difficult part to play. The English were kept well in hand by Wellington; but the Prussians, who remembered the outrages of the French when they occupied Berlin, were ferocious. Old Blucher wanted to sack Paris, and especially to blow up the bridge of Jena, and was hardly restrained by the Iron Duke. The *Café Foy* was the principal rendezvous of the Prussian officers, and here came the French half-pay officers purposely to pick



LORD LONDONDERRY AND KANGAROO COOK.



HUGHES BALL AND LORD WILTON.



PRINCE ESTERHAZY AND LORD FIFE.

quarrels. A general melée often ensued: in one of these fourteen Prussians and ten Frenchmen were killed or wounded. Duels between Frenchmen and foreigners were an everyday occurrence. Gronow relates a score of instances which would well grace a history of dueling. One of his friends, dining at a café, observing a Frenchman rudely staring at him, started up and beat him over the head with a long loaf of bread. A duel followed, in which the Frenchman was shot. One of his relatives challenged the Englishman and was also killed. A French colonel, a notorious duelist, walked out into the street, saying he was going to bully an Englishman. He encountered, unluckily, a friend of Gronow; a quarrel ensued, the Frenchman was knocked down; cards were exchanged. The Frenchman came on the ground boasting how many men he had killed, adding, "I'll now complete my list by killing an Englishman." The bully was shot dead at the first fire. His second challenged the Englishman and got a shot in the knee, which lamed him for life. The Englishman received forthwith eleven challenges from as many French officers; but the Minister of War interfered, threatening to place the officers under arrest. Quarrels were not wholly between Frenchmen and foreigners. There was bitter blood between Bonapartists and Bourbonists. Talleyrand and Fouché tried to have Napoleon arrested and shot at Rochefort, whither he had fled. To the honor of the Duke of Wellington, who had control of the Semaphore telegraphs of the time, he refused to allow them

to transmit the order. He also tried in vain to prevent the judicial murder of Marshal Ney.

Our venerable dandy reproduces, in a feeble way, the London club gossip of his time:—Mrs. Clarke, the mistress of the Duke of York, finding the allowance of her lover insufficient, set up a thriving business in the way of selling commissions in the army and preferments in the church. This came to light: the lady was summoned before the House. Her testimony, given with the coolest impudence, was damning of the Royal Duke, who resigned his office as commander-in-chief and broke off with the woman. She threatened to publish his letters. The Duke bought them at an enormous price, and secured for the lady a pension, provided she would leave England.....On the day after the coronation of George IV., Coutts, the uxorious old banker, bought for £15,000 the magnificent diamond cross which the Duke of York had borrowed for that occasion from Hamlet, the Hebrew jeweler, and presented

it to his young wife. She had commenced life as Harriet Mellon, the actress; became the mistress of Coutts, who married her after the death of his wife, and when he himself died left her the whole of his immense fortune. She then married the Duke of St. Albans, but kept her



LORD YARMOUTH.

money at her own command; and upon her death left it to Miss Burdett, the grand-daughter of the old banker, upon condition that she should assume the name of Coutts. It amounted to two or three millions of pounds, and Miss Burdett Coutts, the richest heiress in England, had her choice of husbands. Among the aspirants was Prince Louis Napoleon, and it is Miss Coutts's own fault that she is not now Empress of France. Hamlet made a good thing out of the young Earl of C——; he sold him at one time jewels for £30,000, and, as the Earl was not of age, gave him credit at a round rate. The jewels were given to a stage dancer of not doubtful character. The lady, says Gronow, is now living on her estate in France in the odor of respectability..... The Prince Regent learning that the poor clubmen had to pay high prices for bad dinners—nothing, in fact, but joints, beef-steaks, boiled fowl with oyster sauce, and the like—was moved with pity, and proposed that Wattiers, his own cook, should take a house and organize a dinner club. The club was established; the dinners were exquisite; Gronow became a member, and frequently saw the Duke of York appeasing his noble appetite. But the play was so high that few could stand the pace; and Wattiers's ran down in a few years. One night Jack Bouvierie, brother of Lady Heytesbury, was losing largely and grew irritable. Raikes, who not long ago published his reminiscences, laughed at him. Jack flung his play-bowl at the head of the joker. This made the "city dandy," as Gronow sneeringly calls him, angry; but no serious results followed..... Sir Benjamin Bloomfield—who could play the violoncello so well that he was worthy of accompanying the Regent himself, and who had long been a favorite at Carlton House—had discovered that the Regent had given certain jewels which belonged to the Crown to a fair and frail marchioness. She had been compelled to send them back, but in revenge had Bloomfield exiled from Carlton House. He was created a peer and sent minister to Sweden. The Duke of Gloucester, who was thought to be as near a fool as a Royal Duke could be, and went by the name of "Silly Billy," got off a good thing. When his brother, William IV., assented to Lord Grey's proposition to make the Reform Bill pass any how, poor Gloucester cried out in triumph, "Who is Silly Billy now?"..... General Palmer, to whom the House of Commons had voted £100,000 in consideration of his father having invented the post-office system, had laid out the money in a French vineyard, and meant to give the English genuine clarets. His wines were tried at Carlton House, but did not suit the hard drinkers there as well as the manufactured articles to which they had been accustomed. The Prince Regent advised Palmer to root up his vines, and try to produce something better. He complied, was ruined, and finally became a mendicant in the streets of London. There was Long Wellesley Pole, who had owned Wanstead, one of the finest mansions in England. He had married an heiress with

£50,000 a year, but had spent it all, and was now a beggar. Indeed, he would have starved had not his cousin, the present Duke of Wellington, allowed him a pension of £300 a year, upon which he managed to keep soul and body together..... There was Lady Cork, who used to give parties to all the lions of the day. She would steal every thing upon which she could lay her hands, but would send back her spoils the next day, fearing to be prosecuted. People thought her ladyship not quite in her right mind..... What a sad thing happened at Graham's!—one of the less aristocratic clubs. A nobleman—Gronow, at the distance of thirty years, will not mention his name—of the highest position and influence in society, was detected in cheating at cards, and after a trial which, as the Captain euphemistically phrases it, "did not terminate in his favor, died of a broken heart."..... Madame Catalini, the great singer, was a good woman, a model wife and mother, but was very fond of money. She, with her husband, M. de Valabréque, had been invited by the Marquis of Buckingham to spend some time at Stowe, with a numerous and select party. After dinner she was always asked to favor the guests with a song, and complied with the most charming readiness. When the day of departure came Valabréque handed the Marquis a little billet: "For singing 17 songs, £1700." The Marquis "forked over" at once, thus proving, according to Gronow, "that he was a refined gentleman in every sense of the word." The husband of Catalini took good care for her. She had been insulted by a German baron. Valabréque challenged him. The weapons were sabres; the German had half his nose cut clean off..... An odd accident happened to the half-cracked beau Romeo Coates, famous for his fur coat and diamond buttons and knee-buckles. He undertook to play Romeo as an amateur at the Bath theatre. Unfortunately, his crimson nether garments, which were of too tight fit, gave way, and from the rent protruded a quantity of white linen sufficient to make a Bourbon flag, which the unconscious amateur displayed to the best advantage as he crossed and recrossed the stage. The dying scene was irresistibly comic. The audience demanded its repetition; he rose, bowed, and went through the act of dying again. Another repetition was called for, and Romeo was about to comply, when Juliet rose from the tomb and put a stop to the farce.

Such are the reminiscences with which our poor old dandy favors the world. Now and then, indeed, he came in contact with men who had something in them besides dandyism. Thus, in 1815, he met at dinner Sir Walter Scott, Byron, and Croker. Sir Walter ate like a Borderman, drank like the Holy Friar of Copmanhurst, and recited some old ballads. Byron was all show and affectation; said he did not like to see women at table, as he wished his faith in their ethereal nature to be undisturbed; but upon being pressed, owned that his dislike arose from the fact that they were helped first, and so

got all the chicken wings, while he and the other hungry men were put off with the drumsticks and such like less delicate parts. He used to see Byron occasionally, especially at Brighton, where he used to go boating, jumping into the boat as briskly as though he was not lame. He was generally accompanied by a lad, who was thought to be a girl in boy's clothes. Gronow knew little of Byron personally, but knew Scrope Davies, who told good stories of the noble bard, of which the Captain wishes he could remember more. One was of entering Byron's sleeping-room one morning, and finding the poet with his hair in curl-papers. Byron was angry, but acknowledged that his lovely curls were produced in this way, adding that he was as vain of them as a girl of sixteen. He swore Scrope to secrecy—an oath which was kept as such oaths usually are. Scrope, who was for a time Byron's most intimate friend, assured Gronow that the poet was very agreeable and clever, but vain, overbearing, and suspicious; he thought the whole world ought to be constantly employed in admiring him and his poetry.

Shelley had been a friend and associate of Gronow at Eton. There he was a thin, slight lad, with lustrous eyes, fine hair, and a very peculiar shrill voice and laugh. The paths in life of the dandy and the poet diverged widely, though they occasionally crossed each other. The last meeting was at Genoa, in 1822. Shelley sat on the sea-shore making his meal of bread and fruit. He was carelessly dressed; his long brown hair, already streaked with gray, though he was but twenty-nine, floated in large masses from under his broad straw-hat. He looked care-worn and ill. Recognizing his old school-fellow he sprang up, exclaiming, "Here you see me at my old Eton habits; but instead of the green fields for a couch, I have the grand shores of the Mediterranean. It is very grand, and very romantic. I only wish I had some of the excellent brown bread and butter we used to get at Spiers's. Gronow, do you remember the beautiful Martha, the Hebe of Spiers's? She was the loveliest girl I ever saw, and I loved her to distraction." They talked a little of old times. Shelley asked of old school-fellows, but would say little of his own plans and purposes. Byron's name was mentioned. "He is living," said Shelley, "at his villa, surrounded by his court of sycophants; but I shall shortly see him at Leghorn." Dandy and Poet shook hands and parted. There was nothing in common save a few boyish recollections. Shelley was drowned not long after, and the world knows with what heathenish rites his body was burned by Byron and Trelawney. And now, after an interval of two-score years, his old school-fellow, the last of the dandies, writes down his few recollections of him beside those of Brummell, Alvanley, Kangaroo Cook, George the Magnificent, Colonel Hesse, and the other roués and exquisites of the day.

So the old dandy, the last of his tribe, gossips, in feeble way, of his times, promising, if the pub-

lic lend him a patient ear, to give them another volume of like character. We trust he will do so; for it is from such books, rather than from more pretentious ones, that true history is elaborated.

MADELEINE SCHAEFFER.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

VII.

HOW Miss Schaeffer came to Spray Rocks is of no particular consequence; but the reader, swift at conclusions, will easily conjure the terror of the servants at her illness, their recourse to their late master the Doctor, and his speedy removal of the unconscious sufferer from the fever-infected atmosphere of the city. How she was to leave the place was of much more import to her. But that, when a few days more had dropped into the past, she still found impracticable. And were it not, whither should she go? Any where! Plainly she could not stay here, she said. If she were not necessary to this man's very existence she would not linger like a burr upon his sleeve. Ah, blind girl, not to see that she *was* necessary to his very existence! As she sat there now, the warm mist and the rain falling every where out of doors while the gale blew up, a thousand rapid plans etched themselves upon her intention. In the first place, to sell all those treasures which lined the little house in the city; they were hers now—once she had paid for them! Ah, yes, some dimmest gleam crossed her mind that the price had been too dear—the pound of flesh—costing friendship; it might be, love. Love! For that vague reminiscence of unconfessed hope she was abased; she hated herself for desiring that not already hers; she crowded it down into some black and stifling corner, if possible to forget its very existence; she did not desire it! Yes, she would let those things go, every gift with them; that would sustain her a while; then she would find sewing, sell water-colors, work, work hard till another opening came. The resolution was itself like nourishing wine.

And where, indeed, all this time was Mr. Roanoke? Strange that Fate should dare to mar and meddle with so august a person's designs! But Mr. Roanoke, as we know, had been first busy on vaster designs, and this great engine—a Juggernaut, that now they must control or it must crush them—had made slaves of its masters. Mr. Roanoke was committed, heart and soul, brains and purse, to a service whose wages are death, and from which there was no retreat. And just at the time he had purposed appearing on Miss Schaeffer's stage again necessity compelled him to the homes of obscure statesmen and to the seats of the powers that be. But in her regard, as in every thing else indeed, he had faith in the doctrine of chances, and believed that the Roanokes always fell on their feet.

While Miss Schaeffer revolved these ideas, her hand upon her eyes, the hand was suddenly pressed closer, her head pulled upon one side, a

little wet and soft bundle brushed all about her face; at first she supposed it to be some one of Juliet's many dogs, but on regaining her breath, her liberty, and her eyesight, found round her neck the arms of Miss Essie Ediston, whose garments and whose curls were in a condition!

"Yes," said Essie, removing herself for a better view. "Dr. Develin sent me in. But I'd heard where you were, for mother said 'twas highly improper, and I ran away and got up behind the carrier's cart, and then I had to walk half a mile—and—" Here she flung herself into Miss Schaeffer's arms again.

"But child, you're dripping wet!"

"Oh, never mind. I shall just get into bed, and one of the girls can take my clothes and wash and iron them. Silver can. I saw her; she says Miss Juliet didn't take her to Canada because she doesn't behave well. Bully for Miss Juliet! I guess I can wear *her* slippers," added Essie, meditatively, looking down at her sodden shoes.

"Essie! Essie! where did you learn such language?"

"Down among the dead men. I've been—"

"Naughty girl! To make me correct you as soon as I see you. I shall send you home."

"No you won't. I'm ever so wild. It's just your fault though, you know, Miss Schaeffer. There! where's Silver? Silver! I'm going to the bath-room; and you hang something of Miss Juliet's on the door for me to put on; and you take all my things to the laundry, you and the rest of you, and wash and iron them and have them aired and dried in no time! I'm going to get into Miss Schaeffer's bed till they're done. Hurry up!"

Miss Schaeffer had barely recovered from her amazement when Essie reappeared trailing some white garment behind her, and kicking Miss Juliet's morning slippers in advance and catching them on her little bare toes in an absorbed way.

"I don't think you have improved, Essie," said Miss Schaeffer, as gravely as she was able.

"It's all your fault though. You cleared out, and Geoffrey drove off the governesses as fast as they came—they set their caps for him, and he plays he's the great Mogul. But Geoffrey tried to teach me himself, he said I was all running to tops. And he took me round with him; he wouldn't take Ally because she keeps her finger in her mouth, and I've been to Richmond and Raleigh and all the other R.'s. He had to give it up though," said Essie, laying her head on the pillow and smoothing out the coverlet above her; "he's got some kink in his head, and I was too sharp for him. He thought 'twould look as if it were just pleasure-excursions if I went too, I heard him tell them. And they'd give me drawers full of dead butterflies and such to play with, and then they'd find out that I listened. Well, what if I did? Oh my, you needn't look! He should have left me at home; and pretty soon he did, for he began to think I'd tell what I heard—what I could put together of it—

they had such a high old time down at Beaufort as you never! and Rhett told Geoffrey he darsn't: I heard him! Geoffrey shot Tom Pryor's arm off for saying so once. And Geoffrey answered grand as Cuffee, 'You think I do not dare to do this?' and Rhett replied, 'Yes;' and Geoffrey said, 'Then it's not worth my trouble to convince such a fool!' and Geoffrey was as mad as a March hare; but all at once he turned about and said they might have it their own way, he couldn't afford to quarrel—though mother says she don't know *why* Geoffrey can't afford to quarrel, *she's* sure; he could buy up half the State if he wanted to. Mother don't know every thing—heigh-ho!"

"That will do, Essie; go to sleep, dear. You mustn't talk about these things."

"But I haven't told a soul," said Essie, fanning herself up and down with the coverlet. "Only if I couldn't have got at you, I should have had to go off alone somewhere and holler it out loud in the air. There's going to be a new world, Miss Schaeffer, spick and span. I don't know how exactly; but we shall all be changed in a twinkling, you know. Should you suppose it would hurt? Geoffrey laughs and says he'll risk it, so *I* will. Geoffrey's going to be a brigandier of it."

"Essie, you'd better shut your eyes. Your brother wouldn't like to hear you."

"Well, I don't know how he *can* hear me; he's been to the Bermudas to get arms that came there, and he's out at sea now in the *Black-heart*. I can't see what he wanted any more for," continued Essie, retrospectively, and rising on one arm; "the garret at Roanoke Fields is just brimful of them, stacked—he don't guess that I know he *does* though. But one day, before Geoffrey went the last time, the Governor was in town again and dined at our house, and Colonel —— Colonel —— Fair in the face is what Geoffrey told me his name meant—born Tuesday. I suppose he'd come from over the plains or somewhere, and they talked about rifling all Europe, and as soon as I could get the chances I said, 'What, Geoffrey, not steal!' and he snapped my ears and asked me if I thought he was light-fingered now? And Rob told me that after dinner—"

Suddenly Essie ceased. Miss Schaeffer was singing; and as she sang her slender hands were smoothing out the damp little ringlets, and when the song was silent the listener was asleep.

"And oh, Miss Schaeffer," murmured Essie, hours later, when the sobbing night-rain, beating itself against the stone mullions, had half-wakened her, "Geoffrey and those think Dr. Develin don't want the new way, and they're all angry, and Mr. Weymouth and Mr. Mayberry said they would shoot him dead if he didn't leave the country; and the Doetor said, slow and clear, 'I shall maintain the right here, at home, in my own State. No threats shall intimidate me!' Oh, Miss Schaeffer, sing to me again, it keeps in my head, and it burns so! Geoffrey went to him," continued the child, rolling over,

"and coaxed him, for old time's sake, to make no—" And here Essie's voice sank, but suddenly went on, with a start. "Oh! and showed him how—hopeless—and so—so—at length—the Doctor—"

Miss Schaeffer had been asleep several hours when a long heavy boom seemed to sound through her dream, and she woke with her heart beating stiflingly. In a moment it came again—she started up. And again—a minute-gun at sea. She sprung to the window, but nothing except gray driving mist was to be seen, the wind struck the long, low stone-house planted out there on the reef, eddied, mounted, and rushed on, the rain rushed with it, and all the sounds of the tempest; the very light from the light-house tower that stood far out on the edge of the cliffs, and on perpetual condition of which the Develins had first bought the land, seemed to be stripped off and off in broad flakes and patches like split fragments of chrysolite and beryl. Dimly Madeleine could descry great towering giants of billow feel this way and that, fling forth and fall in shooting storms of spray, white arcs of foam rose over the darkness and dispelled themselves in powdery blast, huge columns were flashing up and sinking, and into the cove beyond, the backs of long breakers, gored and torn, plunged their angry masses of snow with a deadened roar that shook the solid rock. Suddenly all was wrapped in the blackness of death, night and annihilation shut down over the world, no ray, no glimmer, the indescribable din and echoes of the night broke all about, the great sea seemed to be rolling overhead with a weight of darkness and tumult. The light had gone out! And still, more terrible through the murk, the minute-guns boomed on.

Madeleine found her candle and flung on some clothes; tiny twinkles shone here and there, perhaps in other portions of the house. Some flash, some shade shot by her window; a moment more, and the twinkles gleamed like fire-flies far out in the tower's top once more—faintest shadows it flung forth upon the storm—cloudy forms that hovered round the shaft: vast heads, vast arms, she seemed to see; and while wondering if the broken lantern, against which the sea-birds had dashed themselves dead, were being replaced, the broad steady flame, unwinking, glared forth again, was motionless one instant, then wheeled forward on its silent revolution, splintering slow spears over the waste of waters, beryl breaking into chrysolite. While she still watched, in the faint radiance that round this one spot lit the storm into an ashen nebula, Madeleine fancied Dr. Develin issuing from the tower's base. She threw open the casement, the wind and the driving sleet tore madly in and drenched her and took her breath away; but she clung there resolutely and still leaned out into the gale. And then, as first she perceived that the guns had ceased, all her thoughts and vision concentrated on one object.

Dr. Develin stood at the cliff's edge, on the wet and slippery rock, and the whole gale pushed

against him. In his grasp were a long staff and great coils of rope, another rope she saw wound round his waist and held by clusters of half-guessed hands, the hands of a shadowy throng. It was a daring man, a reckless man, or a good man, that thus abandoned his life into the hands of slaves. A moment he stood there, magnified—by the hurly-burly of the elements, by the place and the darkness, the sharp flashing and fading gleams, the gray haze and shining scud and flying foam-wreaths—into something supernatural. Then the rope was payed out, and steadily lowered he disappeared over the brow of the precipice.

Strange cries came to her now upon the wind, sad sounds, wild sounds, and in a lull when the listening storm also held its breath she seemed to hear drowning gurgles. Of what followed under her eyes she had not the slightest comprehension—all her thoughts, her will, her heart, swung there in the blackness beside the wet and sea-slimed precipice, groped further down in the plunging surf and along the strip of shingle. But her thoughts, her will, her heart, follow as they would, were impotent to fill the dragging moments; little could they reck of the turbulent riot in a strong man's soul, exceeding the fierce uproar of nature.

Slung there above gulfs of gaping death, beaten by great onslaughts of seas against the fearful face of rock. Slowly he had descended and found foothold among the narrow ledges of the spurs and cloven jags. Twice, thrice, had he vaulted downward, plunged among the plunging waves that tossed him lightly back in cruel play, plunged to meet the dark weight, swimmer or corpse, ever just beyond. Sure-footed, yet breathless, he paused a moment and dashed the spray from his brow. The great lantern swung round its swift-shifting flare, his eye fell, and ghastly in the green lustre of the ray a face gleamed up from the rock and ooze at his feet. An instant ere the waves return, but what eternities do some instants compress! Develin was no perfect man—there may be such, few of us have seen them—the one who was vowed to win the woman he loved himself, the one whom he half believed she loved, the one who banished him his country—drowned? Perhaps so. And if that returning wave bore him off? Surely so! It flowed so quickly, it went so easily. Was it his crime if that came to pass? Was he Geoffrey Roanoke's keeper? Had Fate thrown this man dead at his feet, for him to prevent the fiat? Dead—half dead—why should he care which? His brain was seared. And if the next wave—

In it dashed, up it dashed, hissed as it sucked down sand and weed, roared as it climbed, shook its crest over him; but before it fell the coiled rope was twice about the prostrate body, the two swung free above its swamping rage, and as it swept back again were lifted higher and higher and over the brow of the cliff. It was all in as many throbs, but so immeasurable, so weary, had the time seemed to Madeleine that she be-

lieved the dawn to be near breaking. But now while she gazed, like the phantasmagoria of some dream, as he struck his foot upon the solid rock, the whole seemed to vanish, himself and his burden with them.

Then came commotion in the house. Madeleine went back to bed again, and took Essie in her arms for mere human companionship. It grew more quiet, she dropped now and then into a light dream, and so some hours passed till Silver entered, her round eyes rounder with news. There'd been a great shipwreck, and all the hands were round at the cove (Dr. Develin's slaves had had some sea-experience, as they carried on his great fisheries), but they'd found no one. Mas'r though had saved Mas'r Roanoke of the Fields, and he was going home just so soon as he could stand, and Miss Essie was to go with him he said. Essie's stout denial of this fact produced no impression upon Silver, as she made her preparations. Mas'r hadn't told him Miss Madeleine was here, or she'd have to go too, Silver suspected. And Miss Essie must get up and dress. By this time Essie's affection and curiosity slightly got the better of her previous intention. She announced it inopportune-ly, however, just as she found herself on her feet, her eyes and her mouth full of soap, and the towel rubbing the wrong way. It proved a noisy process, and Miss Schaeffer escaped from it into her sitting-room, pulling aside the curtains for any glimpse of sunrise. There were murmurs in the next apartment, the sound of uncertain steps, then Mr. Roanoke's voice broke ground almost as gay and strong as ever.

"Another pull at the flask. I'm on my legs again. Develin you're a trump! By God, I wouldn't have done the same by you! So my little minx ran away to inform you, did she? She's a deuced deal too sharp, I find to my cost. There. All right, I think."

"Tuck the trowsers inside the boots, Cyril," said the Doctor, in an amused voice. "Roanoke, you look as if you'd had Rip Van Winkle's nap in those clothes."

"And grown in it."

"You're not half fit for the drive. And in the face of the gale!"

"Oh you must find plenty of wraps."

"You will follow my advice on reaching home?"

"Yes—if you poisoned, I should be dead."

"Humph! And Miss Essie? She has had one drenching to-day."

"The hair of the dog to cure the bite. Nothing like another. Yes, she shall come along, I say. I must bottle her up, like the imp sealed in spirits, till it's time to touch off; her little ears have been against every keyhole they have come across—her father's own child! She'll be safe at the plantation though, and that's where they are by this time."

No one would have guessed from the Doctor's calm tones, in reply, of any wild disturbance in his breast. "Quite ready?" he asked.

"Yes. Here's to the luck of the Roanokes?"

Luck worth having, by George! Not a soul saved to implicate me, in case the matter comes to grief. The *Blackheart* is merely on the shoals outside, a crew can ease her off when the wind falls. I'm all right, and my cargo too. Here's to Roanoke luck!"

"Hostile as I am to your plans, in what category of fools or madmen do you class me, to expose their detail thus?"

"Ah! But here's to the Develin honor!"

So Mr. Roanoke had gone, and the echo of the prancing hoofs had been swallowed in the storm. Essie had ended by finding herself outraged through Silver's means, wept, and sulked, and only when half-way home, suffered her despot to learn from her incoherent protestations that Miss Schaeffer had been the magnet for her at Spray Rocks. Perhaps he thought differently of Roanoke luck then; but who knows?

Sunrise came at last, and with it the gale blew off; the great gray pall of cloud lifted from the low horizon streaked with bars of gold; faded away to filmy breath, and was lost, a bloom upon the azure. The sun wheeled up in splendor, and stripped the heavy rainfalls from rock and tree as he went, and diffused all the burden of odor robbed from pollen and petal, and for which he had no use. Madeleine felt already well, or else still pulsated with the late excitement; she had slept all the morning, additional strength had given her additional self-control she hoped, for ere her eyelids unclosed the black memory flapped its wings above her—she was determined that no one should suspect her secret, since she needs must have one; and perhaps to test herself, perhaps to assure Dr. Develin of her convalescence, at evening she appeared in the library, where the tea-table was laid.

The Doctor shook his head, yet smiled

"The cage-door does not open because the bird can fly," said he, hastening to meet her, destroying a draught by some careless movement, quietly withdrawing a screen by another as careless, and admitting a view of the long ocean sheet, now smiling and winking as if it had never known rage, and half submerged in evening glories.

He gazed at the scene a moment as he leaned against the casement-side. An old trouble flitted over his eyes, a color lay an instant on his check, then he seemed to shut off the emotion, gathering all into the usual pallor and calm again.

"The place has a charm for me," he said. "I was born here. I do not leave it without regret. It breathes a wild freedom."

"Which one seldom finds combined with tropic color and under tropic skies," said Madeleine, graciously lending herself to conversation, according to her late programme.

"No matter. I shall forget it, once well buried in science at Paris."

"You go there?"
"For a season. It is cosmopolite as science itself. It is the rendezvous of exiles. When it grows insupportable— Well, there are old

fortresses on those Channel Islands, a climate that is Eden; three rooms refitted, and with a faithful slave, am I not provided for? Till death sunders shell from pearl."

"A desolate old age! a desolate old age!"

"I choose it."

Her last words had escaped almost without volition. It seemed to her, and not without reason, that in uttering them she had held her heart in her hand and offered it to another; her feminine instincts and reserves started in alarm, and summoned the forces of all womanly nature to the breach. Too self-convicted to guess his choice compelled by his conviction of her imperceptible indifference to himself, or to remember that he was the proud victim of political hostility. Her momentary abandon wrapped her in a robe of fire, her glance flashed, her cheek burned, her beauty was all irradiated with the hidden fever. She had endeavored to be quiet, but now shrouding the inner gloom with mocking lightness, with retort and quip and snatches of song, for the rest of that evening no one would have supposed that Madeleine had a heart.

As for Develin, he looked on, every look a sting—self-forgetful as the man might be, he could not hinder that. But he was full of control, exercised more rigorously upon himself than others—he had the bridle-hand over his nature, his eye glowed, and his face whitened till it seemed shining with the light sphered in his brain; but he gave no sign. Inexplicable as this new phase of her might be, it was still Madeleine—Madeleine who swung to and fro all the tides of his blood; neither did he desire that she should leave him, as she desired to leave—he knew how far he might trust himself, he was strong as tempered steel; since she was never to be his, he meant during these few remaining weeks to relinquish no atom of the bitter joy that sight of her afforded. And when parting for the night, and touching her hand with a touch light and cold as that of some snow-wreath: "Was I not right?" he said. "Your spirits rise. You are drinking health as a bird fills all his bones with air before he soars. This wind, this sea, this freedom, are native to you—you are yet a prisoner."

It was that night that the Doctor drove into town. He remembered Mrs. Fitzroy as Madeleine's friend. He possessed a power of command infinitely superior to Mr. Roanoke's, since the latter ruled merely through circumstances; Dr. Develin by virtue of the right inherent in his own nature, his will, and his magnetism. There were few who could resist that *main de fer* when he chose to close it upon them. And partly because she found that her presence was necessary in order to keep Madeleine at Spray Rocks, where her health required her to be—and partly because she could serve her espoused side best by being on the spot—and partly because he was not likely to know of the plots and counter-plots—and partly because Spray Rocks was a delightful place—and partly because she could not

help herself, Mrs. Fitzroy appeared before Madeleine on the next day but one.

Nothing could so quickly have restored Madeleine to the Miss Schaeffer of former times; for Mrs. Fitzroy was a dashing widow and a charming woman. But that did not matter to Mrs. Fitzroy: she married her friends *en artiste*, and it pleased her that the future mistress of Roanoke Fields should have manners à la *Impératrice*.

But when Mrs. Fitzroy saw how shadowy the form had grown, how fragile seemed the girl's thread of life, her heart reproached her; for somewhere, under all her perfumed muslins and laces and ribbons, she had a heart. The tears rushed to her eyes—it was *her* work! And then the handsome shoulders lifted themselves, and threw the load of blame off upon Mr. Roanoke, and there followed a righteous indignation. To end all, she was about to put her arms round Madeleine, and entreat her henceforth to make a home with her, as Adèle's governess, or her own friend, or in any capacity she chose, when she suddenly caught the Doctor's glance, cool and keen, bent upon her. Mrs. Fitzroy colored and drew back. Dr. Develin was one of those men whose perceptive faculties make them aware of every thing except exactly what concerns themselves; and in bringing Mrs. Fitzroy to his house he had proved himself what Mr. Roanoke was always endeavoring to be—a tactician. For of late—yesterday, to-day—something in Madeleine's manner, a glance, a sigh, a word, had made him half guess the truth; some subtle free-masonry of the instincts half warned him, had he dared fully trust them, that she was struggling against herself. After all these years of abnegation the crown might yet be his—*was* his for the taking. The thought, the hope were like steel and flint; they struck sparks, they fired his will; he seemed to have been challenged; all his old chivalrous race stirred in him; he looked up at the ancient tattered banner hanging high in the carved hall-rafters above them—its golden emblazonry and gorgeous dyes now tarnished and dusty like the ragged wing of some dead moth; remembered traditions of the time when it had streamed above his ancestors in the battle clouds, its daring legend driving an army; his spirit tingled along his veins, vigor filled him, force, resolve—it is not such who fail.

When Madeleine had half envied Juliet's beauty she little dreamed that her own was of a far finer, rarer type. And indeed never had Miss Schaeffer appeared so beautiful as now in this sundown light with which he was beginning to associate her; fair and frail, so spiritual, the soul seeming to look out of the large, melancholy hazel eyes—eyes full of tawny lustre; the soft, dark, golden skin; the faintly-impinged cheek; the scarlet lip—the whole coloring of the face stolen out of those very western tints; and then a carelessness about her, a willowy grace, a self-unconsciousness, an abandon, and, moreover, a strange, lost air. Dr. Develin, as

he gazed, could have opened his arms and taken her forever into tender shelter.

But this something new in Dr. Develin—Madeleine had forgotten herself, her secret, and her grief in watching. His manner was full of an airy sparkle; he seemed to move in some buoyant atmosphere; he had shaken off a weight of years; there was an effect about him, his face, his gestures, his sentences, of the bicker and glancing of some morion's crest just induced for battle and fresh-washed with the dew of the morning. Indeed she was not wrong, for Develin, never false to his nobility, had resolved that, win who would, the contest and the victory should be in the open light; and he was momently expecting the advent of Mrs. Ediston, her brood, and the *preux chevalier*. But as Madeleine continued to feel this change in him, her listlessness was startled into life—what had wrought it? A strange suspicion trembled almost visibly upon her lips; she looked from one to another—from Develin, standing alert and pale and brilliant, to Mrs. Fitzroy, the sumptuous blonde, with her rolling waves of fair hair, splendid in her azure silk that changed to silver, and the great cape of white velvet with its dropping carbuncle bell-buttons—a superb woman, a witty, gracious woman; a kind woman—but then—but then Madeleine found it in her heart to hate her!

The sunset light was so low upon the sea that it left nothing there but a great golden highway into the sunrise and morning of other spheres. Mrs. Fitzroy proposed adjourning to the cliffs, and niched among the crags they sat there watching the nightfall. Develin had brought Madeleine's cloak, and he wrapped it about her—lingerily, perhaps, she did not observe—and went striding up and down the narrow platform of rock before the two with a certain gay impatience. Now and then, indeed, he stooped and folded the cloak closer, and, consciously but to himself, his mere motion became a caress. To another he would have seemed afraid to touch her lest he should crush her—there was ever a strange blending of strength with the repressed sweetness about him—but to Madeleine, in her acute fancy, she half-dreamed herself to be repugnant to him. Yet as the hour wore on and heightened and sharpened all these lights and shades, these electric points of character, he reminded her of that wonderful sword, so ponderous that it cleaved the solid rock in twain, yet so fine that it sheared the petal of a flower. Unsheathed for encounter, once or twice this incisive air disappeared in the instant's tenderness. He stood for a breath above her, and watched the white hands folded in her lap; almost in his silence was there another man's speech. As he passed upon the dark dropping tresses he dropped a rose, hundred-leaved and hived with honey; he paused in the midst of some brilliant sentence addressed to Mrs. Fitzroy, and led Madeleine's eye up the dark hollow sky where shone but a handful of stars, and one great comet blazed down, the purple depths plow-

ing up a wake of light behind it. But with the inconsistency of all passion in its varying phases and moods, Madeleine shrank; these trifles touched the sore spot in her heart; she trembled lest her secret were betrayed, and then she received them half like insults. But as still they loitered there and heard the murmur of the wind among the sprays, the lapping of the waves along the cliffs, another sound stole in between, the sound of a voice in singing, careless, assured, defiant; it drew nearer, and they seemed to see, far below, the shadow of some boatman handing down his sail:

“Viens!—une flûte invisible
Soupire dans les vergers.
La chanson la plus paisible
Est la chanson des bergers.

“Le vent ride, sous l'yeuse,
Le sombre miroir des eaux.—
La chanson la plus joyeuse
Est la chanson des oiseaux.

“Que nul soin ne te tourmente.
Aimons-nous! Aimons toujours!—
La chanson la plus charmante
Est la chanson des amours!”

The voice died, round in the hollows of the cliffs. A moment more, and, distinct against the one deep ridge of lingering twilight's orange, Develin turned, by some prescience, and confronted Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke as he silently stood there, like some dark demon answering the spell of that burning ring he wore, and suddenly incanted upon the scene. Perhaps the same prescience that warned Develin of his presence warned him of Develin's mood; for, ere greeting the others, he walked straight toward the host, and stood a moment before him with folded arms and the old sarcastic gaze.

“Songe-creux,” said he, “ton rêve avait menti!”

“It is Mr. Roanoke who dreams,” said the Doctor. “I am awake.”

And so the lists were opened.

But the tourney was destined to be brief. Mr. Roanoke turned to salute Mrs. Fitzroy. “And how about the hocus-pocus?” asked that lady, remembering her indignation.

“Presently, Madame, presently,” he responded, with his usual haughty tranquillity, and moved toward Miss Schaeffer.

“And what is this I hear about little Dame Partelote?” he threw over his shoulder at Develin. “So the pretty Juliet has found her match in Canada!

“In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-house decree.”

I hope you are well, Miss Schaeffer.”

Madeleine rose and leaned over an interposing jut, meaning just to give him a cool hand and be done. But suddenly he retained her hand, searching her face in the remnant of light, that icy *sosiego* of his that outdid the blue-blood of the hidalgos half thrust away by the fierce fingers of some interior passion.

“She has been ill!” cried Develin, sharply as a stab, and then, as if the words were too

many, turned and gave all his *ardeur* to Mrs. Fitzroy.

As Madeleine met Roanoke's eye the fancy flashed upon her with new meaning that here was a man who *did* love her, who *would* cherish her, with him was rest if no joy—she dashed it away as instantly, and sent her gaze out upon the dusk, lonely sea. The light from the tower had kindled and shed itself abroad when she turned. Mr. Roanoke still leaned there against the jut, looking over her shoulder and out at sea, dark and silent. Had she been sooner conscious she might have reproved him, for lovers could so have stood. Develin bent like one rapt before Mrs. Fitzroy's gay stream of words, and she would have had sharp senses to detect that, through the richness of the gloom and amidst the rippling laughs and showering jests, for all his listening attitude, his scrutiny had never left her.

"Will you not take cold?" he said now, moving but a step in her direction. The voice made her shiver: it was ice.

"Let me stay," said she.

"That you can not do, Miss Schaeffer," said Mr. Roanoke. "Because I have come to take you to the Fields."

"Indeed!" and Miss Schaeffer turned upon him like a combatant.

"You can do as you please," said Mr. Roanoke, loftily. "I only state the case."

"Well?"

"Esse is ill—raving for you; you spoiled her. The two drenchings result in fever. I can not answer for her life unless you go back with me. My mamma will remember it forever, she bids me say."

Develin heard every word of it, and Madeleine knew he did; she waited for him to give some sign, some movement of detention, some expression of regret. None came. The truest lover is not always a friend; there is for each, be he ever so generous, some one moment that poises all on self. He forgot that Madeleine was not in love with Roanoke, and had therefore no instinct to forewarn her of intrigue or subterfuge. She must choose. Fate had precipitated the moment—him or Roanoke!

So then, it seemed to her, that, after all his protestation, she had really been in his way: how could she have dreamed otherwise! at the first opening he was glad to have her go. Love, you know, is not logic. She choked down the great tears that welled up to fill the dark void in her heart. Roanoke murmured: "The child needs you." Develin did not speak, yet he raised his arm in the dusk and extended it as if he would inclose her; but her glance was on the ground, and she did not see, she only heard.

"And how soon do you go?" asked Mrs. Fitzroy.

"Not to-night," said Mr. Roanoke. "Miss Schaeffer is not fit to go at all, but I promise her care; the child only wants her voice occasionally, and we must take sunshine for our sail. We have

tried it once before in the night, and once too often."

That he should be so careful of her, and the other should not even lift his voice!

"You will then have the honor of driving me back to town, Doctor," said Mrs. Fitzroy, gayly.

"I shall have the pleasure," was the *dévote* reply.

"To-morrow, then," continued Mr. Roanoke, "at sunrise."

"Shall we go in?" said Develin, and he gave his arm to Mrs. Fitzroy and disappeared in the shrubbery. But Madeleine did not stir. She wished indeed that the moments would root her in the rock. She had loved, she felt accusingly; been spurned; a rage was seething in her heart as she stood there.

"Madeleine!" said Roanoke. Something in the tone touched her; she remained motionless. "Madeleine, you fill me with hope." The words were barely breathed, yet she caught them. Better he should think that than the truth. She could not answer, her voice would break. She meant to send him away.

"No, no, Mr. Roanoke;" and the rest was lost in a passionate gust of heavy weeping. He sprung across the rock, his arms folded about her, his lips burned down on those wet lids. The man's determination made you feel his power; she was so lonely, she was so tired; rest, warmth, protection; why not let him love her? She could gather no resolution—a kind of apathy settled on every faculty: she could not repulse, she could not welcome, she gave him neither glance nor whisper. Develin's voice broke the hush, calling Roanoke—forgetful of her! She had already escaped his grasp, there was a breathing-space: then he bent above her hand, and was gone.

Madeleine still stood there, still looking down. She never wished to look up again, a weight had fallen on her; hateful to her the violet sky and the light of stars; a fetter was branding and burning to the bone; she slowly raised her hand, it was blazing with the Roanoke Ring.

The dew lay heavily, a glittering clustered load upon her cloak; she turned mechanically and went in.

Dr. Develin left Mrs. Fitzroy and Mr. Roanoke still examining some strange deposit of the storm upon the rocks below. Other thoughts were beating about his brain. Should he resign her so? What if he threw aside his principles, his prejudices, and entered on this mad business of Roanoke and the others—lingered here, took part in the strife that ere the spring would break upon them—so still breathed the air she breathed, had still the chance to win her?

Miss Schaeffer sat listlessly before the piano-forte; she had thought herself alone. "How is it, Madeleine," said a voice from the deep window's embrasure, a voice that made a vibration run through all her frame as through the string at the master's hand—"how is it, Miss Schaeffer, do I go to the war, or do I not?"

Why did he ask her that? For the moment

he was to her excited feeling an enemy, striving to penetrate her shrouded secret. The effort at self-control evolved a new force, a heat, a fusing power. She did not turn her head, but her hands flashed down upon the keys once more and the music fell into the heavy-hoofed tramp and the bounding charge of cavalry, with long-winded bugle-notes and clarion peals and clashing drums, and her voice rose on the fiery-winged strain of an old French war-song—a song with which the Troubadours dashed on to victory; which Bertrand de Born had sung in the starlight and dawnlight; with which Bayard himself had struck conquest home.

"I am answered," he said:

"The red-eyed goddess, seated there, thundered th' Orthian Song,
High, and with horror, through the ears of all that
Grecian throng.
Her breath with spirits invincible did all their breasts
inspire,
Blew out all darkness from their limbs, and set their
hearts on fire,
And presently was bitter war more sweet a thousand
times
Than any choice in hollow keels to greet their native
climes."

And he stepped out on the veranda.

Miss Schaeffer said nothing, but her hands still dallied with the keys that yet thrilled from their clanging chords. Some measure was singing in her memory—reflection seemed dead within her; some old sweet tune she seemed to hear; some words once spoken resounded again: "It is the song to sing to the man you love!"

The light was soft and softer in the room; the air was like the suspended bloom of a plum; a wind came wandering in, steeped with voluptuous odors. As Dr. Develin walked the veranda there reached him a sound, a sigh of melody, that was little more than the murmuring air itself; a silver cord might shake so in the wind; a bell prolong its vibrant undulation, tone after tone having swum out on the sky in joy-bells or far midnight chimes; the faint waves rustle so along the river-shore, where heavy-hearted roses hang and shower their sweets. A honeyed, doubtful music; but a soul upbuoyed its passion. Was it some chorus rising out of the crimson depths down which the sun had sunk across those sheets of dark, mysterious water—some chorus floating over the shoals—foam-bells and bubbles and spirits of the surf? Was it the elf of twilight humming in his ear—this purple, passionate twilight, where the stars looked through? Or was it Miss Schaeffer—Miss Schaeffer softly singing the "Du Meine Seele?" Another voice rose braided with her own, and made the strain clear and strong. A moment, and then the notes fell scatteringly from Miss Schaeffer's fingers; the one voice hesitated—Great Heavens! what was she doing? hesitated and slid away into silence. A hand on either side her face drew back the head; lips curved in crimson hovered just above her own; kisses crowded to her own full-blossomed like a flower. A moment, and the head, too, slipped from his

grasp—slipped forward and leaned upon the music-rack, which the hand caught above it; and on the first finger of that hand Dr. Develin saw the Roanoke Ring scattering its baleful flames.

VIII.

Essie was well of her little indisposition and over ears in mischief again long before Miss Schaeffer had fairly escaped from convalescence. But she had been dispatched for her books, and, independent as ever, the children had once more a governess. A governess who wore the ring turned in upon her finger. Something upbuoyed Miss Schaeffer. At first she used to glow; her heart would stop and bound; she thrilled through, saying, at last, at last, that Develin loved her. But then would surge up remembrance—though he loved her he was alone; though she worshiped him she was bound. She tried to lose memory and hope. Her occupation with the children required much of her time, and perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Roanoke had never been kept at such a distance before by any one as now by his *fiancée*. Capricious and varying, to-day he asked if she hated him; tomorrow, touched with contrition, she was almost tender; never quite so, for he well knew his betrothal to be but a one-sided affair. Once or twice he rebelled, and, suddenly recalling her own misery, she descended from her loftiness poor enough in spirit to wipe his feet with the hair of her head. The autumn had congealed to winter, and that was wearing away, and what with the inexorable requirements of his engagements, and what with her conduct, he was never able to get near enough to demand the date of his marriage-day. But the wheel of fortune revolves; she was not eternally destined to the ascendant. Roanoke began to ask himself if he had done well, intriguing for any woman's love. He dimly suspected some other to be enthroned in that hidden heart of hers, whether it were Cyrus Grey or Charles Develin; he belabored her soundly. Not that Patricius takes a stick to his wife—are there not a thousand gentlemanly whips, and all as effectual as that with which the Russian maid presents her bridegroom? For, as Mr. Roanoke's light thickened—as the great engine, once in motion, crashed on its way—as the lifting lever tore States asunder—as the league gathered round one devoted fort, and the time drew near when the eyes of all the civilized world were bent on the flag flying over Sumter—as all these mighty affairs gathered their dark clouds in tumult Mr. Roanoke's harassments grew too much for him; his arrogance fed with fresh fires, but his glacial composure rent by terrible fissures. He had read to some purpose that man is the master of his passions, but abuses the right of freeing his slaves. When away, as circumstances commanded, the grim onset of battles to be filled his mind; when at home, the household smarted under his rod. He had little leisure to think of love; but coming into Miss Schaeffer's presence all the clinging old thoughts overcame

him. He forgot danger, conspiracy, revolution. His passion deepened till he vaguely felt the want of answering love in her, and yet refused to acknowledge it; to acknowledge the failure of half a year's endeavor, till he became filled with an insufferable aching jealousy; till dogging her like a Thug—watching and weighing every word, every motion—never pausing to bask a moment in the possible light or twilight of love—taking to task and calling to account, not daring to believe in his desires—doubting, desperate, half-wretched himself and causing her to be completely so, the tyrant of her very thoughts, he made her life a burden to her.

The poet's blood-red blossom of war with its heart of fire had burst to flower at last; battles had pronounced upon his work. Mr. Roanoke was off for the camp. As for Madeleine, womanlike, little she knew and little she cared on which side the right kept; her duty, her lot, lay with him, since she had given her fatal promise—since too late she had learned that what she had longed for was hers. Too late! too late! So the evening before he went she sat at his side, smiled, listened, almost endured his caress, stroked the dark lock from his brow; that morning buckled on his sword, bade him God-speed, let him hold her a moment in his arms, let him beg her to be true—she who had sacrificed so much in order to be true!—let him keep her there against his heart beating muffled and slowly, let him dint the deep impress of his lips upon her cheek, heard him murmur, "Oh, if I torture you, it is because I suffer and because I love. I love you, dear!" His arms unloosed. She was so dear to him then; she had so much cause for gratitude; he was at the moment so heroic; something, which is to love what the pale, frail March anemone is to the rose of June, budded in her soul; her eyes were full of gentle tears; they fell upon his hand; he went, and her prayers went after him.

The days flew on, with them the rumors of life and death. Geoffrey Roanoke was yet safe and well, his letters said; other letters said, a hero too. But with every day of the returning year memories rose in Madeleine's heart like the ghosts of dead days, and life became a heavier weight. One name she never heard mentioned now; what years of existence would she not have given to learn that he also was safe and well—to see him for one minute—to hear one tone of his voice! Ah, one word from him would give her such strength! Did he love her yet? Yes, yes; she was sure of it! Oh! but this was crime!—God bless him wherever he was! give him grace, give him consolation!

"So Dr. Develin didn't get North after all, Miss Schaeffer," said Essie, skipping in one morning, with a strong tendency to climb the back of Miss Schaeffer's chair. "Geoffrey says he's a traitor. But I know where he is—pretty nearly. They took him before he reached the lines, and pressed him, and he's a surgeon in the regiment that—Why, what's the matter, Miss Schaeffer? Mother! Julius! Ally! I

say—Venus! Bring some wine, Miss Schaeffer's dying! or some water, quick! Oh dear me! where's there a fan?" And in order to procure the recumbent position, which she had heard to be requisite, Essie was taken in the act of pulling the chair out from under Miss Schaeffer; for Miss Schaeffer she still continued to be, by imperial decree, and Mrs. Ediston had supposed her own sisters and brother would by-and-by have to call her Mrs. Roanoke!

It was so long since one had spoken of him the very name smote her like a blow; a dreadful fear had started into life with Essie's first words; and then the relief, and still the doubt, it was all beyond her self-restraint. As Miss Schaeffer lay there in her semi-stupor, wholly conscious yet without volition, a humming filled her ears, slowly resolved itself, and with sharpened sense she heard word for word, after the exaggerations of another dialect and a totally different class of mind, the conversation of many months before between Mrs. Fitzroy and Mr. Roanoke whispered by Venus to Miss Essie—it having been gathered from Mrs. Fitzroy's Frances, who had plainly, as Miss Essie before her, followed the primitive device of fitting her ear to keyholes.

While she heard the sentences it was a time before they had any meaning: she repeated them in her mind, and yet made nothing. All at once, with a returning rush of blood through the waiting veins it smote her; she rose on one arm and fixed the girl with her eye: "Venus, what is that you are saying?" she demanded.

The girl stared an instant, uttered some incoherence, threw her apron over her head, and ran from the room. Essie, however, was delighted to reimpair the desired information. Then Miss Schaeffer dismissed her. Her emotions were in a whirl; she dared not trust herself; she had not obtained the facts too honorably; she waited till the day should have restored her strength—till the cool night should fall over the city (for there they were already removed) before venturing to think. Then she leaned out into the great solemn starry night and begged for a little of its calm.

Few can be more wretched than Madeleine at that moment. She had at least supposed Mr. Roanoke worthy—she found herself the victim of fraud. This man had ruthlessly destroyed her school, her livelihood, her independence, her happiness, her health: this man had concerted a scheme with another woman concerning her honor: this man had almost ruined her. Now she believed that he had at the time known of Develin's love while she was ignorant of it—that it was for that he had made him the subject of a political investigation, which a word from him had spared, and driven him from home. Where Develin might be, whether he yet lived, she could not know; she could not dream that they would ever meet again—this Roanoke had separated them too surely. This she could have forgiven, but that he had deceived her; that he was an impostor upon her gratitude and faith; that where she had grown to trust him his own

act had shivered the image to dust; that he had worn a mask and coined a counterfeit of integrity; that he had betrayed her in betraying himself—this she could not forgive him. She hurled her defiance out upon the night—she wished the stars might feel it, the ether carry it, the winds cry it in Mr. Roanoke's ear.

For somewhere out under the clear, solemn starry night she knew he must be. Somewhere she saw him reposing, a lazy length, the tent-curtain flapping in the wind and looped back to let in the great camp-blaze that glittered again from answering sword and bayonet, and the flask of wine burning in its light like a mass of blood-red flame. Somewhere she saw him start, look up, go out, pace up and down the river-bank knee-deep in fragrant dew, search the crystal darkness for some sign, turn as if one plagued him, as if an ancient sorrow stung him, as if the stars knew the spell, as if the light air that shook the blossoms and waved the plumy trees and lifted and dallied with the lock upon his brow could whisper it, as if the wide calm night were in the secret. "Go into battle with a heavy heart!" sighed Madeleine Schaeffer, "for oh, Geoffrey Roanoke, I hate you!"

So once more the world was before Miss Schaeffer; but now with no use to put it to. It was not the time to think of schools; no sewing could be had, of course; water-colors there were none to buy. Want was already in the city at other boards; the wolf at the door of many a household. Yet stay in that house the betrothed of its master another day she would not! There was no work for those white hands of hers—no burden for the back, except that which it could not bear, the imposition of despair; for when it again seemed ready to desert her she clung to life as the young cling. She sat wondering at herself, recalling her trials, half accusing destiny, wholly forlorn, when the thought flashed over her of those suffering infinitely more pain than fear or hunger. She saw the gashed limb, the rushing tide of the severed artery, the little blue hole where death went in. She saw the bodies of those who had died brought into the hospital dreadfully mangled with the shattering Minié ball—invention of hell—that the nurses might learn to bind up the wounds of those who lived if they did not go mad as they learned. She saw stiff and stark, out under the midnight, shining white in the cold dew drench, the dear dead brows of those for whom mother and maid were weeping and praying, hoping and fearing; but deaf to them was prayer or praise—icy corpses whom never again should arms enfold or lips salute, whom death held, and the grave. And willing hands were needed to swathe and heal those who were left; they died, she knew, when some woman's care had saved them. Why not seek those hospitals of the field, and give her life to the salvation of countless others worth more than hers? There was work, and for sustenance the army crusts or the young ravens of heaven should take her in

charge. And why should she care to which one of the great embattled hosts she lent her labors? One was open, one was shut. Were there not human hearts behind them both, was not pain and agony the same, victor or vanquished? South as well as North were not mothers forlorn, children orphaned, wives made desolate! Would not the fallen fire leap up on some hearth when her hands raised the husband to life and sent him home for the furlough? What pure young heart would find the universe smiling round her again when she heard of the fever assuaged, of the wounds closed, of the pale face ready to bronze once more! What widow of Nain thank God in good works because her child was dead and is alive again! The tears trembled in eloquent passion as Madeleine pictured the work before her. Her experience of the year before here found its use. And so, to crown the vicissitudes of her youth, Madeleine Schaeffer became an army nurse.

IX.

The twenty-first of July had died in flame over the land. Reports of a dreadful reverse were darkly flying through the Northern wires. Friend and foe lay mingled indistinguishably, dead and dying. Along the fields, through the woods, across highways, in lonely glades, life was returning to its great fountains. Over the shadowy battle-places strange sights were seen—some prowling camp robber, some parcel of soldiers bivouacking beside their fire with a terrible chiaro-oscuro around them, into which some dying charger reared his head with starting eyes and shivering mane, and was gone again, like the thing of a medieval legend; some devoted nurse, safe as with brothers, carrying water, stanching the gash, receiving the last word; some surgeon with his staff and ambulances; grave-diggers already at their task, all half-like phantoms sheeted in growing gloom. Night deepened, the smothered winds rose again, breathed along the earth, lifted the dank tress from the face that felt their sigh no longer, wound away across field and trench where, over one long, low place, the yellow flag floated and fell with its wafts, entered among the crowded wards, curled along the fevered brows and soothed the burning lids of eyes that fixedly watched the night-lamp swinging to and fro. Nun-like figures moved between the cots, waited on knife and tourniquet and splinter, slaked raging thirsts, met the needs of the hour. No one found rest in that place yet.

She took up her little basket of lints and bandages and moved on. A curtain hung between that bed and the next, the last in the row, more breathing-place about it, over it an opening in the roof letting in a strip of sky, a wandering film of cloud entangled with a mesh of star-beams. A surgeon already bent there, examining the state of him to whom this corner had been allotted. The wounded man lay immovable, a length of granite, the hair was matted on his forehead, his arm and a part of the bed-clothing thrust across his face. As the surgeon

rose with the fiat in his eye, his glance rested on the nurse, severe and pale as any conventional, who was lifting the heavy arm aside, who with cool fingers parted the thicket of hair, gathered off the dew of pain, bathed the forehead with clear, icy water. A shudder had run through her as she had lifted down that arm—she had staggered and caught at the bedside, then had gone on with her task. The surgeon scanned her an instant; it seemed to him a wraith, an apparition—he reached his hand across to touch it.

"My God, Madeleine! Is it you?" he said.

She did not give him her hand—both were busy—she only turned her head, and with it one clear, deep glance—in it was love unfathomable, in it was trust and hope, in it peace and rest.

But at the word the man there tore the cloths away, the dark, heavy lids lifted. Mr. Roanoke rose on his arm and transfixed the look between them.

"So Develin! quits at last!" cried he, hoarse and low, and with the voice the crimson torrent of life gushed from his lips again. In a moment it was over, he leaned his head upon Madeleine's bosom; with one arm he would have bent her face to his, but it fell powerless.

"Drink," said Develin, "it is relief!"

"I want none of your potions," replied he. "This moment is peace—the next would be hell!"

"But his wound?" asked Madeleine.

The Doctor's eye said, "Deadly."

"You lie, man!" cried Roanoke. "It is you that die! I am alive! I live and throb—her arms are about me! Ah, Madeleine!" he murmured, "you forgive me—you love me at least—ever so little you love me?"

She bent and touched his forehead with her cheek.

"On my lips, Madeleine—on my lips as breath leaves them—add my life to yours—receive my soul. Never! Never! Never! Not yours, Develin!" He half lifted his head, struck out the arm toward the other. "Mine, mine! I say! Bound, thralled, plighted, wedded, above ground, under, here and hereafter; and God's curse—"

A vast sigh tore its way up through the bubbling blood, the arm fell, the head drooped forward, the dead weight sunk from Madeleine's failing arm and lay prone along the couch, the two slipped upon their knees and sent up that parting soul on wings of prayer. And when they rose a steadfast planet—great and golden, climbing the open vault of sky—hung there above them to set its seal upon a finished work.

Dawn was breaking over the hills, low down among their hollows sunrise seethed and sent great auras steaming over their backs, some single ragged pine, high upon their tops, caught all the ray and stood transfigured in a miracle of fire; some red-hot jewel seemed dissolved in these ruby mists that curled up and swallowed the stars, and faded into the brightening fields of azure; great golden clouds and suffusions of

all gorgeous dye swam and mingled in a sea of glory. It was a world of color and of silence—no sound, no chirp of birds, no mad chaos of music, such as this hour of prime is wont to hear—if you listened, far off you heard the silver fall of some rill among the rills—a silent world of color, a splendid chamber of the dead—God's hush spread itself over all the scene. Ah, we pass! we sin, we rave, we die, we strike ourselves frantic against the universe, it rolls on scathless, and we are not; the glory drowns us, the gloom blots us, we pass—and each morning the great Immutable spreads its wide wings resonant over Nature. And yet we have conquered—this Nature, this matter, rejected, spurned, like the shining water-drops of the lake that the wild swan soaring shakes from his wings.

Morning was at hand; others had relieved Madeleine; she stood a moment at the door; she stepped down and moved away to the woods whence that far brook's voice might steal—if so be in any running living water she could wash away this stain of rusting blood, this grime of the dissolution of souls; cool the heated heart a moment amidst fair fresh scenes, if any such remained, or she should madden, herself. Before her eyes ever hung the ghastly visions of the night; in her ears were cries and moans, imprecations and prayers, and dreadfuler silence: she threw herself down in the long grass and hid her face there. Some little nest, uncrushed by all the iron heels of strife, whispered its half-fledged matin in her ear. She rose and found the water-source, and laved her hands as if she would incarnadine its stream. But with the calm ascendance of the hour calm gathered too about her senses; she stood, watched the great constellation that lay like a fading frosty dream in a western gap of sky, and met the sweet influences of the Pleiades.

As she lingered, a hand, a heavy hand, imposed upon her shoulder.

"Madeleine!" said a voice beside her. He had left her at that death-bed hours ago. She turned, but dared not look—and then hope, conviction, joy, all mounted like a flame. Arms folded her in; lip to lip, heart to heart, masks fallen, veils shriveled—it was he, and she loved him! Holding her, shielding her, slowly he drew the ring from her finger, dropped it deep into the running waters of the brook, and covered its place with his kisses; and Madeleine, the proud, sensitive Madeleine, looked wonderingly at the spot, as if she expected to see them hanging there like jewels, and kissed it after him.

He left the camp that day; would she go with him?

Ah, no; her place was here.

There were enough others glad and waiting to fill it.

Yet they needed her.

But he needed her so much more!

Thrice since that morning has report of Madeleine flown over the seas. Once—rapt from the past, from all the disturbed visions of the

months that were gone, in a little city of the desert, where every where great plains and lines of level distance rested heart and soul, and led them out upon the infinite—a place known as the city of roses and jasmines and lovely women. There were gardens forever green, streets tapes-tried with verdant boughs, fountains that shook the air into coolness, blossoming orange-trees that made of it nothing but a perfume, nightingales that bubbled to her through all the depth of her reveries and dreams. And when the relaxation was complete, long sandy gallops to waken her, long clambers up mountain heights, rest again by the blue and tideless sea.

The next one hears of her is where high in an old Roman palace an open casement looks out upon the carnival. A gentleman, dark and quiet, whose smile kindles his face as a rare sun-beam parts the shade, stands there, with his eyes—black, brilliant eyes full of inner fire—bent under their drooping lids upon the lady sitting there beneath him. She leans a little forward, creamy shoulders rising out of the scarlet bodice, the veil of black lace just tangled in the hair, and all the shimmer and glitter and turmoil of the scene below reflected in the pulsing carmine of her cheek, the restless glistening of her glance, till raised and meeting her husband's, the lips part and the teeth flash, and there rings out a low, lingering laugh like silver chimes.

Once more—an old fortress in the Channel Islands has resounded again to hammer and chisel, and has slowly hewn itself into a low, quaint dwelling. It is Spray Rocks again, but with the compass-points inverted—the chalky cliffs, the verdant steeps, the mass of blossoming growth smiling up to heaven some three-score miles from shore. A boat puts in with slowly-dropping sail, puts in from the sunset, where Gulf Stream and west wind have murmured the latest tidings overseas, parts the smooth sea sheeted in royal tincts, and sheds a shower of gems from either side the keel. A lady watches from the height, her face an instant interposes between him and heaven, then she comes springing down the rocky path to meet the sailor. Together they wind up the way again, together pause above the likeness of some great sea-shell that, out under the leaves and breezes, and watched by a shaggy Pan or Faun, cradles for them its pearl. One bends and bears away the pearl in her bosom, together they wind on in the fragrant alleys and falling twilight and disappear.

THE FIRST COLONIAL CONGRESS.

THE English colonies in America were engaged in a three-fold struggle for liberty and independence, individually and collectively, for more than a century after the establishment of the New England Confederacy. They were compelled to contend firmly, but most cautiously, against the jealousy and interference of the

mother country, whose policy was to keep them in a state of complete vassalage. They were compelled, secondly, to watch very vigilantly, and sometimes to fight valiantly, the savages who swarmed upon their borders; and they were compelled, thirdly, to maintain, by force of arms, at the same time their own political existence and the honor and integrity of the British realm against French rivals, who formed—by actual settlements, missionary and trading stations, and forts (each of which was a nucleus of auxiliary Indian power)—an arc of perpetual menace, sweeping through the wilderness over twenty degrees of latitude and thirty-five degrees of longitude, in magnificent curve, from Acadie to the delta of the Mississippi.

Out of their relations with the French colonies grew most of the severe contentions to which the Anglo-Americans were subjected after their bloody conflict with the New England savages in 1676, known as *King Philip's War*. An intermittent feud between England and France had existed for almost a thousand years, and at every outbreak their mutual aversion became stronger. It grew into almost international hatred; and so intimate were the relations of the colonies of the two nations in America to their respective parents that, when the latter quarreled and fell to blows, the children became warmly interested and practically engaged in the conflict. Thus it was when France offended England, in 1688, by sheltering in her bosom the Catholic King, James the Second, when driven from the throne of the Stuarts by an indignant people. The offense produced a declaration of war on the part of England, and for more than seven long years William of Orange, who took James's imperial seat, and Louis the Fourteenth waged hostilities against each other. This conflict, known as *King William's War*, was fierce and sanguinary, for there was a conflict of religious as well as of political ideas, opinions, and practices. In it the respective colonies of the two nations in America were engaged. Those of the English suffered most. By traffic, inter-marriage, and a more sensuous religious system, the French had acquired great influence over the Indians, and exerted it with terrible effect on the Northern and Eastern borders of the English settlements. The French Jesuits, with fervent zeal, excited the savages to renew their fierce warfare against the English heretics, and invited them to become the allies of the French in war. The results of that alliance were soon fearfully apparent in a pathway of blood and desolation along the frontier, marked by atrocities which stirred with hottest indignation all of the English colonies from the St. Croix to the Savannah. New England arose in her might and dealt severe retaliatory blows for herself and England—for England, notwithstanding the latter was even then planting the heel of oppression upon her neck. The Confederacy of 1643 was no more, and Massachusetts, its head and front, whose charter had been seized by a minion of King James, found herself bound hand and foot

by a new one given her by King William, in which the prerogatives of the monarch were too broadly asserted to please a free people. By it their liberties were abridged. The King reserved the right to appoint the Governor, his deputy, and the Secretary of the Colony, and of repealing the laws within three years after their passage. The people were greatly dissatisfied; yet this and nearly all the other colonies were thenceforth royal provinces—vassals to the King—until the great Revolution in 1776. But the evil, in the case of Massachusetts, was not unmixed with good; for the theocratic element in her civil government, which fostered bigotry and intolerance, lost its power. Full liberty of conscience in the worship of God was granted to all Christian sects except Roman Catholics, and the right of suffrage was extended to others than members of Congregational churches.

King William's War ended in 1697. Four years later the exiled James died, and King Louis acknowledged his son James, commonly known as The Pretender, to be the lawful heir to the throne of England. The English sovereign was again offended, for the crown had been settled on Anne, the Protestant daughter of James. On this and another account war was declared against France. It continued eleven years, and is known in American history as *Queen Anne's War*. Again the French sent hordes of Indians upon the English frontiers. The scourge was terrible. Remote settlements were abandoned. Blood flowed in almost every valley of the New England frontier. Mutual dangers and common sufferings united the exposed New England colonies by a bond of heartiest sympathy; and in 1707 Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire coalesced in measures for defense and retaliation. Connecticut, always jealous of her individual rights, and untouched by the blight of the savage, refused to join the league. The other three colonies sent a land force to Acadie, to co-operate with an English squadron, and it was not long before the cross of St. George floated over that picturesque country. Acadie was taken from the French, annexed to England, and named Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. The conquest of all Canada from the French was now in contemplation, when war was ended by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. For thirty years afterward there was peace in America, except on the extreme Southern borders of the white settlements, and the people were left to cultivate democratic ideas and flaunt the banner of a growing independence in the faces of the obnoxious royal governors.

At the beginning of 1744 France and England were again arrayed in deadly hostility to each other, on the declaration of the former. The licentious George the Second was then on the English throne, and this conflict, which lasted about four years, is known in American history as *King George's War*. The American colonies were again disturbed by the quarrels of the mother countries, but not so extensively and disastrously as before. The energetic Shirley, Gov-

ernor of Massachusetts, bore the commission of commander-in-chief of all the British forces in North America. Regarding the English colonies collectively as a unit politically, he called upon them all to furnish troops and supplies for an expedition against the town and fortress of Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, held by the French, and, because of its strength, called the "Gibraltar of America." Massachusetts took the lead. Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut furnished their quota of troops. New York sent artillery, and Pennsylvania provisions. In the school of common danger the inhabitants of these provinces were rapidly learning the value, importance, and absolute necessity of UNION, and perceived, not remote, but near, a growing NATION, whose arms should stretch from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, with the lofty Alleghanies at its back.

The result of the expedition against Louisburg was highly satisfactory. The fort and town and the island of Cape Breton passed from the possession of the French forever. The pride of France was humbled. She made impotent attempts to recover her lost treasures. Her hatred for England was intensified. Peace came by treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, but it was only a hollow truce. France intended it to be such. She was then putting forth mighty energies for national aggrandizement in the Mediterranean Sea, in the East and West Indies, and in North America. She hoped that, while England was slumbering under the lullaby of the treaty, she might strike deeper into the virgin soil of the New World the roots of French empire; for already her Jesuit priests, with the banner of the cross in one hand and the truncheon of secular enterprise in the other, had penetrated the wonderful valleys of the Great West, and revealed their boundless wealth to the rulers of France.

Now, in the middle of the eighteenth century, began that great struggle between France and England for universal empire in America, known in our history as *The French and Indian War*. The French were not more than one hundred thousand in number, and were scattered in trading settlements for almost a thousand miles along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes; also at eligible points on the Mississippi River and its tributaries and the Gulf of Mexico. The English numbered more than a million. They occupied the Atlantic sea-board, in the form of agricultural communities chiefly, along a line of more than a thousand miles between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea, and far Northward toward the St. Lawrence, from the St. Mary's in Florida to the Penobscot in Maine. The trading posts and missionary stations of the French, deep in the wilderness, at first attracted very little attention; but when, after the capture of Louisburg, they built strong vessels at the foot of Lake Ontario, and commenced the erection of a cordon of fortifications, more than sixty in number, between Montreal and New Orleans, the English perceived the necessity of arousing to immediate and vigorous action. Disputes

concerning boundaries soon arose between the French and English colonists, and in 1753 they kindled into open war. The Indian tribes of the vast wildernesses became the allies of the French, except the Iroquois Confederacy of the Six Nations, in the province of New York, who had assumed the attitude of neutrality. They, too, had exhibited uneasiness, and a disposition to wed their fortunes to those of the other dusky nations.

The English Government and the Anglo-American colonies, fully awake to the impending danger, perceived the necessity for an immediate union of the several provinces against the French; also the special importance of securing the friendship or neutrality of the Six Nations, who might stand as a bulwark along the northern frontier of New York. Such union had been suggested by almost every colony in its correspondence with the Home Government; and at length, in September, 1753, the Earl of Holderness, the English Colonial Secretary, addressed a circular letter to the several colonies, proposing a convention of commissioners from each to assemble at Albany, in the province of New York, chiefly for the purpose of renewing treaties with the Six Nations. "This," wrote the Lords of Trade to the Governor of New York, when referring to it, "leads us to recommend one thing more to your attention; and that is, to take care that *all the provinces be* (if practicable) *comprised in one general treaty*, to be made in his Majesty's name, it appearing to us that the practice of *each province making a separate treaty* for itself in its own name is very improper, and may be attended with great inconvenience to his Majesty's service."

What short-sighted Lords of Trade were these! What could "Dunk Halifax, J. Grenville, and Dupplin" have been thinking about when they recommended this measure of Union? For ninety years or more the "Board of Trade and Plantations" had been trying, by oppressive navigation laws, restrictions upon colonial manufactures, and other devices, to keep the colonies weak and absolutely dependent on the mother country; now that very Board actually recommended a scheme calculated to give enormous strength to the colonies, and to direct them to the highway to absolute independence! They were unintentionally encouraged to take a bold stride toward nationality by a political union, and the assumption of *one of the most important functions of sovereignty*, namely, the making of a treaty. The hint was not lost on the colonists. It fell like fruitful seed in rich soil, and produced in the colonial mind abundant hopes of union and nationality, if not of absolute independence. The Lords of Trade contemplated only a temporary confederation for a specific purpose; the colonists thought of a "perpetual union," and construed the letter in the spirit of their desires. Lovers of freedom never take less than despotism offers them—generally more. History is full of examples of the fact. The student remembers how the bad Kieft, Director-

General of New Netherland, in his cowardly perplexity called upon the heads of families in New Amsterdam for advice, when twelve "select men" were chosen to represent the people in that first council. When the business in hand was disposed of, these councilors, to the astonishment and indignation of the fiery Governor, took into consideration some of the "grievances of the people." Constituted authority frowned upon them, but the fatal step—fatal to despotism—had been taken. The seed then planted would germinate. From that hour the idea of representative government in New Netherland filled the minds of the people; and a few years later, when that province was called New York, they received a *Charter of Liberties*, and their voice was ever afterward heard potentially in the affairs of state. Thus it has ever been; thus it will always be. The Spirit says to Intellect and Muscle, Be strong; Be earnest; Be faithful; Be true to the Right; for in that respect all men were "created equal." "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness" are the "inalienable rights" of every human creature. When these are denied man's divinity inquires:

"If I'm yon haughty lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?"

Let us go to the record, and learn the effect and result of Lord Holderness's circular letter.

James de Lancey, son of a Huguenot exile, a man of great energy and large fortune, was then acting-Governor of the province of New York, and upon him was imposed the task of calling a convention of commissioners from the several provinces. The city of Albany was appointed the place, and the 14th day of June, 1754, the time for the assembling of that Congress of commissioners. Only seven of the thirteen colonies responded. The representatives of these did not all arrive until the 18th, when Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey directed Secretary Banyar to invite all of the commissioners present in the city to meet him in council the next morning at the City Hall. They did so, when it was found that New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland were fully represented. The whole number appointed from those provinces was twenty-five, and they were all present.* The Council of the Governor of New York formed a part of the assembly.

The Six Nations, on whose account this council had been called, were represented by one hundred and fifty chiefs. That confederacy of un-

* The following are the names of the Commissioners from the several provinces, in the order in which their credentials were received: *New York*—James de Lancey, Joseph Murray, William Johnson, John Chambers, William Smith. *New Hampshire*—Theodore Atkinson, Richard Wibbird, Meshek Wear, Henry Sherburne, Jun. *Massachusetts Bay*—Samuel Willis, John Chandler, Oliver Partridge, John Worthington. *Connecticut*—William Pitkin, Roger Wolcott, Elisha Williams. *Rhode Island*—Stephen Hopkins, Martin Howard, Jun. *Maryland*—Benjamin Tasker, Abraham Barnes. *Pennsylvania*—John Penn, Richard Peters, Isaac Norris, Benjamin Franklin.

lettered pagans was a marvel. It was found by the Europeans, when they first came, in all its perfection. They called themselves *Aquani-chioni*—"united people"—and claimed to have sprung from the soil on which they dwelt, like the trees of the wilderness. Their confederacy was composed of separate independent communities, having distinct municipal laws, like the United Provinces of Holland. No nation of the League held a pre-eminence. They were originally five republics, confederated for mutual defense and conquest, and were known as the Five Nations until they were joined by the Tuscaroras from North Carolina, their kinsmen and friends, early in the last century. Then they became the Six Nations, called respectively, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras. Each nation was divided into three tribes or families, distinguished by separate *totums* or heraldic insignia. They called their confederacy the Long House. The eastern door was kept by the Mohawks, the western by the Senecas, the most warlike and yet the most civilized of all. The great Council Fire, or Federal head, was with the Onondagas, not far from the present city of Syracuse. Their power was known and felt over the whole region eastward of the Mississippi to the most remote tribes on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They possessed an exalted spirit of liberty, and spurned with disdain every foreign and domestic shackle of control. Almost a hundred years before Jefferson wrote the *Declaration of Independence* Garangula, a venerable Onondaga sachem, said to the Governor-General of Canada, who had menaced the confederacy with destruction, "WE ARE BORN FREE! We neither depend on Yonondio [Governor of Canada] nor Corlear [Governor of New York]. We may go where we please, and carry with us whom we please, and buy and sell what we please." Such were the people whose friendship the English Government and the Anglo-American colonists now sought. Their representatives appeared in the Congress at Albany, led by Hendrick, a gray-haired and much-loved Mohawk warrior and orator, who gave his life the next year at Lake George in testimony of his faithfulness to the pledges he and his people now made to the English.

De Lancey presided over the deliberations of the Congress. The Indian business was first taken up, and the discussion of it occupied several days. Hendrick was the chief speaker on the part of the savages. He was bold as well as eloquent, and frankly assured the Congress that the neglect of the Six Nations by the white people, and their delay in erecting defenses against the French during the long years of bitter personal and political strife which had cursed the province of New York, had almost lost to the English the friendship of the Iroquois Confederacy. Full one-half of the Onondagas had withdrawn and joined the French at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, in Northern New York, and many of the Mohawks were kept from doing likewise only by the exertions of Hendrick

and his immediate friends. When, therefore, the Governor of New York, in his speech to the Indians, which was interpreted by Myndert Schuyler, hinted that the Six Nations did not increase their power at the expense of the enemy, Hendrick indignantly replied: "It is your fault, Brothers, that we are not strengthened by conquest. We would have gone and taken Crown Point, but you hindered us. We had concluded to go and take it, but we were told it was too late, and that the ice would not bear us. Instead of this, you burned your own fort at Saratoga and ran away from it, which was a shame and a scandal. Look around your country and see: you have no fortifications about you—no, not even to this city. You have asked us," he continued, "the reason of our living in this dispersed manner. The reason is your neglecting us these three years past." Then casting a stick behind him, he said: "You have thus thrown us behind your back and disregarded us, whereas the French are a subtle and vigilant people, ever using their utmost endeavors to seduce and bring our people over to them. Look at the French! They are *men*; they are fortifying every where. But, we are ashamed to say it, you are like *women*, bare and open, without any fortifications. It is but one step from Canada hither, and the French may easily come and turn you out of doors."

This was wholesome rebuke for De Lancey and others who had been long engaged in partisan and personal contests, to the detriment of the province. It was listened to with patience, and mutual promises of good conduct were given. The treaties were renewed, and Hendrick, speaking for the Six Nations, said: "We return you all our grateful acknowledgments for renewing and brightening our covenant chain. We will take this belt to Onondaga [the Federal capital of the Six Nations], where our council-fire always burns, and keep it so securely that neither thunder nor lightning shall break it. There we will consult over it, and we hope when you show this belt again we shall give you reason to rejoice at it. In the mean time we desire that you will strengthen yourselves, and bring as many into this covenant chain as you possibly can."

With the renewal of the treaties with the Six Nations the principal business of the Congress, contemplated by the Home Government, was concluded. But the commissioners had a topic for consideration, which the Lords of Trade had suggested in part, of far greater ultimate importance than the friendship of *all* the savage tribes on the continent. It was that of a political union of all the colonies, not for immediate use only, as the British Government desired, but for all time. Some of the colonists had long thought of the measure. The New England Confederacy of 1643 had been practically suggestive. As early as 1697 the wise William Penn had proposed an *annual Congress of all the provinces on the continent, with power to regulate commerce*. For ten years Samuel Adams, of

Massachusetts, had been advocating it; and the delegates of his province were instructed to propose the measure in the Congress. Franklin had thought much and spoken frequently on the subject ever since the kindling of King George's War, ten years before, when Shirley called upon all the colonies for collective aid. And a month before the assembling of the Congress, after narrating in his *Pennsylvania Gazette* the encroachments of the French in the Ohio country, and urging union to resist their aggressions, he said: "The confidence of the French in this undertaking seems well-founded in the present dis-united state of the British colonies, and the extreme difficulty of bringing so many different governments and assemblies to agree in any speedy and effectual measures for our common defense and security; while our enemies have the very great advantage of being under one direction, with one council and one purse." To give force to his suggestions Franklin printed at the end of this article a significant wood-cut, the design of which was used with great effect at the head of newspapers at the beginning of the Revolution. It represented a snake separated into thirteen parts, on each of which was the initial of one of the thirteen colonies. Under the snake were the suggestive words, **JOIN OR DIE**.

On the 24th of June the Congress, by unanimous vote, declared that a union of the colonies was "absolutely necessary for their security and defense;" and they appointed a committee "to prepare and receive plans or schemes" for that purpose, and to "digest them into one general plan" for the inspection of the Congress. The committee was composed of one delegate from each colony represented in the Congress, and one member of the Council of the Governor of New York. Dr. Franklin was the representative of Pennsylvania in that committee, and at their first meeting he submitted a "Plan of proposed union of the several Colonies, for their mutual defense and security, and for extending the British Settlements in North America," which he had digested, carefully prepared, and submitted to the judgment of some leading men in New York whom he considered "gentlemen of great knowledge in public affairs." Franklin's plan was regarded with so much favor by his associates that they adopted it as the voice of the Committee. It was reported to the Congress on the 10th of July, and paragraph by paragraph debated all day, and adopted. It proposed that a Union should be established by an act of Parliament; that the government should be administered by a President-General appointed and supported by the Crown, assisted by a Grand Council to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several colonies when met in their respective Assemblies; that the Council should consist of forty-eight members, the number for each colony being determined at first by the population, twenty-five being a quorum for the transaction of business;* that the

city of Philadelphia should, for the present, be the Federal capital; that there should be a new election for the Grand Council every three years, the number from each colony being proportioned to the amount of contributions of each to the public treasury, and in case of a vacancy the place might be supplied at the next sitting of the Assembly of the colony to be represented; that at no time should any colony have more than seven nor less than two members, the apportionment to vary within these limits with the ratio of pecuniary contributions; that the Grand Council should meet at least once in every year, or might be summoned to meet by the President-General, on an emergency, when he should obtain the consent in writing of seven of the members, and due notice sent to all; that the Grand Council should have power to choose their own Speakers, and should neither be dissolved nor prorogued, nor made to sit longer than six weeks at one time without their own consent or the special command of the Crown; that ten shillings a day should be allowed to the members of the Grand Council for their services during their sessions, or journey to and from their place of meeting, twenty miles to be reckoned a day's journey; that the assent of the President-General should be requisite to all acts of the Grand Council, and that it should be his office and duty to cause them to be carried into execution; that the President-General, with the advice and consent of the Grand Council or Senate, should have the appointment of all military officers, the management of Indian treaties, and of all Indian affairs in general; that the Grand Council should make laws for regulating new settlements or territories, until the Crown should think fit to form them into governments; that the Grand Council should have control of the armies, the apportionment of men and money, and to enact laws in conformity with the British Constitution, and not in contravention of statutes passed by the imperial Parliament; that all laws should be transmitted to the King in Council for approbation, as soon as may be after their passage, and if not disapproved within three years after presentation to remain in force; that the general accounts should be yearly settled and reported to the several Assemblies; that in the event of the death of the President-General, the Speaker of the Grand Council, or President of the Senate, should succeed him, and be vested with the same power and authority, until the pleasure of the King should be made known; that all military officers for land or sea service to act under the Constitution should be nominated by the President-General, but be commissioned only when they receive the approbation of the Grand Council; that all civil officers should be nominated by the Grand Council, and receive the President-General's approbation be-

* The following was the apportionment then proposed: Massachusetts Bay, 7; New Hampshire, 2; Connecticut,

5; Rhode Island, 2; New York, 4; New Jersey, 3; Pennsylvania, 6; Maryland, 4; Virginia, 7; North Carolina, 4; South Carolina, 4. Georgia had then been settled only about twenty years, and was not accounted a separate colony in the proposed Union.

fore they should officiate; that vacancies in any province might be filled by the Governor thereof, subject to the approval of the General Council; that the particular military and civil establishments in each colony should remain undisturbed; and that in sudden emergencies any colony might defend itself, the expense thereof, according to the judgment of the President-General and Grand Council, to be laid upon the General Government.

This *Plan of Union* was approved by all the delegates except those from Connecticut. De Lancey, the royalist, opposed it, because the Governors of the several provinces were deprived by it of a negative on all elections to the Grand Council—a privilege that would have placed the colonists at the mercy of their royal rulers. This *Plan*, it will be observed, was a sort of compromise between Monarchy and Democratic Republicanism. It recognized the supremacy of the Crown, but granted to the people the right of representation and self-taxation, and of legislation of every kind; subject, however, to the negative of the King in council. It was an attempt to lay the foundations of an independent State upon the rock of the Rights of Man, without trenching sufficiently upon the acknowledged prerogatives of the Crown to incur its hostility. It failed. Although it was cherished in the Congress as the work of a patriotic statesman, and a foster-child of which they might be proud, and the citizens of New York filled the ears of Franklin with compliments when he landed in that city from an Albany sloop on the 17th of July, when it was submitted to the several Colonial Assemblies who represented the American people, and to the Lords of Trade who were the oracles of the Crown in the matter, both rejected it. The Assemblies looked upon it with little favor, because, jealous of their individual rights, they repelled the overruling influence of a central power even though it should be created by themselves. It did not assert a national independence, which had been the topic of many a day-dream in the colonies for a hundred years; and they were afraid that, in addition to the already oppressive power of the Crown, they might be subjected to a tyranny nearer and more potential in the form of that dreaded central power. So they rejected it.

The Lords of Trade saw in the plan too much of the democratic idea and a proclivity to national independence. They were astonished at the presumption of the Congress; and they not only did not lay the *Plan* before the King, but submitted a new one highly repugnant to the Americans. They proposed that the Governors of all the colonies, attended by one or two members of their respective councils, should assemble in congress, concert measures for the public defense, erect forts where they judged proper, and raise what troops they thought necessary, with power to draw on the British exchequer for the sums that should be wanted, the treasury to be reimbursed by a tax laid on the colonies by act of Parliament! "The Assemblies," said Frank-

lin, "all thought there was too much *prerogative* in the *Plan*, and in England it was thought to have too much of the *democratic*." On that account he considered his plan near the true medium.

The plan of the Lords of Trade, embodying the earliest-devised scheme for directly taxing the English colonies in America, was communicated to Dr. Franklin by Governor Shirley, and drew from the former, five months after the adjournment of the Congress at Albany, an able letter to the latter "on the imposition of direct taxes upon the colonies without their consent." In this letter he maintained, in effect, the grand postulate on which the colonists rested for justification when, a few years later, they hurled the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of the British Ministry; namely, TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION IS TYRANNY.

Although the Congress at Albany failed in efforts to establish a national government, and the bright visions of the people faded into dim dissolving views for the moment, their hopes and resolution were not diminished. The foundations of a future independent State were laid deeply in the minds and hearts of all thoughtful men. The idea of nationality was one of immense power, and it began a revolution which took no retrograde step. The Seven Years' War that ensued caused a wonderful moral and material development of the resources of the colonists, and revealed to them their innate strength. It trained for future struggles for the right many a brave soldier on whom they might rely; and when peace was established by treaty in 1763, the Anglo-American colonists felt such a consciousness of strength that when, two years later, their representatives assembled in another Colonial Congress, they talked boldly of RIGHTS instead of EXPEDIENTS.

NOT AT MY EXPENSE.

"I CAN'T stand that any longer, and I won't," said I, in a determined way, moving back from the window.

"Can't stand what, Mr. Goldsmith?" asked my wife, pausing in her half-made toilet, and looking at me curiously.

"People may enjoy themselves riding out in the breezy morning, but not at my expense." I shut my teeth hard and contracted my eyebrows; for I was moved by an impulse of sudden anger.

"Who is riding out at your expense, Mr. Goldsmith?"

"The man who went clattering by just now. Every morning he goes past, with head and body erect, saucy and defiant. How he can look an honest man in the face from such an elevation is more than I am able to understand. And he sha'n't do it long. I've made up my mind to that. I can't afford to take horseback rides in the morning, and nobody else shall do so at my expense."

"Why do you say at your expense?" quietly

asked my wife. When I am disturbed she is usually calm. A fortunate circumstance, as I have had occasion many times to know.

"He's in my debt: that's why I say it," was my answer.

"Oh! I understand."

My wife said only this, but her tone was not satisfactory. Somehow it let into my mind a perception that what I had said did not lift me higher in her regard.

"And he sha'n't keep a fast horse at my expense," I further said, in a dogged manner. Now that word *fast* was thrown in to make weight on the side of my indignation; for touching the animal's speed I was in the dark. "When a man fails and cheats his creditors it's about time to leave the road to honest men."

"Who is it?" inquired my wife.

"His name is Cline."

"Edward Cline?"

"Yes. He was in the firm of Pettis, James, and Co. They made a bad failure of it. My loss was nearly five hundred dollars."

"He married Lucy Jardin," said my wife, not taking the five hundred dollars any more into account than if the loss had been five hundred cents, much to my annoyance. The fact is, Mrs. Goldsmith is not a worldly-minded woman. She doesn't care a great deal for fine dress or fine furniture. Isn't, in fact, half as much in the love of appearances as I am. She provokes me dreadfully with her indifference to these things sometimes. But it might be worse, of course. The other extreme I should find a little expensive.

"I believe so," was my cold reply.

"Poor Lucy! We were school-girls, and I was very fond of her. What is her husband doing?"

"Clerking it, I'm told."

My wife sighed.

"And enjoying himself with a fine horse at my expense," I threw in, with a severity of tone that, knowing Mrs. Goldsmith as I do, must have hurt her gentle nature, even though I meant nothing against herself.

"He was not in very good health, I believe, at the time of their marriage."

"I don't know any thing about that," said I, indifferently. The fact is, I was feeling so hard toward Mr. Cline, that it was scarcely possible to interest me favorably in any thing that concerned him.

The subject was not a pleasant one to discuss with my wife, and so it was dropped. She doesn't sympathize with me in matters of business and gain to the degree I would like. Sometimes she annoys me so much by this want of sympathy that I am tempted to say things, which, if said, it would grieve me to remember. Generally I manage to keep silent.

On my way to the store, after dinner, I called at the office of a lawyer, and placed my claim against the late firm of Pettis, James, and Co. in his hand, and told him to make what he could out of it.

"Cline keeps a fast trotter," said I, "which doesn't look well for a clerk. He's retained a few nest-eggs, no doubt. I can't afford to keep a horse; and I don't feel inclined to let any body else keep one at my expense. You can seize the horse at any rate."

"If he doesn't sell it before we get judgment."

"Is there no process by which an attachment can be at once issued?" I inquired.

"None," answered the lawyer. "And I'm afraid you'll make yourself costs for nothing. Cline will hardly wait until judgment is obtained before parting with his horse. Our execution will be returned by the sheriff as worthless."

"No matter," said I; "he sha'n't ride a fine horse at my expense. I've settled that point. For the last two weeks he's gone dashing, jauntily, past my house every morning as grand as a prince, and I won't stand it any longer."

So the suit was brought. I didn't get the horse; but there was no more riding out in the morning. Mr. Cline had to come down to the level of his creditor and walk if he desired an airing. What did I gain by all this? you ask. I might answer: The satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Cline was compelled to walk at his own expense instead of riding at mine. But truth compels me to say that I did not receive much pleasure from this view of the case. It was not half so comforting as I had believed it would be. I was disquieted by the transaction. Suggestions, not a shadow of which intruded before, were now cast into my thoughts, and I could not put them away.

I did not see any thing more of Mr. Cline for nearly two months after the morning horseback rides were given up. But in spite of many efforts to put him out of my mind I could not remove the unpleasant subject. One day I met him on the street. We came face to face suddenly, recognizing each other with cold formality. This meeting did not add to my comfortable feelings. I would not have taken the impression it left with me in exchange for twenty horses—no, nor for twenty score. The thin, almost colorless face, and the large bright eyes that flashed into mine, haunted me all day long. A few days afterward I met him again. We looked at each other, nodded distantly, and passed. His appearance troubled me. "Why so?" I asked of myself. "What is Mr. Cline to me?" A suspicion of the truth was crowding in upon me, but I sought to keep it out.

"I saw my old friend Mrs. Cline to-day," said my wife, a week or two later. I glanced toward her but made no remark. Her countenance was not animated.

"She called at Mrs. Everett's while I was there. I was very glad to see her. It is such a long time since we met before. Poor Lucy! She is in a great deal of trouble about her husband."

"What of her husband?" I asked, covering by an assumed hardness of manner the real interest I felt.

"He's in very bad health."

"Ah! Is he?"

"Yes. Confinement at the desk for over ten hours a day is simply destroying his life: so Lucy says. They would break up and go into the country—where he could be out of doors a great deal, and get that exercise in the open air which is essential to his health—but they have five little children, and all their dependence is on Mr. Cline's salary. The change on which his very life depends they can not make. Their case is a very hard one, and I've been sad over it ever since I saw Lucy."

I made no response, and Mrs. Goldsmith said nothing farther on the subject. Of course I felt uncomfortable. I am not cruel; only a little hard, at times, in exacting my own, and not always as considerate toward the unfortunate as genuine humanity would prompt. The fact is, I can never put clearly out of my mind a suspicion of wrong when I do not get my own. I pay every body honestly, and expect every body to pay me honestly. Failing to receive what is justly my due I lapse into the impression that wrong is intended, which often induces a line of conduct that my feelings can not afterward approve. That it was so in the present case I need not affirm. I saw things under certain changed relations. The morning rides on horseback had been to Mr. Cline as essential as food. They made an item of cost in his living that could no more be dispensed with safely than the item for meat or bread. Taking my constitution and state of health, horseback-riding might be indulged or dispensed with, and only slight difference of loss and gain appear. This contrast in the two cases, now so clearly seen, troubled me not a little.

But as I had not seized Mr. Cline's horse—only made it necessary for him to part with the animal to prevent my seizing it under execution—I could not see the way clear in any act looking to the restoration of a state of things which my unfortunate proceeding had disturbed. So I pushed the matter resolutely aside. But the consequences of our acts continually witness against us. I had done wrong; and the wrong lifted its hands and cried out.

It so happened now that I met Mr. Cline, on my way to and from business, almost every day. We seemed to have adopted the same hour for dining, and to occupy about the same time at our meals. To get rid of his pale, rebuking face, and of his large bright eyes, that seemed to look at me accusingly, I altered my dinner-time, so that it might come half an hour later.

The sound of hoofs were in the street one morning at half past six o'clock. I looked forth with interest. No circumstance could have given more pleasure than the sight of Mr. Cline on horseback. He might have ridden the gayest animal in town without annoyance to me. But the pale clerk was not out for an airing. I turned from the window with a sigh, thinking of his wasting form and of his five little children.

"I will make him the present of a horse!"

said I, under the impulse of troubled feelings. And I turned this hastily-formed purpose over in my thoughts, but soon dismissed it as out of the question. Of course he would not accept a horse from me. Why should he?

"That young man of yours has a bad cough," said I, listening toward the counting-room, from which came the sound that had arrested my attention. I had called upon a merchant for the transaction of some business.

"Yes," he answered, with a slight change of manner; "a cough that will soon take him to his grave, poor fellow!"

Our business conversation was then resumed.

"Dreadful!" I could not help ejaculating, as another paroxysm of coughing seized the clerk.

"It is very painful," said the merchant, showing nearly as much annoyance as sympathy. "The fact is, he is not fit to work, and ought to be at home instead of in the counting-room. I've intimated as much several times; but he will come, day after day, and tie himself down to the desk, though it is killing him."

"Has he a family?" I asked.

"Yes; a wife and five children," replied the merchant.

"Oh dear! That is bad."

"Yes, a hard case enough, and I'm very sorry for him. It's Mr. Cline, lately in the firm of Pettis, James, and Co. He had a few thousand dollars left him by an aunt, and Pettis and James took him in for the sake of his capital, which was lost in a year or two. He is a high-toned, honorable man, and the failure hurt him a great deal more than the loss of his money; for it was a bad failure, as you are aware. Well, you see, after he was thrown out I gave him a place in my counting-room. But confinement at the desk soon began to break him down, and his doctor said that he must ride on horseback every morning. He made some demur, on the ground of his condition as a debtor, and said that it would subject him to unfavorable judgments in the minds of certain people. I joined with the doctor, who is my own physician, in overruling that view of the case, and went so far as to advance money to purchase a horse. The morning rides worked to a charm. He gained in flesh, and went through his counting-house labors without further apparent detriment to health. But this was not to last. A keen-sighted creditor of Pettis, James, and Co. discovered that he was keeping a fast horse and enjoying himself at his expense; so he pounced on him, in order to get the horse. The poor fellow broke down at this, sold the animal, and returned the advance I had made. I offered to buy it back, and hold it as my own, he simply to pay the stable-keeper's bill, and use the animal as before. To this he would not consent.

'It will only subject me to misunderstanding and annoyance,' he replied. 'I will walk in the mornings; that will keep me up.' But the walks exhausted instead of invigorating him. He's been running down very rapidly ever since, and is past all hope, I fear, of benefit from med-

icine, exercise, or change. It's a hard case; and there are many more as hard. This pressing of unfortunates to the wall is a cruel process, Mr. Goldsmith, and often entails great wrongs and sufferings. Better let two rogues escape than crush the life out of an honest man lying helpless at your feet."

I answered nothing. There ensued a pause; then I went back to business, and, finishing that, retired. In all the city there was scarcely a more unhappy man. The wrong I had done was irreparable. Money would not restore health or life.

This morning—two months more had passed—my wife, looking up from the paper she was reading with a startled air, said, in a tone of grief,

"Mr. Cline is dead."

"Dead!" It seemed as if an arrow had penetrated my soul.

"He died yesterday. Poor Lucy! what will she do with those five little children?"

Tears were in Mrs. Goldsmith's eyes.

I turned my face away, not willing that its expression should be seen.

Dead! dead! With what force the word struck against me! I staggered at the blow. All day I have felt weak and bewildered. I am suffering from an interior distress that no consideration of the case relieves. Dead! dead! What a shiver runs through my nerves! Five little ones thrown upon the world fatherless! That wrong will lift itself continually and cry out after me with an unceasing demand for retribution. Dead! dead!

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHADOW OF NEMESIS.

IT was the lazy afternoon time on the seventh of September, more than two months after the day on which Romola and Tito had confessed their love to each other.

Tito, just descended into Nello's shop, had found the barber stretched on the bench with his cap over his eyes: one leg was drawn up, and the other had slipped toward the ground, having apparently carried with it a manuscript volume of verse, which lay with its leaves crushed. In a corner sat Sandro, playing a game at *mora* by himself, and watching the slow reply of his left fingers to the arithmetical demands of his right with solemn-eyed interest.

Treading with the gentlest step, Tito snatched up the lute, and bending over the barber, touched the strings lightly while he sang,

"Quant' è bella giovinezza,
Che si fugge tuttavia!
Chi vuol esser lieto sia;
Di doman non c'è certezza."**

Nello was as easily awaked as a bird. The cap was off his eyes in an instant, and he started up.

"Ah, my Apollino! I am somewhat late with my siesta on this hot day, it seems. That comes of not going to sleep in the natural way, but taking a potion of potent poesy. Hear you, how I am beginning to match my words by the initial letter, like a *trovatore*? That is one of my bad symptoms: I am sorely afraid that the good wine of my understanding is going to run off at the spigot of authorship, and I shall be left an

empty cask with an odor of dregs, like many another incomparable genius of my acquaintance. What is it, my Orpheus?" here Nello stretched out his arms to their full length, and then brought them round till his hands grasped Tito's curls, and drew them out playfully. "What is it you want of your well-tamed Nello? For I perceive a coaxing sound in that soft strain of yours. Let me see the very needle's eye of your desire, as the sublime poet says, that I may thread it."

"That is but a tailor's image of your sublime poet's," said Tito, still letting his fingers fall in a light dropping way on the strings. "But you have divined the reason of my affectionate impatience to see your eyes open. I want you to give me an extra touch of your art—not on my chin, no; but on the *zazzera*, which is as tangled as your Florentine politics. You have an adroit way of inserting your comb, which flatters the skin, and stirs the animal spirits agreeably in that region; and a little of your most delicate orange scent would not be amiss, for I am bound to the Scala palace, and am to present myself in radiant company. The young Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici is to be there, and he brings with him a certain young Bernardo Dovizi of Bibbiena, whose wit is so rapid that I see no way of outrivalling it save by the scent of orange blossoms."

Nello had already seized and flourished his comb, and pushed Tito gently backward into the chair, wrapping the cloth round him.

"Never talk of rivalry, *bel giovane mio*: Bernardo Dovizi is a keen youngster, who will never carry a net out to catch the wind; but he has something of the same sharp-muzzled look as his brother Ser Piero da Bibbiena, the weasel that Piero de' Medici keeps at his beck to slip through small holes for him. No! you distance all rivals, and may soon touch the sky with your

* "Beauteous is life in blossom!
And it fleeteth—fleeteth ever;
Who so would be joyful—let him!
There's no surety for the morrow."
Carnival Song by Lorenzo dei Medici.

forefinger. They tell me you have even carried enough honey with you to sweeten the sour Messer Angelo; for he has pronounced you less of an ass than might have been expected, considering there is such a good understanding between you and the Secretary."

"And between ourselves, *Nello mio*, that Messer Angelo has more genius and erudition than I can find in all the other Florentine scholars put together. It may answer very well for them to cry me up now, when Poliziano is beaten down with grief, or illness, or something else; I can try a flight with such a sparrow-hawk as Pietro Crinito, but for Poliziano, he is a large-beaked eagle who would swallow me, feathers and all, and not feel any difference."

"I will not contradict your modesty there, if you will have it so; but you don't expect us clever Florentines to keep saying the same things over again every day of our lives, as we must do if we always told the truth. We cry down Dante, and we cry up Francesco Cei, just for the sake of variety; and if we cry you up as a new Poliziano, Heaven has taken care that it shall not be quite so great a lie as it might have been. And are you not a pattern of virtue in this wicked city? with your ears double-waxed against all siren invitations that would lure you from the Via de' Bardi, and the great work which is to astonish posterity?"

"Posterity in good truth, whom it will probably astonish as the universe does, by the impossibility of seeing what was the plan of it."

"Yes, something like that was being prophesied here the other day. Cristoforo Landino said that the excellent Bardo was one of those scholars who lie overthrown in their learning, like cavaliers in heavy armor, and then get angry because they are overridden—which pithy remark, it seems to me, was not an herb out of his own garden; for of all men, for feeding one with an empty spoon and gagging one with vain expectation by long discourse, Messer Cristoforo is the pearl. Ecco! you are perfect now." Here Nello drew away the cloth. "Impossible to add a grace more! But love is not always to be fed on learning, eh? I shall have to dress the *zazzera* for the betrothal before long—is it not true?"

"Perhaps," said Tito, smiling, "unless Messer Bernardo should next recommend Bardo to require that I should yoke a lion and a wild boar to the car of the Zecca before I can win my Alcestis; though I confess he is right in holding me unworthy of Romola; she is a Pleiad that may grow dim by marrying any mortal."

"*Gnaffè*, your modesty is in the right place there. Yet Fate seems to have measured and chiseled you for the niche that was left empty by the old man's son, who, by-the-way, Cronaca was telling me, is now at San Marco. Did you know?"

A slight electric shock passed through Tito as he rose from the chair, but it was not outwardly perceptible, for he immediately stooped to pick up the fallen book, and busied his fingers with flattening the leaves, while he said,

"No: he was at Ficsole, I thought. Are you sure he is come back to San Marco?"

"Cronaca is my authority," said Nello, with a shrug. "I don't frequent that sanctuary, but he does. Ah," he added, taking the book from Tito's hands, "my poor Nencia da Barberino! It jars your scholarly feelings to see the pages dog's-eared. I was lulled to sleep by the well-rhymed charms of that rustic maiden—' prettier than the turnip-flower,' 'with a cheek more savory than cheese.' But to get such a well-scented notion of the contadina one must lie on velvet cushions in the Via Larga—not go to look at the Fieruoloni stumping in to the Piazza della Nunziata this evening after sundown."

"And pray who are the Fieruoloni?" said Tito, indifferently, settling his cap.

"The *contadine* who come from the mountains of Pistoia, and the Casentino, and Heaven knows where, to keep their vigil in the church of the Nunziata and sell their yarn and dried mushrooms at the Fierucola (petty fair), as we call it. They make a queer show, with their paper lanterns, howling their hymns to the Virgin on this eve of her nativity—if you had the leisure to see them. No?—well, I have had enough of it myself, for there is wild work in the Piazza. One may happen to get a stone or two about one's ears or shins without asking for it, and I was never fond of that pressing attention. Addio."

Tito carried a little uneasiness with him on his visit, which ended earlier than he had expected, the boy-cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, youngest of red-hatted fathers, who has since presented his broad dark cheek very conspicuously to posterity as Pope Leo the Tenth, having been detained at his favorite pastime of the chase, and having failed to appear. It still wanted half an hour of sunset as he left the door of the Scala palace, with the intention of proceeding forthwith to the Via de' Bardi, but he had not gone far when, to his astonishment, he saw Romola advancing toward him along the Borgo Pinti.

She wore a thick black veil and black mantle, but it was impossible to mistake her figure and her walk; and by her side was a short, stout form, which he recognized as that of Monna Brigida, in spite of the unusual plainness of her attire. Romola had not been bred up to devotional observances, and the occasions on which she took the air elsewhere than under the loggia on the roof of the house were so rare and so much dwelt on beforehand, because of Bardo's dislike to be left without her, that Tito felt sure there must have been some sudden and urgent ground for an absence of which he had heard nothing the day before. She saw him through her veil and hastened her steps.

"Romola, has any thing happened?" said Tito, turning to walk by her side.

She did not answer at the first moment, and Monna Brigida broke in.

"Ah, Messer Tito, you do well to turn round, for we are in haste. And is it not a misfortune?

we are obliged to go round by the walls and turn up the Via del Maglio, because of the *Fiera*; for the contadine coming in block up the way by the Nunziata, which would have taken us to San Marco in half the time."

Tito's heart gave a great bound, and began to beat violently.

"Romola," he said, in a lower tone, "are you going to San Marco?"

They were now out of the Borgo Pinti and were under the city walls, where they had wide gardens on their left hand, and all was quiet. Romola put aside her veil for the sake of breathing the air, and he could see the subdued agitation in her face.

"Yes, *Tito mio*," she said, looking directly at him with sad eyes. "For the first time I am doing something unknown to my father. It comforts me that I have met you, for at least I can tell *you*. But if you are going to him it will be well for you not to say that you met me. He thinks I am only gone to the *cugina*, because she sent for me. I left my godfather with him: *he* knows where I am going, and why. You remember that evening when my brother's name was mentioned and my father spoke of him to you?"

"Yes," said Tito, in a low tone. There was a strange complication in his mental state. His heart sank at the probability that a great change was coming over his prospects, while at the same time his thoughts were darting over a hundred details of the course he would take when the change had come—and yet he returned Romola's gaze with a hungry sense that it might be the last time she would ever bend it on him with full, unquestioning confidence.

"The *cugina* had heard that he was come back, and the evening before—the evening of San Giovanni—as I afterward found, he had been seen by our good Maso near the door of our house; but when Maso went to inquire at San Marco, Dino, that is, my brother—he was christened Bernardino, after our godfather, but now he calls himself *Fra Luca*—had been taken to the monastery at Fiesole, because he was ill. But this morning a message came to Maso, saying that he was come back to San Mareo, and Maso went to him there. He is very ill, and he has adjured me to go and see him. I can not refuse it, though I hold him guilty: I still remember how I loved him when I was a little girl, before I knew that he would forsake my father. And perhaps he has some word of penitence to send by me. It cost me a struggle to act in opposition to my father's feeling, which I have always held to be just. I am almost sure you will think I have chosen rightly, Tito, because I have noticed that your nature is less rigid than mine, and nothing makes you angry: it would cost you less to be forgiving; though, if you had seen your father forsaken by one to whom he had given his chief love—by one in whom he had planted his labor and his hopes—forsaken when his need was becoming greatest—even you, Tito, would find it hard to forgive."

What could he say? He was not equal to the hypocrisy of telling Romola that such offenses ought not to be pardoned; and he had not the courage to utter any words of dissuasion.

"You are right, my Romola; you are always right, except in thinking too well of me."

There was really some genuineness in those last words, and Tito looked very beautiful as he uttered them, with an unusual pallor in his face, and a slight quivering of his lip. Romola, interpreting all things largely, like a mind prepossessed with high beliefs, had a tearful brightness in her eyes as she looked at them, touched with keen joy that he felt so strongly whatever she felt. But without pausing in her walk, she said,

"And now, Tito, I wish you to leave me, for the *cugina* and I shall be less noticed if we enter the piazza alone."

"Yes, it were better you should leave us," said Monna Brigida; "for to say the truth, Messer Tito, all eyes follow you, and let Romola muffle herself as she will, every one wants to see what there is under her veil, for she has that way of walking like a procession. Not that I find fault with her for it, only it doesn't suit my steps. And, indeed, I would rather not have us seen going to San Marco, and that's why I am dressed as if I were one of the *piagnoni* themselves, and as old as Sant' Anna; for if it had been any body but poor Dino, who ought to be forgiven if he's dying, for what's the use of having a grudge against dead people?—make them feel while they live, say I—"

No one made a scruple of interrupting Monna Brigida, and Tito, having just raised Romola's hand to his lips, and said, "I understand, I obey you," now turned away, lifting his cap—a sign of reverence rarely made at that time by native Florentines, and which excited Bernardo del Nero's contempt for Tito as a fawning Greek; while to Romola, who loved homage, it gave him an exceptional grace.

He was half glad of the dismissal, half disposed to cling to Romola to the last moment in which she would love him without suspicion. For it seemed to him certain that this brother would before all things want to know, and that Romola would before all things confide to him, what was her father's position and her own after the years which must have brought so much change. She would tell him that she was soon to be publicly betrothed to a young scholar, who was to fill up the place left vacant long ago by a wandering son. He foresaw the impulse that would prompt Romola to dwell on that prospect, and what would follow on the mention of the future husband's name. *Fra Luca* would tell all he knew and conjectured, and Tito saw no possible falsity by which he could now ward off the worst consequences of his former dissimulation. It was all over with his prospects in Florence. There was Messer Bernardo del Nero, who would be delighted at seeing confirmed the wisdom of his advice about deferring the betrothal until Tito's character and position had been established by a longer residence; and the

history of the young Greek professor, whose benefactor was in slavery, would be the talk under every loggia. For the first time in his life he felt too fevered and agitated to trust his power of self-command; he gave up his intended visit to Bardo, and walked up and down under the walls until the yellow light in the west had quite faded, when, without any distinct purpose, he took the first turning, which happened to be the Via San Sebastiano, leading him directly toward the Piazza dell' Annunziata. He was at one of those lawless moments which come to us all if we have no guide but desire, and the pathway where desire leads us seems suddenly closed; he was ready to follow any beckoning that offered him an immediate purpose.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PEASANTS' FAIR.

THE moving crowd and the strange mixture of noises that burst on him at the entrance of the piazza, reminded Tito of what Nello had said to him about the Fierocoloni, and he pushed his way into the crowd with a sort of pleasure in the hooting and elbowing that filled the empty moments, and dulled that calculation of the future which had so new a dreariness for him, as he foresaw himself wandering away solitary in pursuit of some unknown fortune, that his thought had even glanced toward going in search of Baldassarre after all.

At each of the opposite inlets he saw people struggling into the piazza, while above them paper lanterns, held aloft on sticks, were waving uncertainly to and fro. A rude monotonous chant made a distinctly traceable strand of noise, across which screams, whistles, gibing chants in piping boyish voices, the beating of *nacchere* or drums, and the ringing of little bells, met each other in confused din. Every now and then one of the dim floating lights disappeared with a smash from a stone lanced more or less vaguely in pursuit of mischief, followed by a scream and renewed shouts. But on the outskirts of the whirling tumult there were groups who were keeping this vigil of the Nativity of the Virgin in a more methodical manner than by fitful stone-throwing and gibing. Certain ragged men, darting a hard, sharp glance around them while their tongues rattled merrily, were inviting country people to game with them on fair and open-handed terms; two masquerading figures on stilts, who had snatched lanterns from the crowd, were swaying the lights to and fro in meteoric fashion, as they strode hither and thither; a sage trader was doing a profitable business at a small covered stall, in hot *berlingozzi*, a favorite farinaceous delicacy; one man standing on a barrel, with his back firmly planted against a pillar of the loggia in front of the Foundling Hospital (*Spedale degl' Innocenti*), was selling efficacious pills, invented by a doctor of Salerno, warranted to prevent toothache and death by

drowning; and not far off, against another pillar, a tumbler was showing off his tricks on a small platform; while a handful of 'prentices, despising the slack entertainment of guerrilla stone-throwing, were having a private concentrated match of that favorite Florentine sport at the narrow entrance of the Via de' Febbrai.

Tito, obliged to make his way through chance openings in the crowd, found himself at one moment close to the trotting procession of bare-footed, hard-heeled contadine, and could see their sun-dried, bronzed faces, and their strange fragmentary garb, dim with hereditary dirt, and of obsolete stuffs and fashions, that made them look, in the eyes of the city people, like a way-worn ancestry returning from a pilgrimage on which they had set out a century ago. Just then it was the hardy, scant-feeding peasant-women from the mountains of Pistoia, who were entering with a year's labor in a moderate bundle on their backs, and in their hearts that meagre hope of good and that wide dim fear of harm, which were somehow to be cared for by the Blessed Virgin, whose miraculous image, painted by the angels, was to have the curtain drawn away from it on this Eve of her Nativity, that its potency might stream forth without obstruction.

At another moment he was forced away toward the boundary of the piazza, where the more stationary candidates for attention and small coin had judiciously placed themselves, in order to be safe in their rear. Among these Tito recognized his acquaintance Bratti, who stood with his back against a pillar and his mouth pursed up in disdainful silence, eying every one who approached him with a cold glance of superiority, and keeping his hand fast on a serge covering, which concealed the contents of the basket slung before him. Rather surprised at a deportment so unusual in an anxious trader, Tito went nearer and saw two women go up to Bratti's basket with a look of curiosity, whereupon the peddler drew the covering tighter, and looked another way. It was quite too provoking, and one of the women was fain to ask what there was in his basket?

"Before I answer that, Monna, I must know whether you mean to buy. I can't show such wares as mine in this fair for every fly to settle on and pay nothing. My goods are a little too choice for that. Besides, I've only two left, and I've no mind to sell them; for with the chances of the pestilence that wise men talk of, there is likelihood of their being worth their weight in gold. No, no; *andate con Dio.*"

The two women looked at each other.

"And what may be the price?" said the second.

"Not within what you are likely to have in your purse, *buona donna*," said Bratti, in a compassionately supercilious tone. "I recommend you to trust in Messer Domeneddio and the saints; poor people can do no better for themselves."

"Not so poor!" said the second woman, in-

dignantly, drawing out her money-bag. "Come, now! what do you say to a *grosso*?"

"I say you may get twenty-one *quattrini* for it," said Bratti, coolly; "but not of me, for I haven't got that small change."

"Come; two, then?" said the woman, getting exasperated, while her companion looked at her with some envy. "It will hardly be above two, I think."

After further bidding, and further mercantile coquetry, Bratti put on an air of concession.

"Since you've set your mind on it," he said, slowly raising the cover. "I should be loth to do you a mischief; for Maestro Gabbadeo used to say, when a woman sets her mind on a thing and doesn't get it, she's in worse danger of the pestilence than before. *Ecco!* I have but two left; and let me tell you, the fellow to them is on the finger of Maestro Gabbadeo, who is gone to Bologna—as wise a doctor as sits at any door."

The precious objects were two clumsy iron rings, beaten into the fashion of old Roman rings such as were sometimes disinterred. The rust on them, and the entirely hidden character of their potency, were so satisfactory, that the *grossi* were paid without grumbling, and the first woman, destitute of those handsome coins, succeeded after much show of reluctance on Bratti's part in driving a bargain with some of her yarn, and carried off the remaining ring in triumph. Bratti covered up his basket, which was now filled with miscellanies, probably obtained under the same sort of circumstances as the yarn, and moving from his pillar, came suddenly upon Tito, who, if he had had time, would have chosen to avoid recognition.

"By the head of San Giovanni, now," said Bratti, drawing Tito back to the pillar, "this is a piece of luck. For I was talking of you this morning, Messer Greco; but, I said, he is mounted up among the *signori* now—and I'm glad of it, for I was at the bottom of his fortune—but I can rarely get speech of him, for he's not to be caught lying on the stones now—not he! But it's your luck, not mine, Messer Greco, save and except some small trifle to satisfy me for my trouble in the transaction."

"You speak in riddles, Bratti," said Tito. "Remember, I don't sharpen my wits, as you do, by driving hard bargains for iron rings: you must be plain."

"By the Holy 'Vangels! it was an easy bargain I gave them. If a Hebrew gets thirty-two per cent., I hope a Christian may get a little more. If I had not borne a conscience, I should have got twice the money and twice the yarn. But, talking of rings, it is your ring—that very ring you've got on your finger—that I could get you a purchaser for—ay, and a purchaser with a deep money-bag."

"Truly?" said Tito, looking at his ring, and listening.

"A Genoese who is going straight away into Hungary, as I understand. He came and looked all over my shop to see if I had any old things

I didn't know the price of; I warrant you, he thought I had a pumpkin on my shoulders. He had been rummaging all the shops in Florence. And he had a ring on—not like yours, but something of the same fashion; and as he was talking of rings, I said I knew a fine young man, who was a particular acquaintance of mine, who had a ring of that sort. And he said, 'Who is he, pray? Tell him I'll give him his price for it.' And I thought of going after you to Nello's to-morrow; for it's my opinion of you, Messer Greco, that you're not one who'd see the Arno run broth, and stand by without dipping your finger."

Tito had lost no word of what Bratti had said, yet his mind had been very busy all the while. Why should he keep the ring? It had been a mere sentiment, a mere fancy, that had prevented him from selling it with the other gems; if he had been wiser and had sold it, he might perhaps have escaped that identification by Fra Luca. It was true that it had been taken from Baldassarre's finger and put on his as soon as his young hand had grown to the needful size; but there was really no valid good to any body in those superstitious scruples about inanimate objects. The ring had helped toward the reognition of him. Tito had begun to dislike recognition, which was a claim from the past. This foreigner's offer, if he would really give a good price, was an opportunity for getting rid of the ring without the trouble of seeking a purchaser.

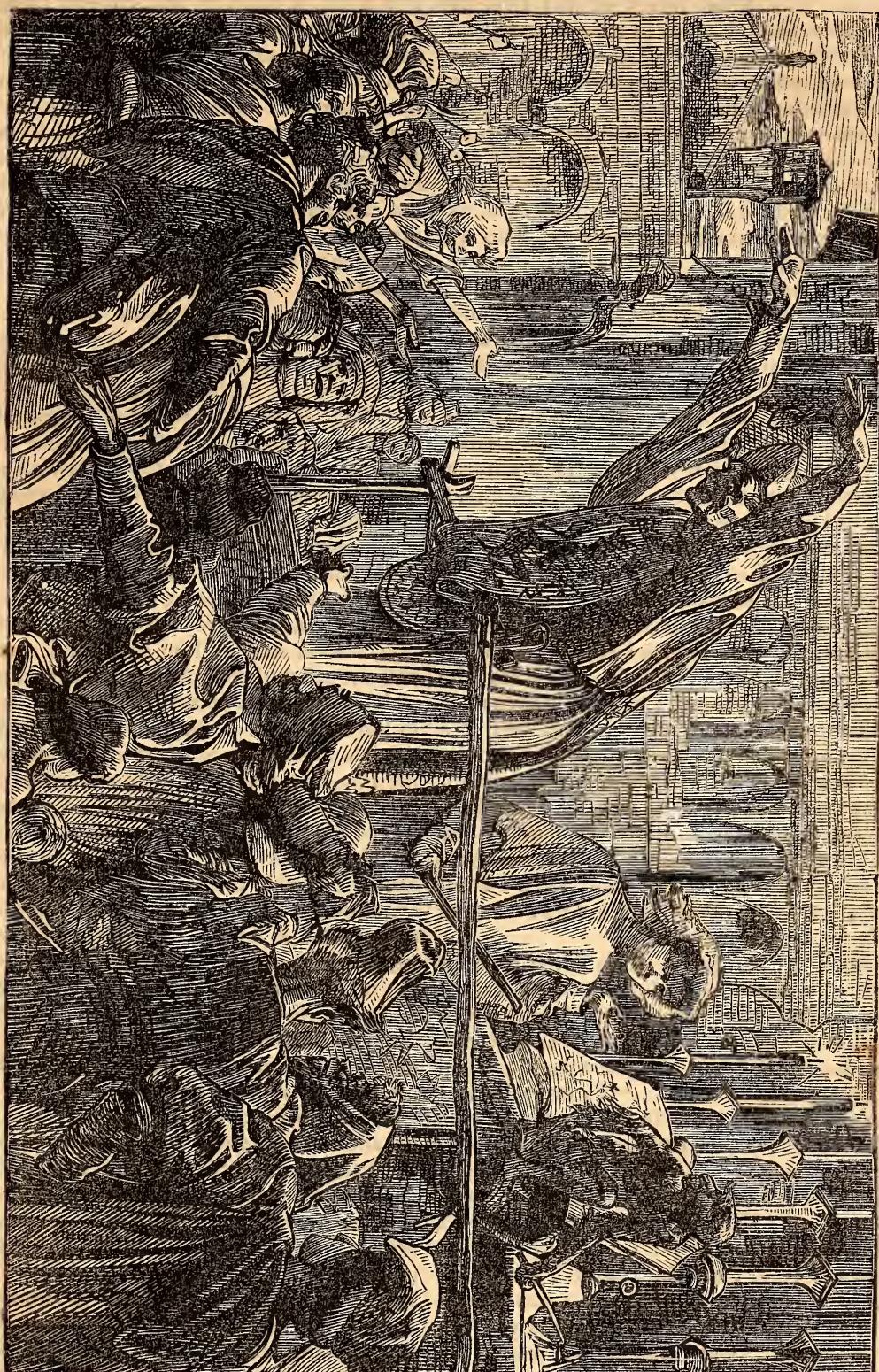
"You speak with your usual wisdom, Bratti," said Tito. "I have no objection to hear what your Genoese will offer. But when and where shall I have speech of him?"

"To-morrow, at three hours after sunrise, he will be at my shop, and if your wits are of that sharpness I have always taken them to be, Messer Greco, you will ask him a heavy price. For he minds not money; it's my belief he's buying for somebody else, and not for himself—perhaps for some great signor."

"*Sta bene*," said Tito. "I will be at your shop if nothing hinders."

"And you will doubtless deal nobly by me for old acquaintance' sake, Messer Greco, so I will not stay to fix the small sum you will give me in token of my service in the matter. It seems to me a thousand years now till I get out of the piazza, for a fair is a dull, not to say a wicked thing, when one has no more goods to sell."

Tito made a hasty sign of assent and adieu, and moving away from the pillar, again found himself pushed toward the middle of the piazza and back again, without the power of determining his own course. In this zigzag way he was carried along to the end of the piazza opposite the church, where, in a deep recess formed by an irregularity in the line of houses, an entertainment was going forward which seemed to be especially attractive to the crowd. Loud bursts of laughter interrupted a monologue which was sometimes slow and oratorical, at others rattling and buffoonish. Here a girl was being pushed



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forward into the inner circle with apparent reluctance, and there a loud laughing minx was finding a way with her own elbows. It was a strange light that was spread over the piazza. There were the pale stars breaking out above, and the dim waving lanterns below, leaving all objects indistinct except when they were seen close under the fitfully moving lights; but in this recess there was a stronger light, against which the heads of the encircling spectators stood in dark relief as Tito was gradually pushed toward them, while above them rose the head

of a man wearing a white mitre with yellow cabalistic figures upon it.

"Behold, my children!" Tito heard him saying; "behold your opportunity! neglect not the holy sacrament of matrimony when it can be had for the small sum of a white quattrino—the cheapest matrimony ever offered, and dissolved by special bull beforehand at every man's own will and pleasure. Behold the bull!" Here the speaker held up a piece of parchment with huge seals attached to it. "Behold the Indulgence granted by his Holiness Alexander

the Sixth, who, being newly elected Pope for his peculiar piety, intends to reform and purify the Church, and wisely begins by abolishing that priestly abuse which keeps too large a share of this privileged matrimony to the clergy and stints the laity. Spit once, my sons, and pay a white quattrino! This is the whole and sole price of the indulgence. The quattrino is the only difference the Holy Father allows to be put any longer between us and the clergy—who spit and pay nothing."

Tito thought he knew the voice, which had a peculiarly sharp ring, but the face was too much in shadow from the lights behind for him to be sure of the features. Stepping as near as he could, he saw within the circle behind the speaker an altar-like table raised on a small platform, and covered with a red drapery stitched all over with yellow cabalistical figures. Half a dozen thin tapers burned at the back of this table, which had a conjuring apparatus scattered over it, a large open book in the centre, and at one of the front angles a monkey fastened by a cord to a small ring and holding a small taper, which in his incessant fidgety movements fell more or less aslant, while an impish boy in a white surplice occupied himself chiefly in cuffing the monkey and adjusting the taper. The man in the mitre also wore a surplice, and over it a chasuble on which the signs of the zodiac were rudely marked in black upon a yellow ground. Tito was sure now that he recognized the sharp upward-tending angles of the face under the mitre: it was that of Maestro Vaiano, the *cerretano*, from whom he had rescued Tessa. Pretty little Tessa! Perhaps she too had come in among the troops of *contadine*?

"Come, my maidens! This is the time for the pretty who can have many chances, and for the ill-favored who have few. Matrimony to be had hot, eaten, and done with as easily as *berlingozzi*! And see!" here the conjuror held up a cluster of tiny bags. "To every bride I give a *Breve* with a secret in it—the secret alone worth the money you pay for the matrimony. The secret how to—no, no, I will not tell you what the secret is about, and that makes it a double secret. Hang it round your neck if you like, and never look at it; I don't say that will not be the best, for then you will see many things you don't expect: though if you open it (you may break your leg—*è vero*), but you will know a secret! Something nobody knows but me! And mark—I give you the *Breve*, I don't sell it, as many another holy man would: the quattrino is for the matrimony, and the *Breve* you get for nothing. *Orsù, giovanetti*, come like dutiful sons of the Church and buy the indulgence of his Holiness Alexander the Sixth."

This buffoonery just fitted the taste of the audience: the *fierucola* was but a small occasion, so the townsmen might be contented with jokes that were rather less indecent than those they were accustomed to hear at every carnival, put into easy rhyme by the Magnifico and his poetic satellites; while the women, over and above

any relish of the fun, really began to have an itch for the *Brevi*. Several couples had already gone through the ceremony, in which the conjuror's solemn gibberish and grimaces over the open book, the antics of the monkey, and even the preliminary spitting, had called forth peals of laughter; and now a well-looking, merry-eyed youth of seventeen, in a loose tunic and a red cap, pushed forward, holding by the hand a plump brunette, whose scanty ragged dress displayed her round arms and legs very picturesquely.

"Fetter us without delay, maestro!" said the youth, "for I have got to take my bride home and paint her under the light of a lantern."

"Ha! Mariotto, my son, I commend your pious observance....." The conjuror was going on, when a loud chattering behind warned him that an unpleasant crisis had arisen with his monkey.

The temper of that imperfect acolyth was a little tried by the overactive discipline of his colleague in the surplice, and a sudden cuff administered as his taper fell to a horizontal position, caused him to leap back with a violence that proved too much for the slackened knot by which his cord was fastened. His first leap was to the other end of the table, from which position his remonstrances were so threatening that the imp in the surplice took up a wand by way of an equivalent threat, whereupon the monkey leaped on to the head of a tall woman in the fore-ground, dropping his taper by the way, and chattering with increased emphasis from that eminence. Great was the screaming and confusion, not a few of the spectators having a vague dread of the Maestro's monkey, as capable of more hidden mischief than mere teeth and claws could inflict; and the conjuror himself was in some alarm lest any harm should happen to his familiar. In the scuffle to seize the monkey's string Tito got out of the circle, and, not caring to contend for his place again, he allowed himself to be gradually pushed toward the church of the Nunziata, and to enter among the worshipers.

The brilliant illumination within seemed to press upon his eyes with palpable force after the pale scattered lights and broad shadows of the piazza, and for the first minute or two he could see nothing distinctly. That yellow splendor was in itself something supernal and heavenly to some of the peasant-women, for whom half the sky was hidden by mountains, and who went to bed in the twilight; and the uninterrupted elation from the choir was repose to the car after the hellish hubbub of the crowd outside. Gradually the scene became clearer, though still there was a thin yellow haze from incense mingling with the breath of the multitude. In a chapel on the left hand of the nave, wreathed with silver lamps, was seen unclosed the miraculous fresco of the Annunciation, which, in Tito's oblique view of it from the right-hand side of the nave, seemed dark with the excess of light

around it. The whole area of the great church was filled with peasant-women, some kneeling, some standing; the coarse bronzed skins and the dingy clothing of the rougher dwellers on the mountains contrasting with the softer-lined faces and white or red head-drapery of the well-to-do dwellers in the valley, who were scattered in irregular groups. And spreading high and far over the walls and ceiling there was another multitude, also pressing close against each other, that they might be nearer the potent Virgin: it was the crowd of votive waxen images, the effigies of great personages, clothed in their habit as they lived: Florentines of high name in their black silk *lucco*, as when they sat in council; popes, emperors, kings, cardinals, and famous condottieri with plumed morion seated on their chargers; all notable strangers who passed through Florence or had aught to do with its affairs—Mohammedans, even, in well-tolerated companionship with Christian cavaliers; some of them with faces blackened and robes tattered by the corroding breath of centuries, others fresh and bright in new red mantle or steel corselet, the exact doubles of the living. And wedged in with all these were detached arms, legs, hands, and other members, with only here and there a gap where some image had been removed for public disgrace, or had fallen ominously, as Lorenzo's had done six months before. It was a perfect resurrection-swarm of remote mortals and fragments of mortals, reflecting, in their varying degrees of freshness, the sombre dinginess and sprinkled brightness of the crowd below.

Tito's glance wandered over the wide multitude in search of something. He had already thought of Tessa, and the white hoods suggested the possibility that he might detect her face under one of them. It was at least a thought to be courted rather than the vision of Romola looking at him with changed eyes. But he searched in vain; and he was leaving the church, weary of a scene which had no variety, when, just against the door-way, he caught sight of Tessa, only two yards off him. She was kneeling with her back against the wall, behind a group of peasant-women, who were standing and looking for a spot nearer to the sacred image. Her head hung a little aside with a look of weariness, and her blue eyes were directed rather absently toward an altar-piece where the Archangel Michael stood in his armor, with young face and floating hair, among bearded and tonsured saints. Her right hand, holding a bunch of cocoons, fell by her side listlessly, and her round cheek was paled, either by the light or by the weariness that was expressed in her attitude: her lips were pressed poutingly together, and every now and then her eyelids half fell: she was a large image of a sweet sleepy child. Tito felt an irresistible desire to go up to her and get her pretty trusting looks and prattle: this creature, who was without moral judgments that could condemn him, whose little loving ignorant soul made a world apart, where he might feel in free-

dom from suspicious and exacting demands, had a new attraction for him now. She seemed a refuge from the threatened isolation that would come with disgrace. He glanced cautiously round to assure himself that Monna Ghita was not near, and then, slipping quietly to her side, kneeled on one knee, and said, in the softest voice, "Tessa!"

She hardly started, any more than she would have started at a soft breeze that fanned her gently when she was needing it. She turned her head and saw Tito's face close to her, very much more beautiful than the Archangel Michael, who was so mighty and so good that he lived with the Madonna and all the saints, and was prayed to along with them. She smiled in happy silence, for that nearness of Tito quite filled her mind.

"My little Tessa! you look very tired. How long have you been kneeling here?"

She seemed to be collecting her thoughts for a minute or two, and at last she said—

"I'm very hungry."

"Come, then; come with me."

He lifted her from her knees, and led her out under the cloisters surrounding the atrium, which were then open, and not yet adorned with the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto.

"How is it you are all by yourself, and so hungry, Tessa?"

"The *madre* is ill; she has very bad pains in her legs, and sent me to bring these cocoons to the Santissima Nunziata, because they're so wonderful; see!"—she held up the bunch of cocoons, which were arranged with fortuitous regularity on a stem—"and she had kept them to bring them herself, but she couldn't, and so she sent me because she thinks the Holy Madonna may take away her pains; and somebody took my bag with the bread and chestnuts in it, and the people pushed me back, and I was so frightened coming in the crowd, and I couldn't get any where near the Holy Madonna, to give the cocoons to the *padre*, but I must—oh, I must!"

"Yes, my little Tessa, you shall take them; but come first and let me give you some *berlingozzi*. There are some to be had not far off."

"Where did you come from?" said Tessa, a little bewildered. "I thought you would never come to me again, because you never came to the Mercato for milk any more. I set myself *Aves* to say, to see if they would bring you back, but I left off because they didn't."

"You see I come when you want some one to take care of you, Tessa. Perhaps the *Aves* fetched me, only it took them a long while. But what shall you do if you are here all alone? Where shall you go?"

"Oh, I shall stay and sleep in the church—a great many of them do—in the church and all about here—I did once when I came with my mother; and the *patrigno* is coming with the mules in the morning."

They were out in the piazza now, where the crowd was rather less riotous than before, and the lights were fewer, the stream of pilgrims

having ceased. Tessa clung fast to Tito's arm in satisfied silence, while he led her toward the stall where he remembered seeing the eatables. Their way was the easier because there was just now a great rush toward the middle of the piazza, where the masked figures on stilts had found space to execute a dance. It was very pretty to see the guileless thing giving her cocoons into Tito's hand and then eating her *berlingozzi* with the relish of a hungry child. Tito had really come to take care of her, as he did before, and that wonderful happiness of being with him had begun again for her. Her hunger was soon appeased, all the sooner for the new stimulus of happiness that had roused her from her languor; and as they turned away from the stall she said nothing about going into the church again, but looked round as if the sights in the piazza were not without attraction to her now she was safe under Tito's arm.

"How can they do that?" she exclaimed, looking up at the dancers on stilts. Then, after a minute's silence, "Do you think Saint Christopher helps them?"

"Perhaps. What do you think about it, Tessa?" said Tito, slipping his right arm round her, and looking down at her fondly.

"Because Saint Christopher is so very tall; and he is very good: if any body looks at him he takes care of them all day. He is on the wall of the church—too tall to stand up there—but I saw him walking through the streets one San Giovanni, carrying the little *Gesù*."

"You pretty pigeon! Do you think any body could help taking care of *you*, if you looked at them?"

"Shall you always come and take care of me?" said Tessa, turning her face up to him as he crushed her cheek with his left hand. "And shall you always be a long while first?"

Tito was conscious that some by-standers were laughing at them, and though the license of street fun among artists and young men of the wealthier sort, as well as among the populace, made few adventures exceptional, still less disreputable, he chose to move away toward the end of the piazza.

"Perhaps I shall come again to you very soon, Tessa," he answered, rather dreamily, when they had moved away. He was thinking that when all the rest had turned their backs upon him it would be pleasant to have this little creature adoring him and nestling against him. The absence of presumptuous self-conceit in Tito made him feel all the more defenseless under prospective obloquy: he needed soft looks and caresses too much ever to be impudent.

"In the Mercato?" said Tessa. "Not tomorrow morning, because the *patrigno* will be there, and he is so cross. Oh! but you have money, and he will not be cross if you buy some salad. And there are some chestnuts. Do you like chestnuts?"

He said nothing, but continued to look down at her with a dreamy gentleness, and Tessa felt herself in a state of delicious wonder; every

thing seemed as new as if she were being carried on a chariot of clouds.

"*Santissima Vergine!*" she exclaimed again, presently; "there is a holy father like the Bishop I saw at Prato."

Tito looked up too, and saw that he had unconsciously advanced to within a few yards of the conjuror, Maestro Vaiano, who, for the moment, was forsaken by the crowd. His face was turned away from them, and he was occupied with the apparatus on his altar or table, preparing a new diversion by the time the interest in the dancing should be exhausted. The monkey was imprisoned under the red cloth, out of reach of mischief, and the youngster in the white surplice was holding a sort of dish or salver, from which his master was taking some ingredient. The altar-like table, with its gorgeous cloth, the row of tapers, the sham episcopal costume, the surpliced attendant, and even the very movements of the mitred figure, as he alternately bent his head and then raised something before the lights, were a sufficiently near parody of sacred things to rouse poor little Tessa's veneration; and there was some additional awe produced by the mystery of their apparition in this spot, for when she had seen an altar in the street before, it had been on Corpus Christi Day, and there had been a procession to account for it. She crossed herself, and looked up at Tito, but then, as if she had had time for reflection, said, "It is because of the *Natività*."

Meanwhile Vaiano had turned round, raising his hands to his mitre with the intention of changing his dress, when his quick eye recognized Tito and Tessa, who were both looking at him, their faces being shone upon by the light of his tapers while his own was in shadow.

"Ha! my children!" he said, instantly, stretching out his hands in a benedictory attitude, "you are come to be married. I commend your penitence—the blessing of Holy Church can never come too late."

But while he was speaking he had taken in the whole meaning of Tessa's attitude and expression, and he discerned an opportunity for a new kind of joke which required him to be cautious and solemn.

"Should you like to be married to me, Tessa?" said Tito, softly, half enjoying the comedy, as he saw the pretty childish seriousness on her face, half prompted by hazy previsions which belonged to the intoxication of despair.

He felt her vibrating before she looked up at him and said, timidly, "Will you let me?"

He answered only by a smile, and by leading her forward in front of the *cerretano*, who seeing an excellent jest in Tessa's evident delusion, assumed a surpassing sacerdotal solemnity, and went through the mimic ceremony with a liberal expenditure of *lingua furbesca* or thieves' Latin. But some symptoms of a new movement in the crowd urged him to bring it to a speedy conclusion and dismiss them, with hands outstretched in a benedictory attitude over their kneeling figures. Tito, disposed always to cultivate good-

will, though it might be the least select, put a piece of four *grossi* into his hand as he moved away, and was thanked by a look which, the conjuror felt sure, conveyed a perfect understanding of the whole affair.

But Tito himself was very far from that understanding, and did not, in fact, know whether, the next moment, he should tell Tessa of the joke and laugh at her for a little goose, or whether he should let her delusion last, and see what would come of it—see what she would say and do next.

"Then you will not go away from me again," said Tessa, after they had walked a few steps, "and you will take me to where you live." She spoke meditatively, and not in a questioning tone. But presently she added, "I must go back once to the *madre*, though, to tell her I brought the cocoons, and that I'm married, and shall not go back again."

Tito felt the necessity of speaking now; and, in the rapid thought prompted by that necessity, he saw that by undeceiving Tessa he should be robbing himself of some at least of that pretty trustfulness which might, by-and-by, be his only haven from contempt. It would spoil Tessa to make her the least particle wiser or more suspicious.

"Yes, my little Tessa," he said, caressingly, "you must go back to the *madre*; but you must not tell her you are married—you must keep that a secret from every body; else some very great harm would happen to me, and you would never see me again."

She looked up at him with pale fear in her face.

"You must go back and feed your goats and mules, and do just as you have always done before, and say no word to any one about me."

The corners of her mouth fell a little.

"And then, perhaps, I shall come and take care of you again when you want me, as I did before. But you must do just what I tell you, else you will not see me again."

"Yes, I will, I will," she said, in a loud whisper, frightened at that blank prospect.

They were silent a little while, and then Tessa, looking at her hand, said,

"The *madre* wears a betrothal ring. She went to church and had it put on, and then after that, another day, she was married. And so did the cousin Nannina. But then she married Gollo," added the poor little thing, entangled in the difficult comparison between her own case and others within her experience.

"But you must not wear a betrothal ring, my Tessa, because no one must know you are married," said Tito, feeling some insistence necessary. "And the *buona fortuna* I gave you did just as well for betrothal. Some people are betrothed with rings and some are not."

"Yes, it is true, they would see the ring," said Tessa, trying to convince herself that a thing she would like very much was really not good for her.

They were now near the entrance of the church

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again, and she remembered her cocoons which were still in Tito's hand.

"Ah, you must give me the *boto*," she said; "and we must go in, and I must take it to the *padre*, and I must tell the rest of my beads, because I was too tired before."

"Yes, you must go in, Tessa; but I will not go in. I must leave you now," said Tito, too fevered and weary to re-enter that stifling heat, and feeling that this was the least difficult way of parting with her.

"And not come back? Oh, where do you go?" Tessa's mind had never formed an image of his whereabouts or his doings when she did not see him: he had vanished, and her thought, instead of following him, had staid in the same spot where he was with her.

"I shall come back some time, Tessa," said Tito, taking her under the cloisters to the door of the church. "You must not cry—you must go to sleep when you have said your beads. And here is money to buy your breakfast. Now kiss me, and look happy; else I shall not come again."

She made a great effort over herself as she put up her lips to kiss him, and submitted to be gently turned round, with her face toward the door of the church. Tito saw her enter; and then, with a shrug at his own resolution, leaned against a pillar, took off his cap, rubbed his hair backward, and wondered where Romola was now, and what she was thinking of him. Poor little Tessa had disappeared behind the curtain among the crowd of *contadine*; but the love which formed one web with all his worldly hopes—with the ambitions and pleasures that must make the solid part of his days—the love that was identified with his larger self—was not to be banished from his consciousness. Even to the man who presents the most elastic resistance to whatever is unpleasant there will come moments when the pressure from without is too strong for him, and he must feel the smart and the bruise in spite of himself. Such a moment had come to Tito. There was no possible attitude of mind, no scheme of action, by which the uprooting of all his newly-planted hopes could be made otherwise than painful.

OUR COUSINS FROM BOSTON.

SISTER KATE tied Muffin to the fence, and we went through Mr. Tidd's whitewashed gate across the clean porch into the little, dark entry. Here a sizzling and sputtering, together with the smell of hot lard, made us aware that Miss Ruth was frying dough-nuts even before we entered the kitchen. Yes! there she was, quaint and homely as ever, lean and long, with a hump on her shoulder which made her look as though her face was accidentally put on wrong side before.

"Well now, if you hain't come and catched me right in the suds, as it were! I wouldn't have my work round clean into the heat of the day; but you see brother relishes a warm nut-

cake with his cup of tea, so I most generally fry up a plateful along middle of the afternoon," said the honest soul, in a tone of cheerful content.

Miss Ruth Tidd supposed that Mr. Boaz Tidd, her twin-brother, was the axis on which the world revolved (or would, if she had suspected there was an axis needed for such a purpose), and she treated him with the consideration due such an important part in the economy of nature.

"We want to cross the river. Where is Mr. Tidd?" asked Kate.

"Brother is out a-weedin' in the garding; I'll call him," replied Miss Ruth, taking a large conch shell from a shelf high up in the porch, on which she blew so shrill a blast that Mr. Tidd soon appeared, puffing and wheezing with the exertion of carrying two hundred and odd pounds of body.

After the death of the paternal Tidds, the other ten brothers and sisters renouncing all interest in the Tidd estate, the twins came into peaceful and undivided possession of the little brown ferry-house and four surrounding acres of land. But farther back, in their muscular division, there had been a compromise, whereby Boaz had taken all the flesh and Ruth all the bones.

"Wa'al, what's to pay now?" said Boaz Tidd, dropping into a chair and fanning himself with his hat.

"Why, here's the Smith girls want to get over the river, brother," answered Miss Ruth, brisker than ever from contrast, and not a bit out of breath.

"Expecting friends on the cars?" asked Mr. Tidd, looking at me.

"Yes, Sir," said I, briefly, that his taste and talent for investigation might be indulged.

"I thought's likely," he returned. "Your folks have a sight of company on the cars—wonder if they make it pay. Folks from down below?"

"Yes, Sir," returned Kate.

"Clean from Boston, like enough?"

She assented.

"Wa'al, now, it must seem kinder nice to 'em to get out of the noise and dirt of the city into a still place like this-ere. Be they relations o' yours?"

Kate gave an impatient shrug of the shoulders at this continued plying of the catechism; so I spoke up before she had time to otherwise express any disgust, and informed Mr. Tidd we were expecting our cousin, Frederic Dalrymple, with his wife and two children.

"Cousin by your father's side or your mother's side?" continued the imperturbable catechiser.

Kate groaned (she was always deficient in the grace of patience), but the noise of the oars covered the sound, and I helped them by answering quickly,

"Mr. Dalrymple is my mother's nephew, and Mrs. Dalrymple is a niece of father's."

This curious phenomenon of consanguinity afforded a subject for Mr. Tidd's contemplation during a full minute, and by that time we had reached the opposite bank, and his next question was half drowned in the grating of the boat upon the sands as we stepped ashore.

"What business does your cousin follow when he is to home?"

"He is a shoe-dealer," I answered, following Kate up the river bank, and directly losing sight of the red boat with its white sail, and the fat figure of the old man, in his blue cotton frock and overalls, stooping to fasten his boat to the shore.

We had been waiting among the blackberry-vines on a great rock within the shadow of the trees for some minutes before we heard the puffing which heralded the coming of Mr. Tidd.

"I stopped at the saw-mill down here and borrowed a wheel-barrow, for I thought's like enough your folks would have a trunk or two. City folks most generally fetch along a lot of traps and finery to show off afore us plowjoggers," said he, quite breathless, as he seated himself upon the wheel-barrow.

"You said your cousin was in the shoe business," he continued. "Now who knows but he would be willing to put a patch on a boot for me while he is here? I wouldn't stand upon paying him what it's worth, and thank him too."

Kate laughed out, and then pretended she heard the car-whistle to distract our attention from it, while I gravely explained that Mr. Dalrymple did not *make* shoes, he only *sold* them. Pretty soon the engine really whistled, and directly we saw a graceful, waving line of smoke, and heard the rattle of the coming train that stopped before the platform, with an impatient shriek at the delay.

Fred jumped off, handed down Helen and the children, and, while we welcomed them, two great trunks and two little ones were thrown off. Then the train with another shriek moved away, and in a moment had passed around a curve and was out of sight, leaving behind it a quiet landscape, where the only life was the grazing cattle, with here and there a farmer in his field, and the birds, startled from their nests by the sudden uproar, that now flew lazily back again.

"Silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound,"

said Cousin Fred, stretching himself and shaking off the dust.

"I don't see any dépôt! I want some water!" said Miss Julia, who seemed quite overcome by the care of a large wax doll.

"We do not have to depend on dépôts for water; I will get you some that is nice and cold at a spring down the road," said Kate, taking her hand. But the child pulled back.

"I wish to ride in a coach," said she.

"Well, we must cross the river first," replied Kate, in her most winning manner.

I expected the quiet and coolness of the road through the woods, where a lively little brook went with us to the river, would seem delicious

after the noisy, dusty ride; but Cousin Helen looked too tired out and languid to endure even this short walk, and Master Willie, who was two years old and teething, of course, poor baby! was wailing and fretting with a cinder in his eye. Cousin Fred was constantly tantalized by the birds, which took such excellent positions for a shot; while Julia was in distress because the dress of Josephina, the doll, was tumbled, and she was afraid the little darling was tired, or had a sick headache; and thus she managed to keep up a state of artificial affliction about that mess of wax and muslin, till I was secretly glad when her father threatened to throw it into the river if she didn't stop.

"Now, Fred, how can you?" interposed his wife. "I was not allowed any childhood myself, and I am determined my children shall enjoy theirs. Don't be unhappy, Julia, dear. You know papa would not injure Josephina."

When we pushed off from the shore Julia screamed, for she had mistaken the boat for a wharf, and thought we were all being washed away together.

"I don't see but what city folks are just as green, come to get 'em out into the country, as country folks be in the city," said Mr. Tidd, laughing till his fat sides shook like a toad's.

When we were nearly across Kate heard Mr. Tidd say, in reply to some remark of Cousin Fred's,

"Wa'al, I s'pose the law allows me to tax ten cents; but there was them-ere trunks I wheeled down, and I don't commonly refuse it if folks pay me a trifle over; I let 'em if they insist upon it;" and he gave another wheezy laugh.

Fred tossed him a quarter as he sprang on to the bank, not heeding Kate's look of remonstrance.

"Father pays by the year at the ferry, and the settlement didn't belong to you. We don't want you overstepping your place here, young man," said she.

"Don't you know, Katharine, the young fellows like to have a chance to make a show of their money before the girls?" said Mr. Tidd, laughing as though he had made a great joke. He always regarded strangers crossing his ferry—especially if from a city—as his lawful prey.

"Oh my! I don't think this is much of a coach, with only one horse!" exclaimed Julia, tossing her small head scornfully, when we came to where Muffin and the carryall stood.

But Miss finally condescended to get in; and presently we heard an outbreak from the back seat, where she rode with her mother and Willie.

"I must ride in front; Josephina can't see any thing back here; neither can I."

Her father and mother coaxed some, but the matter ended by my changing seats with her. Hereupon Master Willie set up a cry to go in front too, and finally prevailed. Julia, however, had not yet arrived at perfect happiness. The sun got in her eyes, causing her to flourish about a parasol, to the great detriment of the eyes of

other people; and then she found it difficult to shade herself and the doll. Besides, she "was tired to pieces of riding, and she never saw such a *dreadful* slow horse!" When she left off for a little Master Willie was ready to take up the refrain. He wanted to drive; he wanted to crack the whip; and he wanted some cake. On the whole, our ride was not a success, and we were relieved to get home and be over with it.

Helen had a sick headache, and could only take a cup of tea; but Fred, though sorely afraid of being poisoned by saleratus in the biscuit, ate with the hearty relish so flattering to a painstaking housekeeper. There were some side scenes that monopolized the attention of the whole table. Willie insisted on giving his undivided attention to fruit cake and honey, while his father insisted on his devoting himself entirely to bread and milk, which created a schism. Julia didn't like warm biscuit, and couldn't eat bread without it was toasted; her tea-spoon was too small, and her fork too large. So, on the whole, it was a pleasant thing when supper was ended.

Then Helen's head being very bad she went to bed, after taking a warm foot-bath, when I knew she missed the conveniences of her bathing-room.

"Isn't your head well yet, Helen?" asked Fred, when he came home from an unsuccessful squirrel-hunt two hours after dinner-time the next day, and found her pale and sick on the lounge, where she had lain all the morning. "You must have an ice-cream—that usually makes you all right at home."

Glad of any hint for relieving her, Kate and I dropped the work of dish-washing and proceeded to transform an old tin pail into a freezer, and, after a due amount of toiling and moiling, had the satisfaction of hearing Julia exclaim,

"Oh my! this doesn't taste much like the ice-cream at Copelands!"

Nevertheless she contrived to dispose of enough to give the colic to an ostrich; and her stomach being no stronger, the exercises of the afternoon were diversified by doses of winter-green and applications of hot flannel.

"The ice-cream was too rich," said Helen. "I didn't dare eat freely of it myself, and the little I ate distressed me. Besides, I ought to have told you I can never eat it unless it is flavored with vanilla."

By nightfall we found Cousin Fred on our hands in a high state of disgust and boredom. He had neither brought down any game nor caught a fish: there was no sporting to be had, and so where was the use of being in the country? And it seemed so heathenish to have no daily paper: how did we know but half Boston lay in ashes—his house among the rest? He ordered his papers sent, and supposed he should have to bear it if they did come to hand a day old; but he had no idea we were so far down in the scale of civilization as to have a mail but three times a week. It was so confounded dull in the country that he resolved every visit he

would never go again. Give him the life and stir of a city (meaning *Boston*), or else put him off in some uninhabited forest where there was plenty of game and some fun. So he yawned, ate early pears and grumbled, but gave no sign of leaving.

"If it is very dull for him here I should think he would want to go back to Boston. I've no desire to destroy my constitution waiting on people who are so discontented," said Kate, breaking a tumbler in the force of her emphasis.

Then along came our little sister Rose, hugging her kitten and looking displeased. "I wish Julia would go off; I don't like her!" said she, decidedly. "She thinks nothing is of any account out of *Boston*; and keeps saying, 'Oh my! this doesn't seem much like my home!' She doesn't think any doll is fit to look at but her old Josephina—and she despises cats. I hate her!"

"Why, Rose, you oughtn't to talk so about your company," said Kate, benevolently bent on plucking the mote from her sister's eye.

"I don't care! She says the city is a great deal better than the country—and she is unkind to my cat." Here the Maltese and white animal in the arms of the indignant speaker received a squeeze which elicited a plaintive mew. "Her mother had no right to have such a bad girl, and I sha'n't try to make it pleasant for her any more."

So the proprietor of the mote went pouting off to swing by herself, and Josephina presently appeared in the opposite direction attended by Julia, who said, pertly,

"Why don't you have a Bridget to do these things? Mamma says housework is the business of *servants*, not ladies!"

Then she walked daintily off as though her little slippers were becoming contaminated by contact with the kitchen floor; and we heard her say, fretfully, to her father, "Oh dear! I wish I was in Boston, it is so lonesome here. Josephina doesn't like it either, with nobody to admire her!"

"I suppose we ought to take them to ride, though I had rather go to bed," said Kate, remorsefully.

So Muffin and the carryall were at the door in due time, and then Julia came rushing from the play-room, where we had fondly hoped Josephina's charms would detain her.

"Where are you going? I must go if the rest do. Now, mamma, why did you wish to go away and enjoy yourselves without me?"

Words would have been of no avail in checking this stormy eloquence, and Kate, quietly taking off her bonnet, said Julia could go in her place. Fred thought that was too bad, and Helen inquired if there wasn't room for all, while Julia teased and pouted till the stir aroused Master Willie, who also insisted on being of the party. By the time we were really on the way Helen was so fagged out with getting the children ready and dressing Josephina, who couldn't go in her pink erape, that she was in

no mood to enjoy the beauties of nature, especially with Fred as driver. His method of driving was enough to excite the nerves of an oyster let alone those of a sickly woman.

"Now, Fred, you will drive carefully down this steep hill, won't you?"

"Certainly!" he would reply, in an assuring tone, giving a sly cut at Muffin's heels, which started him into a fast run. His favorite pace up hill was a gallop, and he showed a particular affinity for every stone and ditch by the roadside.

Meanwhile the dust blew on Josephina's dress, and Julia didn't think it was half nor a quarter as pleasant as riding out to Mount Auburn in the horse-cars. But Willie was more trouble than the three combined. He was disposed to tumble out of the carriage; he cried for every dog and stray cat we passed; he wanted water; he didn't like to ride; he wanted to go home; he would have his hat off, and then was anxious to throw it away. By the time we reached home I was ready to exclaim as Rebecca did to Isaac concerning the daughters of Heth.

"Mamma," said Julia, as she was putting on her doll's night-gown preparatory to rocking her to sleep, "I want you to make a new dress for Josephina; she looks like a perfect fright with her old duds."

"How she would fire up if I said that!" whispered Rose to me.

"Can not you make them do till we go back to the city? I think she looks beautifully."

"Now, mamma, how unkind you are! She has not had a new dress since we came; and she has nothing but what she has worn at least twice," replied Julia, in a much-abused tone.

"You know that doesn't make as much difference in the country, Pet; and I presume we can not get any material here such as you would like made up for her," replied mamma, soothingly.

Cousin Fred came in just then.

"Oh, papa! I want to go back to the city. Josephina can never have a new dress in this horrid old place, where there aren't any decent stores; and she hasn't any thing fit to ride home in—for I can't have her wear the same dress she came in: what would people think?"

"This town is rather of a one-horse concern, that is a fact!" assented Fred. "Why don't you girls get up a picnic or ride of some sort?" he continued, turning to me.

Helen saved me the trouble of replying. "The girls have no time for any thing but work," said she, in a tone of reproof that I fancied was meant for me rather than Fred.

When the Sabbath came Fred said he could worship more truly in "God's first temples;" but though he put in a quantity of fine stuff about having no work of man between the soul and its Maker, if one would attain perfectly the spirit of true devotion, it all seemed to amount to the fact that he preferred a stroll in the woods to going to church; which he accordingly did, while

Helen went to one service and got the headache by it.

In place of bringing forth the concealed finery that we hope Mr. Tidd had been in the right about, she had nothing better than her soiled traveling dress and hat to wear, which were vastly inferior to those of the doll, besides being, as we knew, only her third-rate set of garments when at home. The trunks it seemed were mostly filled with cotton in clothing and in the piece, which she had brought up to get cleared out in the country air and dew. She informed us, as she glanced at Kate's white crape hat, that overdress was very vulgar in the country.

"We wish to dress as well as the people with whom we associate," said Kate, dryly. I more than suspected she wore her tucked barège solely for the eyes of our cousins from Boston.

At the supper table Helen observed, in a patronizing way, that our church was quite pretty for the country; and Fred remarked that our Sundays were horrid dull, worse even than our week-days; and he believed that he should have drowned himself if it hadn't been for losing the fish-and-cream supper.

Father and mother looked shocked and Kate disgusted at first, but Cousin Fred always had a way of making his friends appear to approve of him even if he was in the wrong.

One day the Dudleys invited us all out there to eat water-melons; and "any thing being better than dead stagnation," we all went. Water-melons, however, were only the title-page to the repast set forth in honor of our cousins from Boston. Dishes named and unnamed—fried,

boiled, and roasted; pickled, preserved—and the raw material were set forth in profuse abundance. We ate heartily and laughed heartily, Fred making himself gay and winning, as he knew well enough how to do; and now, surely, thought I, there has been a pleasant break in the monotony of their visit.

"Who ever heard of going to a water-melon party and having cake and oysters before? It seemed really countrified, though I dare say they are nice people," said Helen.

"Oh yes," rejoined Fred. "And don't say they were people of no culture; for I spied a copy of 'Night and Morning' in the sitting-room, not to mention a plaster cast of Powers's Fisher Boy."

"How easily one can tell if people have city acquaintances! There comes from that a certain polish which is quite noticeable," returned Cousin Helen, casting a self-gratulatory glance about our parlor.

Every thing ends at last, give it time enough, even to the life of Methuselah, and our cousins finally announced their intention of returning to Boston.

"Oh my! I am awful glad we are going to leave this hateful place, where there is nothing but nasty brown crickets and snakes! I shall tease father never to come again; and I don't think he will, for he says we might just as well stop the daily paper, dismiss Bridget, shut off the gas, take down the mosquito bars from the windows, and not step out of doors or let any body in, and so stay at home, as to go into the country," said Julia, by way of valedictory.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

MRS. ORME TELLS THE STORY.

IT was late when that second day's work was over, and when Mrs. Orme and Lady Mason again found themselves in the Hamworth carriage. They had sat in court from ten in the morning till past seven, with a short interval of a few minutes in the middle of the day, and were weary to the very soul when they left it. Lucius again led out his mother, and as he did so he expressed to her in strong language his approval of Mr. Furnival's speech. At last some one had spoken out on his mother's behalf in that tone which should have been used from the first. He had been very angry with Mr. Furnival, thinking that the barrister had lost sight of his mother's honor, and that he was playing with her happiness. But now he was inclined to forgive him. Now at last the truth had been spoken in eloquent words, and the persecutors of his mother had been addressed in language such as it was fitting that they should hear. To him the last two hours had been two hours of triumph, and as he passed through the hall of the

court he whispered in his mother's ear that now, at last, as he hoped, her troubles were at an end.

And another whisper had been spoken as they passed through that hall. Mrs. Orme went out leaning on the arm of her son, but on the other side of her was Mr. Aram. He had remained in his seat till they had begun to move, and then he followed them. Mrs. Orme was already half-way across the court when he made his way up to her side and very gently touched her arm.

"Sir?" said she, looking round.

"Do not let her be too sure," he said. "Do not let her be overconfident. All that may go for nothing with a jury." Then he lifted his hat and left her.

All that go for nothing with a jury! She hardly understood this, but yet she felt that it all should go for nothing if right were done. Her mind was not argumentative, nor yet perhaps was her sense of true justice very acute. When Sir Peregrine had once hinted that it would be well that the criminal should be pronounced guilty, because in truth she had been guilty, Mrs. Orme by no means agreed with him.

But now, having heard how those wretched witnesses had been denounced, knowing how true had been the words they had spoken, knowing how false were those assurances of innocence with which Mr. Furnival had been so fluent, she felt something of that spirit which had actuated Sir Peregrine, and had almost thought that justice demanded a verdict against her friend.

"Do not let her be overconfident," Mr. Aram had said. But in truth Mrs. Orme, as she had listened to Mr. Furnival's speech, had become almost confident that Lady Mason would be acquitted. It had seemed to her impossible that any jury should pronounce her to be guilty after that speech. The state of her mind as she listened to it had been very painful. Lady Mason's hand had rested in her own during a great portion of it; and it would have been natural that she should give some encouragement to her companion by a touch, by a slight pressure, as the warm words of praise fell from the lawyer's mouth. But how could she do so, knowing that the praise was false? It was not possible to her to show her friendship by congratulating her friend on the success of a lie. Lady Mason also had, no doubt, felt this, for after a while her hand had been withdrawn, and they had both listened in silence, giving no signs to each other as to their feelings on the subject.

But as they sat together in the carriage Lucius did give vent to his feelings. "I can not understand why all that should not have been said before, and said in a manner to have been as convincing as it was to-day."

"I suppose there was no opportunity before the trial," said Mrs. Orme, feeling that she must say something, but feeling also how impossible it was to speak on the subject with any truth in the presence both of Lady Mason and her son.

"But an occasion should have been made," said Lucius. "It is monstrous that my mother should have been subjected to this accusation for months, and that no one till now should have spoken out to show how impossible it is that she should have been guilty."

"Ah! Lucius, you do not understand," said his mother.

"And I hope I never may," said he. "Why did not the jury get up in their seats at once and pronounce their verdict when Mr. Furnival's speech was over? Why should they wait there, giving another day of prolonged trouble, knowing as they must do what their verdict will be? To me all this is incomprehensible, seeing that no good can in any way come from it."

And so he went on, striving to urge his companions to speak upon a subject which to them did not admit of speech in his presence. It was very painful to them, for in addressing Mrs. Orme he almost demanded from her some expression of triumph. "You at least have believed in her innocence," he said at last, "and have not been ashamed to show that you did so."

"Lucius," said his mother, "we are very weary; do not speak to us now. Let us rest

till we are at home." Then they closed their eyes and there was silence till the carriage drove up to the door of Orley Farm House.

The two ladies immediately went up stairs, but Lucius, with more cheerfulness about him than he had shown for months past, remained below to give orders for their supper. It had been a joy to him to hear Joseph Mason and Dockwrath exposed, and to listen to those words which had so clearly told the truth as to his mother's history. All that torrent of indignant eloquence had been to him an enumeration of the simple facts—of the facts as he knew them to be—of the facts as they would now be made plain to all the world. At last the day had come when the cloud would be blown away. He, looking down from the height of his superior intellect on the folly of those below him, had been indignant at the great delay; but that he would now forgive.

They had not been long in the house, perhaps about fifteen minutes, when Mrs. Orme returned down stairs and gently entered the dining-room. He was still there, standing with his back to the fire and thinking over the work of the day.

"Your mother will not come down this evening, Mr. Mason."

"Not come down?"

"No; she is very tired—very tired indeed. I fear you hardly know how much she has gone through."

"Shall I go to her?" said Lucius.

"No, Mr. Mason, do not do that. I will return to her now. And—but—in a few minutes, Mr. Mason, I will come back to you again, for I shall have something to say to you."

"You will have tea here?"

"I don't know. I think not. When I have spoken to you I will go back to your mother. I came down now in order that you might not wait for us." And then she left the room and again went up stairs. It annoyed him that his mother should thus keep away from him, but still he did not think that there was any special reason for it. Mrs. Orme's manner had been strange; but then every thing around them in these days was strange, and it did not occur to him that Mrs. Orme would have aught to say in her promised interview which would bring to him any new cause for sorrow.

Lady Mason, when Mrs. Orme returned to her, was sitting exactly in the position in which she had been left. Her bonnet was off and was lying by her side, and she was seated in a large arm-chair, again holding both her hands to the sides of her head. No attempt had been made to smooth her hair or to remove the dust and soil which had come from the day's long sitting in the court. She was a woman very careful in her toilet, and scrupulously nice in all that touched her person. But now all that had been neglected, and her whole appearance was haggard and disheveled.

"You have not told him?" she said.

"No, I have not told him yet; but I have

bidden him expect me. He knows that I am coming to him."

"And how did he look?"

"I did not see his face." And then there was silence between them for a few minutes, during which Mrs. Orme stood at the back of Lady Mason's chair, with her hand on Lady Mason's shoulder. "Shall I go now, dear?" said Mrs. Orme.

"No; stay a moment; not yet. Oh, Mrs. Orme!"

"You will find that you will be stronger and better able to bear it when it has been done."

"Stronger! Why should I wish to be stronger? How will he bear it?"

"It will be a blow to him, of course."

"It will strike him to the ground, Mrs. Orme. I shall have murdered him. I do not think that he will live when he knows that he is so disgraced."

"He is a man, and will bear it as a man should do. Shall I do any thing for you before I go?"

"Stay a moment. Why must it be to-night?"

"He must not be in the court to-morrow. And what difference will one day make? He must know it when the property is given up."

Then there was a knock at the door, and a girl entered with a decanter, two wine-glasses, and a slice or two of bread-and-butter. "You must drink that," said Mrs. Orme, pouring out a glass of wine.

"And you?"

"Yes, I will take some too. There. I shall be stronger now. Nay, Lady Mason, you shall drink it. And now if you will take my advice you will go to bed."

"You will come to me again?"

"Yes; directly it is over. Of course I shall come to you. Am I not to stay here all night?"

"But him—I will not see him. He is not to come."

"That will be as he pleases."

"No. You promised that. I can not see him when he knows what I have done for him."

"Not to hear him say that he forgives you?"

"He will not forgive me. You do not know him. Could you bear to look at your boy if you had disgraced him forever?"

"Whatever I might have done he would not desert me. Nor will Lucius desert you. Shall I go now?"

"Ah me! Would that I were in my grave!"

Then Mrs. Orme bent over her and kissed her, pressed both her hands, then kissed her again, and silently creeping out of the room made her way once more slowly down stairs.

Mrs. Orme, as will have been seen, was sufficiently anxious to perform the task which she had given herself, but yet her heart sank within her as she descended to the parlor. It was indeed a terrible commission, and her readiness to undertake it had come not from any feeling on her own part that she was fit for the work and could do it without difficulty, but from the eagerness with which she had persuaded Lady

Mason that the thing must be done by some one. And now who else could do it? In Sir Peregrine's present state it would have been a cruelty to ask him; and then his feelings toward Lucius in the matter were not tender as were those of Mrs. Orme. She had been obliged to promise that she herself would do it, or otherwise she could not have urged the doing. And now the time had come. Immediately on their return to the house Mrs. Orme had declared that the story should be told at once; and then Lady Mason, sinking into the chair from which she had not since risen, had at length agreed that it should be so. The time had now come, and Mrs. Orme, whose footsteps down the stairs had not been audible, stood for a moment with the handle of the door in her hand.

Had it been possible she also would now have put it off till the morrow—would have put it off till any other time than that which was then present. All manner of thoughts crowded on her during those few seconds. In what way should she do it? What words should she use? How should she begin? She was to tell this young man that his mother had committed a crime of the very blackest dye, and now she felt that she should have prepared herself and resolved in what fashion this should be done. Might it not be well, she asked herself for one moment, that she should take the night to think of it and then see him in the morning? The idea, however, only lasted her for a moment, and then, fearing lest she might allow herself to be seduced into some weakness, she turned the handle and entered the room.

He was still standing with his back to the fire, leaning against the mantle-piece, and thinking over the occurrences of the day that was past. His strongest feeling now was one of hatred to Joseph Mason—of hatred mixed with thorough contempt. What must men say of him after such a struggle on his part to ruin the fame of a lady and to steal the patrimony of a brother! "Is she still determined not to come down?" he said as soon as he saw Mrs. Orme.

"No; she will not come down to-night, Mr. Mason. I have something that I must tell you."

"What! is she ill? Has it been too much for her?"

"Mr. Mason," she said, "I hardly know how to do what I have undertaken." And he could see that she actually trembled as she spoke to him.

"What is it, Mrs. Orme? Is it any thing about the property? I think you need hardly be afraid of me. I believe I may say I could bear any thing of that kind."

"Mr. Mason—" And then again she stopped herself. How was she to speak this horrible word?

"Is it any thing about the trial?" He was now beginning to be frightened, feeling that something terrible was coming; but still of the absolute truth he had no suspicion.

"Oh! Mr. Mason, if it were possible that I could spare you I would do so. If there were

any escape—any way in which it might be avoided."

"What is it?" said he. And now his voice was hoarse and low, for a feeling of fear had come upon him. "I am a man and can bear it, whatever it is."

"You must be a man then, for it is very terrible. Mr. Mason, that will, you know—"

"You mean the codicil?"

"The will that gave you the property—"

"Yes."

"It was not done by your father."

"Who says so?"

"It is too sure. It was not done by him—nor by them—those other people who were in the court to-day."

"But who says so? How is it known? If my father did not sign it, it is a forgery; and who forged it? Those wretches have bought over some one and you have been deceived, Mrs. Orme. It is not of the property I am thinking, but of my mother. If it were as you say my mother must have known it?"

"Ah! yes."

"And you mean that she did know it; that she knew it was a forgery?"

"Oh! Mr. Mason."

"Heaven and earth! Let me go to her. If she were to tell me so herself I would not believe it of her. Ah! she has told you?"

"Yes; she has told me."

"Then she is mad. This has been too much for her, and her brain has gone with it. Let me go to her, Mrs. Orme."

"No, no; you must not go to her." And Mrs. Orme put herself directly before the door. "She is not mad—not now. Then, at that time, we must think she was so. It is not so now."

"I can not understand you." And he put his left hand up to his forehead as though to steady his thoughts. "I do not understand you. If the will be a forgery, who did it?"

This question she could not answer at the moment. She was still standing against the door, and her eyes fell to the ground. "Who did it?" he repeated. "Whose hand wrote my father's name?"

"You must be merciful, Mr. Mason."

"Merciful; to whom?"

"To your mother."

"Merciful to my mother! Mrs. Orme, speak out to me. If the will was forged, who forged it? You can not mean to tell me that she did it!"

She did not answer him at the moment in words, but coming close up to him she took both his hands in hers, and then looked steadfastly up into his eyes. His face had now become almost convulsed with emotion, and his brow was very black. "Do you wish me to believe that my mother forged the will herself?" Then again he paused, but she said nothing. "Woman, it's a lie!" he exclaimed; and then tearing his hands from her, shaking her off, and striding away with quick footsteps, he threw

himself on a sofa that stood in the furthest part of the room.

She paused for a moment, and then followed him very gently. She followed him and stood over him in silence for a moment as he lay with his face from her. "Mr. Mason," she said, at last, "you told me that you would bear this like a man."

But he made her no answer, and she went on. "Mr. Mason, it is as I tell you. Years and years ago, when you were a baby, and when she thought that your father was unjust to you—for your sake—to remedy that injustice, she did this thing."

"What—forged his name! It must be a lie. Though an angel came to tell me so, it would be a lie! What—my mother!" And now he turned round and faced her, still, however, lying on the sofa.

"It is true, Mr. Mason. Oh, how I wish that it were not! But you must forgive her. It is years ago, and she has repented of it. Sir Peregrine has forgiven her, and I have done so."

And then she told him the whole story. She told him why the marriage had been broken off, and described to him the manner in which the truth had been made known to Sir Peregrine. It need hardly be said that in doing so she dealt as softly as was possible with his mother's name; but yet she told him every thing. "She wrote it herself in the night."

"What, all—all the names herself?"

"Yes, all."

"Mrs. Orme, it can not be so. I will not believe it. To me it is impossible. That you believe it I do not doubt, but I can not. Let me go to her. I will go to her myself. But even should she say so herself I will not believe it."

But she would not let him go up stairs even though he attempted to move her from the door almost with violence. "No; not till you say that you will forgive her and be gentle with her. And it must not be to-night. We will be up early in the morning, and you can see her before we go if you will be gentle to her."

He still persisted that he did not believe the story; but it became clear to her, by degrees, that the meaning of it all had at last sunk into his mind, and that he did believe it. Over and over again she told him all that she knew, explaining to him what his mother had suffered, making him perceive why she had removed herself out of his hands, and had leaned on others for advice. And she told him also that though they still hoped that the jury might acquit her, the property must be abandoned.

"I will leave the house this night if you wish it," he said.

"When it is all over, when she has been acquitted and shall have gone away, then let it be done. Mr. Mason, you will go with her, will you not?" And then again there was a pause.

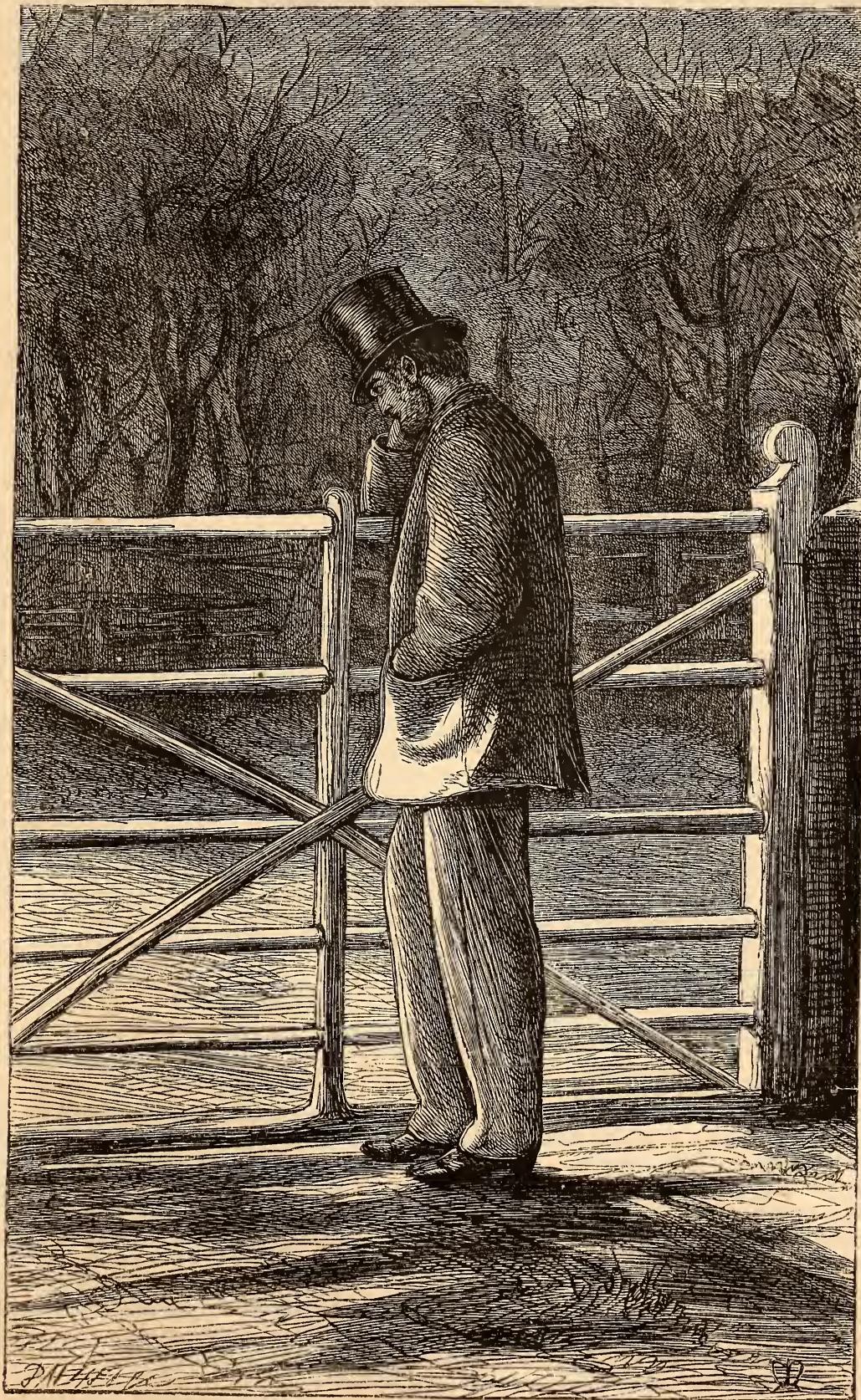
"Mrs. Orme, it is impossible that I should say now what I may do. It seems to me as

though I could not live through it. I do not believe it. I can not believe it."

As soon as she had exacted a promise from him that he would not go to his mother, at any rate without further notice, she herself went up stairs, and found Lady Mason lying on her bed.

At first Mrs. Orme thought that she was asleep, but no such comfort had come to the poor woman. "Does he know it?" she asked.

Mrs. Orme's task for that night was by no means yet done. After remaining for a while with Lady Mason she again returned to Lucius,



LUCIUS MASON AT THE GATE.

and was in this way a bearer of messages between them. There was at last no question as to doubting the story. He did believe it. He could not avoid the necessity for such belief. "Yes," he said, when Mrs. Orme spoke again of his leaving the place, "I will go and hide myself; and as for her—"

"But you will go with her—if the jury do not say that she was guilty—"

"Oh, Mrs. Orme!"

"If they do, you will come back for her when the time of her punishment is over? She is still your mother, Mr. Mason."

At last the work of the night was done, and the two ladies went to their beds. The understanding was that Lucius should see his mother before they started in the morning, but that he should not again accompany them to the court. Mrs. Orme's great object had been—her great object as regarded the present moment—to prevent his presence in court when the verdict should be given. In this she had succeeded. She could now wish for an acquittal with a clear conscience; and could, as it were, absolve the sinner within her own heart, seeing that there was no longer any doubt as to the giving up of the property. Whatever might be the verdict of the jury Joseph Mason of Groby would, without doubt, obtain the property which belonged to him.

"Good-night, Mr. Mason," Mrs. Orme said at last, as she gave him her hand.

"Good-night. I believe that in my madness I spoke to you to-night like a brute."

"No, no. It was nothing. I did not think of it."

"When you think of how it was with me, you will forgive me."

She pressed his hand and again told him that she had not thought of it. It was nothing. And indeed it had been as nothing to her. There may be moments in a man's life when any words may be forgiven, even though they be spoken to a woman.

When Mrs. Orme was gone he stood for a while perfectly motionless in the dining-room, and then coming out into the hall he opened the front door, and taking his hat went out into the night. It was still winter, but the night, though cold and very dark, was fine, and the air was sharp with the beginning frost. Leaving the door open he walked forth, and passing out on to the road went down from thence to the gate. It had been his constant practice to walk up and down from his own hall door to his own gate on the high road, perhaps comforting himself too warmly with the reflection that the ground on which he walked was all his own. He had no such comfort now, as he made his way down the accustomed path and leaned upon the gate, thinking over what he had heard.

A forger! At some such hour as this, with patient premeditated care, she had gone to work and committed one of the vilest crimes known to man. And this was his mother! And he—he, Lucius Mason—had been living for years on the

fruit of this villainy; had been so living till this terrible day of retribution had come upon him! I fear that at that moment he thought more of his own misery than he did of hers, and hardly considered, as he surely should have done, that mother's love which had led to all this guilt. And for a moment he resolved that he would not go back to the house. His head, he said to himself, should never again rest under a roof which belonged of right to Joseph Mason. He had injured Joseph Mason; had injured him innocently, indeed, as far as he himself was concerned; but he had injured him greatly, and therefore now hated him all the more. "He shall have it instantly," he said, and walked forth into the high road as though he would not allow his feet to rest again on his brother's property.

But he was forced to remember that this could not be so. His mother's trial was not yet over, and even in the midst of his own personal trouble he remembered that the verdict to her was still a matter of terrible import. He would not let it be known that he had abandoned the property, at any rate till that verdict had been given. And then as he moved back to the house he tried to think in what way it would become him to behave to his mother. "She can never be my mother again," he said to himself. They were terrible words; but then was not his position very terrible?

And when at last he had bolted the front door; going through the accustomed task mechanically, and had gone up stairs to his own room, he had failed to make up his mind on this subject. Perhaps it would be better that he should not see her. What could he say to her? What word of comfort could he speak? It was not only that she had beggared him! Nay; it was not that at all! But she had doomed him to a life of disgrace which no effort of his own could wipe away. And then as he threw himself on his bed he thought of Sophia Furnival. Would she share his disgrace with him? Was it possible that there might be solace there?

Quite impossible, we should say, who know her well.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

JUDGE STAVELEY, whose court had not been kept sitting to a late hour by any such eloquence as that of Mr. Furnival, had gone home before the business of the other court had closed. Augustus, who was his father's marshal, remained for his friend, and had made his way in among the crowd, so as to hear the end of the speech.

"Don't wait dinner for us," he had said to his father. "If you do you will be hating us all the time; and we sha'n't be there till between eight and nine."

"I should be sorry to hate you," said the judge, "and so I won't." When therefore Felix

Graham escaped from the court at about half-past seven, the two young men were able to take their own time and eat their dinner together comfortably, enjoying their bottle of Champagne between them perhaps more thoroughly than they would have done had the judge and Mrs. Staveley shared it with them.

But Felix had something of which to think besides the Champagne—something which was of more consequence to him even than the trial in which he was engaged. Madeline had promised that she would meet him that evening; or rather had not so promised. When asked to do so she had not refused, but even while not refusing had reminded him that her mother would be there. Her manner to him had, he thought, been cold, though she had not been ungracious. Upon the whole, he could not make up his mind to expect success. "Then he must have been a fool!" the reader learned in such matters will say. The reader learned in such matters is, I think, right. In that respect he was a fool.

"I suppose we must give the governor the benefit of our company over his wine," said Augustus, as soon as their dinner was over.

"I suppose we ought to do so."

"And why not? Is there any objection?"

"To tell the truth," said Graham, "I have an appointment which I am very anxious to keep."

"An appointment? Where? Here at Noningsby, do you mean?"

"In this house. But yet I can not say that it is absolutely an appointment. I am going to ask your sister what my fate is to be."

"And that is the appointment! Very well, my dear fellow; and may God prosper you! If you can convince the governor that it is all right, I shall make no objection. I wish, for Madeline's sake, that you had not such a terrible bee in your bonnet."

"And you will go to the judge alone?"

"Oh yes. I'll tell him—What shall I tell him?"

"The truth, if you will. Good-by, old fellow! You will not see me again to-night, nor yet to-morrow in this house, unless I am more fortunate than I have any right to hope to be."

"Faint heart never won fair lady, you know," said Augustus.

"My heart is faint enough then; but nevertheless I shall say what I have got to say." And then he got up from the table.

"If you don't come down to us," said Augustus, "I shall come up to you. But may God speed you! And now I'll go to the governor."

Felix made his way from the small breakfast-parlor in which they had dined across the hall into the drawing-room, and there he found Lady Staveley alone. "So the trial is not over yet, Mr. Graham?" she said.

"No; there will be another day of it."

"And what will be the verdict? Is it possible that she really forged the will?"

"Ah! that I can not say. You know that I am one of her counsel, Lady Staveley?"

"Yes; I should have remembered that, and been more discreet. If you are looking for Madeline, Mr. Graham, I think that she is in the library."

"Oh! thank you—in the library." And then Felix got himself out of the drawing-room into the hall again not in the most graceful manner. He might have gone direct from the drawing-room to the library, but this he did not remember. It was very odd, he thought, that Lady Staveley, of whose dislike to him he had felt sure, should have thus sent him direct to her daughter, and have become a party, as it were, to an appointment between them. But he had not much time to think of this before he found himself in the room. There, sure enough, was Madeline waiting to listen to his story. She was seated when he entered, with her back to him; but as she heard him she rose, and, after pausing for a moment, she stepped forward to meet him.

"You and Augustus were very late to-day," she said.

"Yes. I was kept there, and he was good enough to wait for me."

"You said you wanted to—speak to me," she said, hesitating a little, but yet very little; "to speak to me alone; and so mamma said I had better come in here. I hope you are not vexed that I should have told her."

"Certainly not, Miss Staveley."

"Because I have no secrets from mamma."

"Nor do I wish that any thing should be secret. I hate all secracies. Miss Staveley, your father knows of my intention."

On this point Madeline did not feel it to be necessary to say any thing. Of course her father knew of the intention. Had she not received her father's sanction for listening to Mr. Graham she would not have been alone with him in the library. It might be that the time would come in which she would explain all this to her lover, but that time had not come yet. So when he spoke of her father she remained silent, and allowing her eyes to fall to the ground she stood before him, waiting to hear his question.

"Miss Staveley," he said; and he was conscious himself of being very awkward. Much more so, indeed, than there was any need, for Madeline was not aware that he was awkward. In her eyes he was quite master of the occasion, and seemed to have every thing his own way. He had already done all that was difficult in the matter, and had done it without any awkwardness. He had already made himself master of her heart, and it was only necessary now that he should enter in and take possession. The ripe fruit had fallen, as Miss Furnival had once chosen to express it, and there he was to pick it up, if only he considered it worth his trouble to do so. That manner of the picking would not signify much, as Madeline thought. That he desired to take it into his garner and preserve it

for his life's use was every thing to her, but the method of his words at the present moment was not much. He was her lord and master. He was the one man who had conquered and taken possession of her spirit; and as to his being awkward, there was not much in that. Nor do I say that he was awkward. He spoke his mind in honest, plain terms, and I do not know he could have done better.

"Miss Staveley," he said, "in asking you to see me alone I have made a great venture. I am indeed risking all that I most value." And then he paused, as though he expected that she would speak. But she still kept her eyes upon the ground, and still stood silent before him. "I can not but think you must guess my purpose," he said, "though I acknowledge that I have had nothing that can warrant me in hoping for a favorable answer. There is my hand; if you can take it you need not doubt that you have my heart with it." And then he held out to her his broad, right hand.

Madeline still stood silent before him and still fixed her eyes upon the ground, but very slowly she raised her little hand and allowed her soft slight fingers to rest upon his open palm. It was as though she thus affixed her legal signature and seal to the deed of gift. She had not said a word to him; not a word of love or a word of assent; but no such word was now necessary.

"Madeline, my own Madeline," he said; and then taking unfair advantage of the fingers which she had given him he drew her to his breast and folded her in his arms.

It was nearly an hour after this when he returned to the drawing-room. "Do go in now," she said. "You must not wait any longer; indeed you must go."

"And you—; you will come in present.y."

"It is already nearly eleven. No, I will not show myself again to-night. Mamma will soon come up to me, I know. Good-night, Felix. Do you go now, and I will follow you." And then after some further little ceremony he left her.

When he entered the drawing-room Lady Staveley was there, and the judge with his tea-cup beside him, and Augustus standing with his back to the fire. Felix walked up to the circle, and taking a chair sat down, but at the moment said nothing.

"You didn't get any wine after your day's toil, Master Graham," said the judge.

"Indeed I did, Sir. We had some Champagne."

"Champagne, had you? Then I ought to have waited for my guest, for I got none. You had a long day of it in court."

"Yes, indeed, Sir."

"And I am afraid not very satisfactory." To this Graham made no immediate answer, but he could not refrain from thinking that the day, taken altogether, had been satisfactory to him.

And then Baker came into the room, and going close up to Lady Staveley whispered some-

thing in her ear. "Oh, ah, yes," said Lady Staveley. "I must wish you good-night, Mr. Graham." And she took his hand, pressing it very warmly. But though she wished him good-night then, she saw him again before he went to bed. It was a family in which all home affairs were very dear, and a new son could not be welcomed into it without much expression of affection.

"Well, Sir! and how have you sped since dinner?" the judge asked as soon as the door was closed behind his wife.

"I have proposed to your daughter and she has accepted me." And as he said so he rose from the chair in which he had just now seated himself.

"Then, my boy, I hope you will make her a good husband;" and the judge gave him his hand.

"I will try to do so. I can not but feel, however, how little right I had to ask her, seeing that I am likely to be so poor a man."

"Well, well, well—we will talk of that another time. At present we will only sing your triumphs—

"So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

"Felix, my dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart," said Augustus. "But I did not know you were good as a warrior."

"Ah, but he is though," said the judge. "What do you think of his wounds? And if all that I hear be true, he has other battles on hand. But we must not speak about that till this poor lady's trial is over."

"I need hardly tell you, Sir," said Graham, with that sheep-like air which a man always carries on such occasions, "that I regard myself as the most fortunate man in the world."

"Quite unnecessary," said the judge. "On such occasions that is taken as a matter of course." And then the conversation between them for the next ten minutes was rather dull and flat.

Up stairs the same thing was going on, in a manner somewhat more animated, between the mother and daughter—for ladies on such occasions can be more animated than men.

"Oh, mamma, you must love him," Madeline said.

"Yes, my dear; of course I shall love him now. Your papa says that he is very clever."

"I know papa likes him. I knew that from the very first. I think that was the reason why—"

"And I suppose clever people are the best—that is to say, if they are good."

"And isn't he good?"

"Well—I hope so. Indeed, I'm sure he is. Mr. Orme was a very good young man too; but it's no good talking about him now."

"Mamma, that never could have come to pass."

"Very well, my dear. It's over now, and of course all that I looked for was your happiness."

"I know that, mamma; and indeed I am very happy. I'm sure I could not ever have liked any one else since I first knew him."

Lady Staveley still thought it very odd, but she had nothing else to say. As regarded the pecuniary considerations of the affair she left them altogether to her husband, feeling that in this way she could relieve herself from misgivings which might otherwise make her unhappy. "And after all I don't know that his ugliness signifies," she said to herself. And so she made up her mind that she would be loving and affectionate to him, and sat up till she heard his footsteps in the passage, in order that she might speak to him, and make him welcome to the privileges of a son-in-law.

"Mr. Graham," she said, opening her door as he passed by.

"Of course she has told you," said Felix.

"Oh yes, she has told me. We don't have many secrets in this house. And I'm sure I congratulate you with all my heart; and I think you have got the very best girl in all the world. Of course I'm her mother; but I declare, if I was to talk of her for a week, I could not say any thing of her but good."

"I know how fortunate I am."

"Yes, you are fortunate. For there is nothing in the world equal to a loving wife who will do her duty. And I'm sure you'll be good to her."

"I will endeavor to be so."

"A man must be very bad indeed who would be bad to her—and I don't think that of you. And it's a great thing, Mr. Graham, that Madeline should have loved a man of whom her papa is so fond. I don't know what you have done to the judge, I'm sure." This she said, remembering in the innocence of her heart that Mr. Arbuthnot had been a son-in-law rather after her own choice, and that the judge always declared that his eldest daughter's husband had seldom much to say for himself.

"And I hope that Madeline's mother will receive me as kindly as Madeline's father," said he, taking Lady Staveley's hand and pressing it.

"Indeed I will. I will love you very dearly if you will let me. My girls' husbands are the same to me as sons." Then she put up her face and he kissed it, and so they wished each other good-night.

He found Augustus in his own room, and they two had hardly sat themselves down over the fire, intending to recall the former scenes which had taken place in that very room, when a knock was heard at the door, and Mrs. Baker entered.

"And so it's all settled, Mr. Felix," said she.

"Yes," said he; "all settled."

"Well now! didn't I know it from the first?"

"Then what a wicked old woman you were not to tell!" said Augustus.

"That's all very well, Master Augustus. How would you like me to tell of you—for I could, you know?"

"You wicked old woman, you couldn't do any thing of the kind!"

"Oh, couldn't I? But I defy all the world to say a word of Miss Madeline but what's good—only I did know all along which way the wind was blowing. Lord love you, Mr. Graham, when you came in here all of a smash like, I knew it wasn't for nothing."

"You think he did it on purpose then," said Staveley.

"Did it on purpose? What—make up to Miss Madeline? Why, of course he did it on purpose. He's been a-thinking of it ever since Christmas night, when I saw you, Master Augustus, and a certain young lady when you came out into the dark passage together."

"That's a downright falsehood, Mrs. Baker."

"Oh—very well. Perhaps I was mistaken. But now, Mr. Graham, if you don't treat our Miss Madeline well—"

"That's just what I've been telling him," said her brother. "If he uses her ill, as he did his former wife—breaks her heart as he did with that one—"

"His former wife!" said Mrs. Baker.

"Haven't you heard of that? Why, he's had two already."

"Two wives already! Oh now, Master Augustus, what an old fool I am ever to believe a word that comes out of your mouth!" Then, having uttered her blessing, and having had her hand cordially grasped by this new scion of the Staveley family, the old woman left the young men to themselves, and went to her bed.

"Now that it is done—" said Felix.

"You wish it were undone."

"No, by Heaven! I think I may venture to say that it will never come to me to wish that. But now that it is done, I am astonished at my own impudence almost as much as at my success. Why should your father have welcomed me to his house as his son-in-law, seeing how poor are my prospects?"

"Just for that reason; and because he is so different from other men. I have no doubt that he is proud of Madeline for having liked a man with an ugly face and no money."

"If I had been beautiful like you I shouldn't have had a chance with him."

"Not if you'd been weighted with money also. Now, as for myself, I confess I'm not nearly so magnanimous as my father, and, for Mad's sake, I do hope you will get rid of your vagaries. An income, I know, is a very commonplace sort of thing; but when a man has a family there are comforts attached to it."

"I am, at any rate, willing to work," said Graham, somewhat moodily.

"Yes, if you may work exactly in your own way. But men in the world can't do that. A man, as I take it, must through life allow himself to be governed by the united wisdom of others around him. He can not take upon himself to judge as to every step by his own lights. If he does, he will be dead before he has made up his mind as to the preliminaries." And in this way Augustus Staveley, from the depth of his

life's experience, spoke words of worldly wisdom to his future brother-in-law.

On the next morning, before he started again for Alston and his now odious work, Graham succeeded in getting Madeline to himself for five minutes. "I saw both your father and mother last night," said he, "and I shall never forget their goodness to me."

"Yes, they are good."

"It seems like a dream to me that they should have accepted me as their son-in-law."

"But it is no dream to me, Felix; or if so, I do not mean to wake any more. I used to think that I should never care very much for any body out of my own family; but now—" And she then pressed her little hand upon his arm.

"And Felix," she said, as he prepared to leave her, "you are not to go away from Noningsby when the trial is over. I wanted mamma to tell you, but she said I'd better do it."

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE LAST DAY.

MRS. ORME was up very early on that last morning of the trial, and had dressed herself before Lady Mason was awake. It was now March, but yet the morning light was hardly sufficient for her as she went through her toilet. They had been told to be in the court very punctually at ten, and in order to do so they must leave Orley Farm at nine. Before that, as had been arranged overnight, Lucius was to see his mother.

"You haven't told him! he doesn't know!" were the first words which Lady Mason spoke as she raised her head from the pillow. But then she remembered. "Ah, yes!" she said, as she again sank back and hid her face, "he knows it all now."

"Yes, dear—he knows it all; and is it not better so? He will come and see you, and when that is over you will be more comfortable than you have been for years past."

Lucius also had been up early, and when he learned that Mrs. Orme was dressed, he sent up to her begging that he might see her. Mrs. Orme at once went to him, and found him seated at the breakfast table with his head resting on his arm. His face was pale and haggard, and his hair was uncombed. He had not been undressed that night, and his clothes hung on him as they always do hang on a man who has passed a sleepless night in them. To Mrs. Orme's inquiry after himself he answered not a word, nor did he at first ask after his mother. "That was all true that you told me last night?"

"Yes, Mr. Mason, it was true."

"And she and I must be outcasts forever. I will endeavor to bear it, Mrs. Orme. As I did not put an end to my life last night I suppose that I shall live and bear it. Does she expect to see me?"

"I told her that you would come to her this morning."

"And what shall I say? I would not condemn my own mother; but how can I not condemn her?"

"Tell her at once that you will forgive her."

"But it will be a lie. I have not forgiven her. I loved my mother and esteemed her as a pure and excellent woman. I was proud of my mother. How can I forgive her for having destroyed such feelings as those?"

"There should be nothing that a son would not forgive his mother."

"Ah! that is so easily spoken. Men talk of forgiveness when their anger rankles deepest in their hearts. In the course of years I shall forgive her. I hope I shall. But to say that I can forgive her now would be a farce. She has broken my heart, Mrs. Orme."

"And has not she suffered herself? Is not her heart broken?"

"I have been thinking of that all night. I can not understand how she should have lived for the last six months. Well; is it time that I should go to her?"

Mrs. Orme again went up stairs, and after another interval of half an hour returned to fetch him. She almost regretted that she had undertaken to bring them together on that morning, thinking that it might have been better to postpone the interview till the trial should be over. She had expected that Lucius would have been softer in his manner. But it was too late for any such thought.

"You will find her dressed now, Mr. Mason," said she; "but I conjure you, as you hope for mercy yourself, to be merciful to her. She is your mother, and though she has injured you by her folly, her heart has been true to you through it all. Go now, and remember that harshness to any woman is unmanly."

"I can only act as I think best," he replied, in that low stern voice which was habitual to him; and then with slow steps he went up to his mother's room.

When he entered it she was standing with her eyes fixed upon the door and her hands clasped together. So she stood till he had closed the door behind him, and had taken a few steps on toward the centre of the room. Then she rushed forward, and throwing herself on the ground before him clasped him round the knees with her arms. "My boy, my boy!" she said. And then she lay there bathing his feet with her tears.

"Oh! mother, what is this that she has told me?"

But Lady Mason at the moment spoke no further words. It seemed as though her heart would have burst with sobs, and when for a moment she lifted up her face to his, the tears were streaming down her cheeks. Had it not been for that relief she could not have borne the sufferings which were heaped upon her.

"Mother, get up," he said. "Let me raise you. It is dreadful that you should lie there."

Mother, let me lift you." But she still clung to his knees, groveling on the ground before him. "Lucius, Lucius!" she said, and she then sank away from him as though the strength of her muscles would no longer allow her to cling to him. She sank away from him and lay along the ground, hiding her face upon the floor.

"Mother," he said, taking her gently by the arm as he knelt by her side, "if you will rise I will speak to you."

"Your words will kill me," she said. "I do not dare to look at you. Oh! Lucius, will you ever forgive me?"

And yet she had done it all for him. She had done a rascally deed, a hideous cut-throat deed, but it had been done altogether for him. No thought of her own aggrandizement had touched her mind when she resolved upon that forgery. As Rebekah had deceived her lord and robbed Esau, the first-born, of his birthright, so had she robbed him who was as Esau to her. How often had she thought of that, while her conscience was pleading hard against her! Had it been imputed as a crime to Rebekah that she had loved her own son well, and loving him had put a crown upon his head by means of her matchless guile? Did she love Lucius, her babe, less than Rebekah had loved Jacob? And had she not striven with the old man, struggling that she might do this just thing without injustice, till in his anger he had thrust her from him. "I will not break my promise for the brat," the old man had said; and then she did the deed. But all that was as nothing now. She felt no comfort now from that Bible story which had given her such encouragement before the thing was finished. Now the result of evil-doing had come full home to her, and she was seeking pardon with a broken heart, while burning tears furrowed her cheeks—not from him whom she had thought to injure, but from the child of her own bosom, for whose prosperity she had been so anxious.

Then she slowly arose and allowed him to place her upon the sofa. "Mother," he said, "it is all over here."

"Ah! yes."

"Whither we had better go I can not yet say—or when. We must wait till this day is ended."

"Lucius, I care nothing for myself—nothing. It is nothing to me whether or no they say that I am guilty. It is of you only that I am thinking."

"Our lot, mother, must still be together. If they find you guilty you will be imprisoned, and then I will go, and come back when they release you. For you and me the future world will be very different from the past."

"It need not be so—for you, Lucius. I do not wish to keep you near me now."

"But I shall be near you. Where you hide your shame there will I hide mine. In this world there is nothing left for us. But there is another world before you—if you can repent of

your sin." This too he said very sternly, standing somewhat away from her, and frowning the while with those gloomy eyebrows. Sad as was her condition he might have given her solace, could he have taken her by the hand and kissed her. Peregrine Orme would have done so, or Augustus Staveley, could it have been possible that they should have found themselves in that position. Though Lucius Mason could not do so, he was not less just than they, and, it may be, not less loving in his heart. He could devote himself for his mother's sake as absolutely as could they. But to some is given and to some is denied that curse of heavenly balm with which all wounds can be assuaged and sore hearts ever relieved of some portion of their sorrow. Of all the virtues with which man can endow himself surely none other is so odious as that justice which can teach itself to look down upon mercy almost as a vice!

"I will not ask you to forgive me," she said, plaintively.

"Mother," he answered, "were I to say that I forgave you my words would be a mockery. I have no right either to condemn or to forgive. I accept my position as it has been made for me, and will endeavor to do my duty."

It would have been almost better for her that he should have upbraided her for her wickedness. She would then have fallen again prostrate before him, if not in body at least in spirit, and her weakness would have stood for her in the place of strength. But now it was necessary that she should hear his words and bear his looks—bear them like a heavy burden on her back without absolutely sinking. It had been that necessity of bearing and never absolutely sinking which, during years past, had so tried and tested the strength of her heart and soul. Seeing that she had not sunk, we may say that her strength had been very wonderful.

And then she stood up and came close to him. "But you will give me your hand, Lucius?"

"Yes, mother; there is my hand. I shall stand by you through it all." But he did not offer to kiss her; and there was still some pride in her heart which would not allow her to ask him for an embrace.

"And now," he said, "it is time that you should prepare to go. Mrs. Orme thinks it better that I should not accompany you."

"No, Lucius, no; you must not hear them proclaim my guilt in court."

"That would make but little difference. But nevertheless I will not go. Had I known this before I should not have gone there. It was to testify my belief in your innocence; nay, my conviction—"

"Oh, Lucius, spare me!"

"Well, I will speak of it no more. I shall be here to-night when you come back."

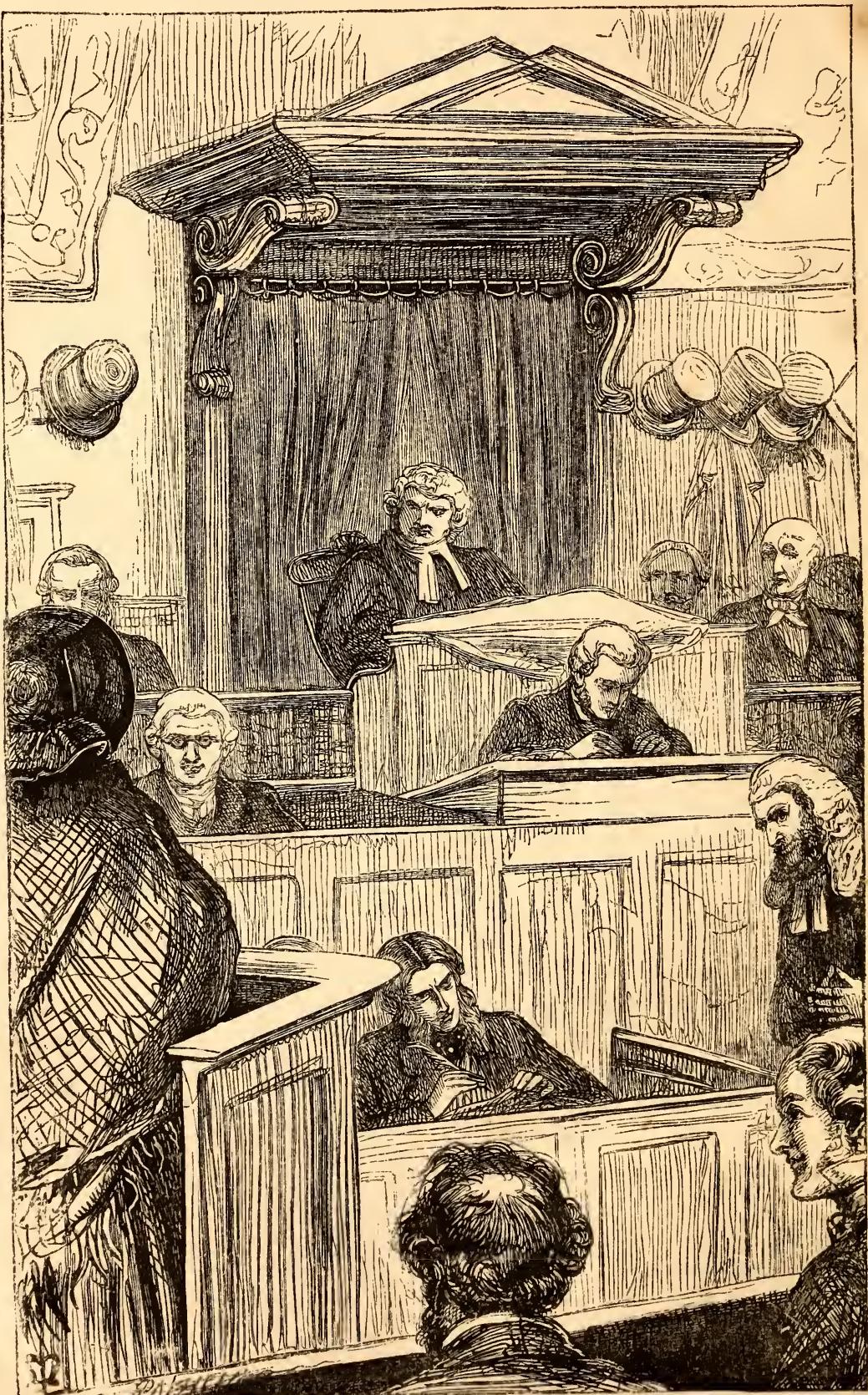
"But if they say that I am guilty they will take me away."

"If so I will come to you—in the morning, if they will let me. But, mother, in any case I must leave this house to-morrow." Then again

he gave her his hand, but he left her without touching her with his lips.

When the two ladies appeared in court together without Lucius Mason there was much question among the crowd as to the cause of his absence. Both Dockwrath and Joseph Mason

looked at it in the right light, and accepted it as a ground for renewed hope. "He dare not face the verdict," said Dockwrath. And yet when they had left the court on the preceding evening, after listening to Mr. Furnival's speech, their hopes had not been very high. Dockwrath had



BRIDGET BOLSTER IN COURT.

not admitted with words that he feared defeat, but when Mason had gnashed his teeth as he walked up and down his room at Alston, and striking the table with his clenched fist had declared his fears, "By Heavens they will escape me again!" Dockwrath had not been able to give him substantial comfort. "The jury are not such fools as to take all that for gospel," he had said. But he had not said it with that tone of assured conviction which he had always used till Mr. Furnival's speech had been made. There could have been no greater attestation to the power displayed by Mr. Furnival than Mr. Mason's countenance as he left the court on that evening. "I suppose it will cost me hundreds of pounds," he said to Dockwrath that evening. "Orley Farm will pay for it all," Dockwrath had answered; but his answer had shown no confidence. And, if we think well of it, Joseph Mason was deserving of pity. He wanted only what was his own; and that Orley Farm ought to be his own he had no smallest doubt. Mr. Furnival had not in the least shaken him; but he had made him feel that others would be shaken. "If it could only be left to the judge," thought Mr. Mason to himself. And then he began to consider whether this British palladium of a unanimous jury had not in it more of evil than of good.

Young Peregrine Orme again met his mother at the door of the court, and at her instance gave his arm to Lady Mason. Mr. Aram was also there; but Mr. Aram had great tact, and did not offer his arm to Mrs. Orme, contenting himself with making a way for her and walking beside her. "I am glad that her son has not come to-day," he said, not bringing his head suspiciously close to hers, but still speaking so that none but she might hear him. "He has done all the good that he could do; and as there is only the judge's charge to hear, the jury will not notice his absence. Of course we hope for the best, Mrs. Orme, but it is doubtful."

As Felix Graham took his place next to Chaffanbrass the old lawyer scowled at him, turning his red old savage eyes first on him and then from him, growling the while, so that the whole court might notice it. The legal portion of the court did notice it and were much amused. "Good-morning, Mr. Chaffanbrass," said Graham quite aloud as he took his seat; and then Chaffanbrass growled again. Considering the lights with which he had been lightened, there was a species of honesty about Mr. Chaffanbrass which certainly deserved praise. He was always true to the man whose money he had taken, and gave to his customer, with all the power at his command, that assistance which he had professed to sell. But we may give the same praise to the hired bravo who goes through with truth and courage the task which he has undertaken. I knew an assassin in Ireland who professed that, during twelve years of practice in Tipperary, he had never failed when he had once engaged himself. For truth and honesty to their customers—which are great virtues—I would bracket that man and Mr. Chaffanbrass together.

And then the judge commenced his charge, and as he went on with it he repudiated all the evidence that was in any way of moment, pulling the details to pieces, and dividing that which bore upon the subject from that which did not. This he did with infinite talent and with a perspicuity beyond all praise. But to my thinking it was remarkable that he seemed to regard the witnesses as a dissecting surgeon may be supposed to regard the subjects on which he operates for the advancement of science. With exquisite care he displayed what each had said, and how the special saying of one bore on that special saying of another. But he never spoke of them as though they had been live men and women, who were themselves as much entitled to justice at his hands as either the prosecutor in this matter or she who was being prosecuted; who, indeed, if any thing, were better entitled unless he could show that they were false and suborned; for unless they were suborned or false they were there doing a painful duty to the public, for which they were to receive no pay, and from which they were to obtain no benefit. Of whom else in that court could so much be said? The judge there had his ermine and his canopy, his large salary and his seat of honor. And the lawyers had their wigs, and their own loud voices, and their places of precedence. The attorneys had their seats and their big tables, and the somewhat familiar respect of the tipstaves. The jury, though not much to be envied, were addressed with respect and flattery, had their honorable seats, and were invariably at least called gentlemen. But why should there be no seat of honor for the witnesses? To stand in a box, to be bawled after by the police, to be scowled at and scolded by the judge, to be brow-beaten and accused falsely by the barristers, and then to be condemned as perjurors by the jury—that is the fate of the one person who, during the whole trial, is perhaps entitled to the greatest respect, and is certainly entitled to the most public gratitude. Let the witness have a big arm-chair, and a canopy over him, and a man behind him with a red cloak to do him honor and keep the flies off; let him be gently invited to come forward from some inner room where he can sit before a fire. Then he will be able to speak out, making himself heard without scolding, and will perhaps be able to make a fair fight with the cocks who can crow so loudly on their own dunghills.

The judge in this case did his work with admirable skill, blowing aside the froth of Mr. Furnival's eloquence, and upsetting the sophistry and false deductions of Mr. Chaffanbrass. The case for the jury, as he said, hung altogether upon the evidence of Kenneby and the woman Bolster. As far as he could see, the evidence of Dockwrath had little to do with it; and alleged malice and greed on the part of Dockwrath could have nothing to do with it. The jury might take it as proved that Lady Mason at the former trial had sworn that she had been present when her husband signed the codicil, and

had seen the different signatures affixed to it. They might also take it as proved that that other deed—the deed purporting to close a partnership between Sir Joseph Mason and Mr. Martoeck—had been executed on the 14th of July, and that it had been signed by Sir Joseph, and also by those two surviving witnesses, Kenneby and Bolster. The question, therefore, for the consideration of the jury had narrowed itself to this: had two deeds been executed by Sir Joseph Mason, both bearing the same date? If this had not been done, and if that deed with reference to the partnership were a true deed, then must the other be false and fraudulent; and if false and fraudulent, then must Lady Mason have sworn falsely, and been guilty of that perjury with which she was now charged. There might, perhaps, be one loophole to this argument by which an escape was possible. Though both deeds bore the date of 14th July, there might have been error in this. It was possible, though no doubt singular, that that date should have been inserted in the partnership deed, and the deed itself be executed afterward. But then the woman Bolster told them that she had been called to act as witness but once in her life, and if they believed her in that statement the possibility of error as to the date would be of little or no avail on behalf of Lady Mason. For himself, he could not say that adequate ground had been shown for charging Bolster with swearing falsely. No doubt she had been obstinate in her method of giving her testimony, but that might have arisen from an honest resolution on her part not to allow herself to be shaken. The value of her testimony must, however, be judged by the jury themselves. As regarded Kenneby, he must say that the man had been very stupid. No one who had heard him would accuse him for a moment of having intended to swear falsely, but the jury might perhaps think that the testimony of such a man could not be taken as having much value with reference to circumstances which happened more than twenty years since.

The charge took over two hours, but the substance of it has been stated. Then the jury retired to consider their verdict, and the judge, and the barristers, and some other jury proceeded to the business of some other and less important trial. Lady Mason and Mrs. Orme sat for a while in their seats—perhaps for a space of twenty minutes—and then, as the jury did not at once return into court, they retired to the sitting-room in which they had first been placed. Here Mr. Aram accompanied them, and here they were of course met by Peregrine Orme.

"His lordship's charge was very good—very good, indeed," said Mr. Aram.

"Was it?" asked Peregrine.

"And very much in our favor," continued the attorney.

"You think, then," said Mrs. Orme, looking up into his face, "you think that—" But she did not know how to go on with her question.

"Yes, I do. I think we shall have a ver-

diet; I do, indeed. I would not say so before Lady Mason if my opinion was not very strong. The jury may disagree. That is not improbable. But I cannot anticipate that the verdict will be against us."

There was some comfort in this; but how wretched was the nature of the comfort! Did not the attorney, in every word which he spoke, declare his own conviction of his client's guilt. Even Peregrine Orme could not say out boldly that he felt sure of an acquittal because no other verdict could be justly given. And then why was not Mr. Furnival there, taking his friend by the hand and congratulating her that her troubles were so nearly over? Mr. Furnival at this time did not come near her; and had he done so, what could he have said to her?

He and Sir Richard Leatherham left the court together, and the latter went at once back to London without waiting to hear the verdict. Mr. Chaffanbrass also, and Felix Graham retired from the scene of their labors, and as they did so a few words were spoken between them.

"Mr. Graham," said the ancient hero of the Old Bailey, "you are too great for this kind of work I take it. If I were you I would keep out of it for the future."

"I am very much of the same way of thinking, Mr. Chaffanbrass," said the other.

"If a man undertakes a duty, he should do it. That's my opinion, though I confess it's a little old-fashioned; especially if he takes money for it, Mr. Graham." And then the old man glowered at him with his fierce eyes, and nodded his head and went on. What could Graham say to him? His answer would have been ready enough had there been time or place in which to give it. But he had no answer ready which was fit for the crowded hall of the courthouse, and so Mr. Chaffanbrass went on his way. He will now pass out of our sight, and we will say of him that he did his duty well according to his lights.

There, in that little room, sat Lady Mason and Mrs. Orme till late in the evening, and there, with them, remained Peregrine. Some sort of refreshment was procured for them, but of the three days they passed in the court, that, perhaps, was the most oppressive. There was no employment for them, and then the suspense was terrible! That suspense became worse and worse as the hours went on, for it was clear that at any rate some of the jury were anxious to give a verdict against her. "They say that there's eight and four," said Mr. Aram, at one of the many visits which he made to them; "but there's no saying how true that may be."

"Eight and four!" said Peregrine.

"Eight to acquit, and four for guilty," said Aram. "If so, we're safe, at any rate, till the next assizes."

But it was not fated that Lady Mason should be sent away from the court in doubt. At eight o'clock Mr. Aram came to them, hot with haste, and told them that the jury had sent for the judge. The judge had gone home to his dinner,

but would return to court at once when he heard that the jury had agreed.

"And must we go into court again?" said Mrs. Orme.

"Lady Mason must do so."

"Then of course I shall go with her. Are you ready now, dear?"

Lady Mason was unable to speak, but she signified that she was ready, and then they went into court. The jury were already in the box, and as the two ladies took their seats the judge entered. But few of the gas-lights were lit, so that they in the court could hardly see each other, and the remaining ceremony did not take five minutes.

"Not guilty, my lord," said the foreman. Then the verdict was recorded, and the judge went back to his dinner. Joseph Mason and Dockwrath were present and heard the verdict. I will leave the reader to imagine with what an appetite they returned to their chamber.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

I LOVE HER STILL.

It was all over now, and, as Lucius had said to his mother, there was nothing left for them but to go and hide themselves. The verdict had reached him before his mother's return, and on the moment of his hearing it he sat down and commenced the following letter to Mr. Furnival:

"*ORLEY FARM, March —, 18—.*

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you, in my mother's name, for your great exertions in the late trial. I must acknowledge that I have been wrong in thinking that you gave her bad advice, and am now convinced that you acted with the best judgment on her behalf. May I beg that you will add to your great kindness by inducing the gentlemen who undertook the management of the case as my mother's attorneys to let me know as soon as possible in what sum I am indebted to them?

"I believe I need trouble you with no preamble as to my reasons when I tell you that I have resolved to abandon immediately any title that I may have to the possession of Orley Farm, and to make over the property at once, in any way that may be most efficacious, to my half-brother, Mr. Joseph Mason, of Groby Park. I so strongly feel the necessity of doing this at once, without even a day's delay, that I shall take my mother to lodgings in London to-morrow, and shall then decide on what steps it may be best that we shall take. My mother will be in possession of about £200 a year, subject to such deduction as the cost of the trial may make from it.

"I hope that you will not think that I intrude upon you too far when I ask you to communicate with my brother's lawyers on the subject of this surrender. I do not know how else to do it; and of course you will understand that I wish to screen my mother's name as much as may be in my power with due regard to honesty. I hope I need not insist on the fact—for it is a fact—that nothing will change my purpose as to this. If I can not have it done through you, I must myself go to Mr. Round. I am, moreover, aware that in accordance with strict justice my brother should have upon me a claim for the proceeds of the estate since the date of our father's death. If he wishes it I will give him such claim, making myself his debtor by any form that may be legal. He must, however, in such case be made to understand that his claim will be against a beggar; but, nevertheless, it may suit his views to have such a claim upon me. I can not think that, under the

circumstances, I should be justified in calling on my mother to surrender her small income; but should you be of a different opinion it shall be done.

"I write thus to you at once as I think that not a day should be lost. I will trouble you with another line from London, to let you know what is our immediate address.

"Pray believe me to be

"Yours, faithfully and obliged,

"LUCIUS MASON.

"T. Furnival, Esq.,
"Old Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

As soon as he had completed this letter, which was sufficiently good for its purpose, and clearly explained what was the writer's will on the subject of it, he wrote another, which I do not think was equally efficacious. The second was addressed to Miss Furnival, and being a love letter, was not so much within the scope of the writer's peculiar powers:

"DEAREST SOPHIA,—I hardly know how to address you; or what I should tell you or what conceal. Were we together, and was that promise renewed which you once gave me, I should tell you all; but this I can not do by letter. My mother's trial is over, and she is acquitted; but that which I have learned during the trial has made me feel that I am bound to relinquish to my brother-in-law all my title to Orley Farm, and I have already taken the first steps toward doing so. Yes, Sophia, I am now a beggar on the face of the world. I have nothing belonging to me, save those powers of mind and body which God has given me; and I am, moreover, a man oppressed with a terribly heavy load of grief. For some short time I must hide myself with my mother; and then, when I shall have been able to brace my mind to work, I shall go forth and labor in whatever field may open to me.

"But before I go, Sophia, I wish to say a word of farewell to you, that I may understand on what terms we part. Of course I make no claim. I am aware that that which I now tell you must be held as giving you a valid excuse for breaking any contract that there may have been between us. But, nevertheless, I have hope. That I love you very dearly I need hardly now say; and I still venture to think that the time may come when I shall again prove myself to be worthy of your hand. If you have ever loved me you can not cease to do so merely because I am unfortunate; and if you love me still, perhaps you will consent to wait. If you will do so—if you will say that I am rich in that respect—I shall go to my banishment not altogether a downcast man.

"May I say that I am still your own

"LUCIUS MASON?"

No; he decidedly might not say so. But as the letter was not yet finished when his mother and Mrs. Orme returned, I will not anticipate matters by giving Miss Furnival's reply.

Mrs. Orme came back that night to Orley Farm, but without the intention of remaining there. Her task was over, and it would be well that she should return to The Cleeve. Her task was over; and as the hour must come in which she should leave the mother in the hands of her son, the present hour would be as good as any.

They again went together to the room which they had shared for the last night or two, and there they parted. They had not been there long when the sound of wheels was heard on the gravel, and Mrs. Orme got up from her seat. "There is Peregrine with the carriage," said she.

"And you are going?" said Lady Mason.

"If I could do you good I would stay," said Mrs. Orme.

"No, no; of course you must go. Oh, my

darling! oh, my friend!" and she threw herself into the other's arms.

"Of course I will write to you," said Mrs. Orme. "I will do so regularly."

"May God bless you forever! But it is needless to ask for blessings on such as you. You are blessed."

"And you too; if you will turn to Him you will be blessed."

"Ah me! Well, I can try now. I feel that I can at any rate try."

"And none who try ever fail. And now, dear, good-by."

"Good-by, my angel. But, Mrs. Orme, I have one word I must first say; a message that I must send to him. Tell him this, that never in my life have I loved any man as well as I have loved him, and as I do love him. That on my knees I beg his pardon for the wrong I have done him."

"But he knows how great has been your goodness to him."

"When the time came I was not quite a devil to drag him down with me to utter destruction."

"He will always remember what was your conduct then."

"But tell him, that though I loved him, and though I loved you with all my heart—with all my heart, I knew through it all, as I know now, that I was not a fitting friend for him or you. No, do not interrupt me—I always knew it; and though it was so sweet to me to see your faces, I would have kept away, but that he would not have it. I came to him to assist me because he was great and strong, and he took me to his bosom with his kindness till I destroyed his strength; though his greatness nothing can destroy."

"No, no; he does not think that you have injured him."

"But tell him what I say; and tell him that a poor bruised, broken creature, who knows at least her own vileness, will pray for him night and morning. And now good-by. Of my heart toward you I can not speak."

"Good-by then, and, Lady Mason, never despair. There is always room for hope; and where there is hope there need not be unhappiness."

Then they parted, and Mrs. Orme went down to her son.

"Mother, the carriage is here," he said.

"Yes, I heard it. Where is Lueius? Good-by, Mr. Mason."

"God bless you, Mrs. Orme. Believe me I know how good you have been to us."

As she gave him her hand she spoke a few words to him. "My last request to you, Mr. Mason, is to beg that you will be tender to your mother."

"I will do my best, Mrs. Orme."

"All her sufferings and your own have come from her great love for you."

"That I know and feel; but had her ambition for me been less it would have been better for both of us." And there he stood barehead-

ed at the door while Peregrine Orme handed his mother into the carriage. Thus Mrs. Orme took her last leave of Orley Farm, and was parted from the woman she had loved with so much truth and befriended with so much loyalty.

Very few words were spoken in the carriage between Peregrine and his mother while they were being taken back through Hamworth to The Cleeve. To Peregrine the whole matter was unintelligible. He knew that the verdict had been in favor of Lady Mason, and yet there had been no signs of joy at Orley Farm, or even of contentment. He had heard also from Lueius, while they had been together for a few minutes, that Orley Farm was to be given up.

"You'll let it, I suppose?" Peregrine had asked.

"It will not be mine to let. It will belong to my brother," Lueius had answered. Then Peregrine had asked no further question; nor had Lueius offered any further information.

But his mother, as he knew, was worn-out with the work she had done, and at the present moment he felt that the subject was one which would hardly bear questions. So he sat by her side in silence; and before the carriage had reached The Cleeve his mind had turned away from the cares and sorrows of Lady Mason, and was once more at Noningsby. After all, as he said to himself, who could be worse off than he was? He had nothing to hope.

They found Sir Peregrine standing in the hall to receive them; and Mrs. Orme, though she had been absent only three days, could not but perceive the havoc which this trial had made upon him. It was not that the sufferings of those three days had broken him down, but that now, after that short absence, she was able to perceive how great had been upon him the effect of his previous sufferings. He had never held up his head since the day on which Lady Mason had made to him her first confession. Up to that time he had stood erect, and though, as he walked, his steps had shown that he was no longer young, he had walked with a certain air of strength and manly bearing. Till Lady Mason had come to The Cleeve no one would have said that Sir Peregrine looked as though his energy and life had passed away. But now, as he put his arm round his daughter's waist and stooped down to kiss her cheek, he was a worn-out, tottering old man.

During these three days he had lived almost altogether alone, and had been ashamed to show to those around him the intense interest which he felt in the result of the trial. His grandson had on each day breakfasted alone, and had left the house before his grandfather was out of his room; and on each evening he had returned late—as he now returned with his mother—and had dined alone. Then he had sat with his grandfather for an hour or two, and had been constrained to talk over the events of the day without being allowed to ask Sir Peregrine's opinion as to Lady Mason's innocence or to express his own. These three days had been dread-

ful to Sir Peregrine. He had not left the house, but had crept about from room to room, ever and again taking up some book or paper and putting it down unread as his mind reverted to the one subject which now for him bore any interest. On the second of these three days a note had been brought to him from his old friend Lord Alston. "Dear Orme," the note had run, "I am not quite happy as I think of the manner in which we parted the other day. If I offended in any degree, I send this as a peace-maker, and beg to shake your hand heartily. Let me have a line from you to say that it is all right between us. Neither you nor I can afford to lose an old friend at our time of life. Yours always, Alston." But Sir Peregrine had not answered it. Lord Alston's servant had been dismissed with a promise that an answer should be sent, but at the end of the three days it had not yet been written. His mind, indeed, was still sore toward Lord Alston. The counsel which his old friend had given him was good and true, but it had been neglected, and its very truth and excellence now made the remembrance of it unpalatable. He had, nevertheless, intended to write; but the idea of such exertion from hour to hour had become more distressing to him.

He had of course heard of Lady Mason's acquittal; and indeed tidings of the decision to which the jury had come went through the country very quickly. There is a telegraphic wire for such tidings which has been very long in use, and which, though always used, is as yet but very little understood. How is it that information will spread itself quicker than men can travel, and make its way like water into all parts of the world? It was known all through the country that night that Lady Mason was acquitted, and before the next night it was as well known that she had acknowledged her guilt by giving up the property.

Little could be said as to the trial while Peregrine remained in the room with his mother and his grandfather; but this he had the tact to perceive, and soon left them together. "I shall see you, mother, up stairs before you go to bed," he said, as he sauntered out.

"But you must not keep her up," said his grandfather. "Remember all that she has gone through." With this injunction he went off, and as he sat alone in his mother's room he tried to come to some resolution as to Noningsby. He knew he had no ground for hope—no chance, as he would have called it. And if so, would it not be better that he should take himself off? Nevertheless he would go to Noningsby once more. He would not be such a coward but that he would wish her good-by before he went, and hear the end of it all from her own lips.

When he had left the room Lady Mason's last message was given to Sir Peregrine. "Poor soul, poor soul!" he said, as Mrs. Orme began her story. "Her son knows it all then now."

"I told him last night—with her consent; so that he should not go into the court to-day. It

would have been very bad, you know, if they had found her guilty."

"Yes, yes; very bad—very bad indeed. Poor creature! And so you told him. How did he bear it?"

"On the whole, well. At first he would not believe me."

"As for me, I could not have done it. I could not have told him."

"Yes, Sir, you would; you would, if it had been required of you."

"I think it would have killed me. But a woman can do things for which a man's courage would never be sufficient. And he bore it manfully."

"He was very stern."

"Yes, and he will be stern. Poor soul! I pity her from my very heart. But he will not desert her; he will do his duty by her."

"I am sure he will. In that respect he is a good young man."

"Yes, my dear. He is one of those who seem by nature created to bear adversity. No trouble or sorrow would, I think, crush him. But had prosperity come to him, it would have made him odious to all around him. You were not present when they met?"

"No; I thought it better to leave them."

"Yes, yes. And he will give up the place at once."

"To-morrow he will do so. In that, at any rate, he has true spirit. To-morrow early they will go to London, and she, I suppose, will never see Orley Farm again." And then Mrs. Orme gave Sir Peregrine that last message.—"I tell you every thing as she told me," Mrs. Orme said, seeing how deeply he was affected. "Perhaps I am wrong."

"No, no, no," he said.

"Coming at such a moment, her words seemed to be almost sacred."

"They are sacred. They shall be sacred. Poor soul, poor soul!"

"She did a great crime."

"Yes, yes."

"But if a crime can be forgiven—can be excused on account of its motives—"

"It can not, my dear. Nothing can be forgiven on that ground."

"No: we know that; we all feel sure of that. But yet how can one help loving her? For myself, I shall love her always."

"And I also love her." And then the old man made his confession. "I loved her well—better than I had ever thought to love any one again, but you and Perry. I loved her very dearly, and felt that I should have been proud to have called her my wife. How beautiful she was in her sorrow, when we thought that her life had been pure and good!"

"And it had been good—for many years past."

"No; for the stolen property was still there. But yet how graceful she was, and how well her sorrows sat upon her! What might she not have done had the world used her more kindly,

and not sent in her way that sore temptation! She was a woman for a man to have loved to madness."

"And yet how little can she have known of love!"

"I loved her." And as the old man said so he rose to his feet with some show of his old energy. "I loved her—with all my heart! It is foolish for an old man so to say; but I did love her; nay, I love her still. But that I knew that it would be wrong—for your sake, and for Perry's—" And then he stopped himself, as though he would fain hear what she might say to him.

"Yes; it is all over now," she said, in the softest, sweetest, lowest voice. She knew that she was breaking down a last hope, but she knew also that that hope was vain. And then there was silence in the room for some ten minutes' space.

"It is all over," he then said, repeating her last words.

"But you have us still—Perry and me. Can any one love you better than we do?" And she got up and went over to him and stood by him, and leaned upon him.

"Edith, my love, since you came to my house there has been an angel in it watching over me. I shall know that always; and when I turn my face to the wall, as I soon shall, that shall be my last earthly thought." And so in tears they parted for that night. But the sorrow that was bringing him to his grave came from the love of which he had spoken. It is seldom that a young man may die from a broken heart; but if an old man have a heart still left to him, it is more fragile.

BUYING WINTER THINGS.

"The poor ye have always with you."

"WOULD you like to go shopping this morning?"

It was Miss Chaloner who asked the question—"Gertrude the magnificent," as her worshippers called her, with more truth in their epithets than there usually is in the compliments paid to handsome women. Gertrude Chaloner was self-poised to a remarkable degree. No world's judgment, no human opinion, had power to lay out a foot-path for her imperious feet. What she willed to do she did, and of small import was any other mortal's nilly. So far this circumstance had not hurt her popularity, for she had only willed to be the most accomplished, the most intellectual, and the best-dressed woman of her set. So, never thinking of fashion, *per se*, she became a leader of it. A few knew, however, that it wanted only the true electric spark to quicken that grand nature into something nobler than any of her past dreams. Meantime her powers, unconsciously to herself, waited, as the offerings used to wait upon the altar for the spark of celestial fire which was to make of them sweet incense for heaven.

Of course not every one knew this. Most

people supposed that she was in her proper sphere now, and would never have thought of associating her with self-denial or self-sacrifice.

She sat—this clear, bright autumn morning—in her own room, which was shared, just then, with a guest who came the day before—her cousin Nan, from Philadelphia. The pair were a complete contrast, and therefore polarized admirably. Miss Chaloner was tall and stately, with dark hair and gray eyes, out of which the waiting soul looked honest, earnest, trustful. Her lips, except when she smiled, were a thought too thin; her brow, now that the hair was rolled back, a thought too high. Nan Darrow's brow was low; her eyes laughed even when her full soft lips did not, and her soul was all heart—a creature pretty and most winsome, but one whose good deeds would be offshoots of impulse, not principle; none the less graceful for that, however. She reverenced her cousin Gertrude as a superior being; and, after her own gay fashion, loved her dearly. She sprang up and clapped her hands as Miss Chaloner spoke.

"Going to get winter things? Oh, that is charming! I always love to see you shop—you go at it royally. No shilling counters for you! It is well that your purse is as long as your taste is lofty."

Miss Chaloner smiled.

"I fear you'll be disappointed, Nan. I am going to buy practical, useful things this morning."

"As if I did not know that your most useful gown was a French echemire, and your most serviceable stockings were fine-spun of the silk-worm's cast-off winding-sheet."

"Well, I am not going to buy cachemire robes this morning, but I shall get a good many winter things nevertheless."

Nan put on her dainty velvet cloak and tied her French hat round a face bright with the careless, thoughtless joy of youth.

Miss Chaloner made a graver toilet, and soon they were on Washington Street. Their first stopping-place was at a grocer's. Flour and sugar and butter were purchased in liberal quantities, and sent to different addresses, which Miss Chaloner read from a card she held in her hand.

Nan began to wonder, but she maintained a discreet silence. She walked on beside her cousin with her tripping footsteps till they turned into Summer Street, the more congenial region of dry-goods shops. A half-suppressed exclamation of delight escaped her as she saw the tempting array of silks in a window on the north side; and when Miss Chaloner entered the door she began to think the true business of the day was commencing. But they did not go up to the silk counter, or turn aside for the soft laces floating out mistily. Half-way up the store, where the shelves were piled with substantial cottons and warm blankets, Gertrude Chaloner stopped, and Nan made a half-unwilling pause at her side. The purchase was extensive—sev-

eral pieces of cotton, half a dozen pairs of soft, warm blankets, in these days when cotton and blankets are at a premium. Nan's wonder increased. But the articles were to be sent home this time, and she began to think her cousin was secretly contemplating matrimony and house-keeping.

"We will cross the street, now," Miss Chaloner said, as they went out. "I saw over there some nice, serviceable winter dress goods cheap."

"When, in the name of wonder, did *you* begin to care for cheapness?" muttered Nan, as the little door-boy let them in.

The dresses were purchased—a few remnants for children, some dark calicoes and strong woolen goods in larger patterns. Then a dozen or two of coarse, warm stockings, and the list was complete.

"Now, to pay you for being good, you shall look at pictures a little," Miss Chaloner said, as she led the way toward Everett's.

They looked over some choice engravings for half an hour, and finally Miss Chaloner purchased one—small, but a gem of the most exquisite art—a Madonna, with the Holy Child smiling in her arms, and the attendant angels looking out from the clouds around, with the brightness of another world upon their brows. She gave directions for it to be framed simply, and said that she would call for it on the morrow.

With unusual reticence Nan refrained from any questions until they had reached home, and sat down in her cousin's pleasant room to rest a while. Then when the bundles began to come in, she asked,

"Are these blankets and cottons for yourself, Cousin Gertrude?"

"No."

"And of course the calicoes and stockings and remnants are not. Who, in the name of common-sense, are they for? and how much money do you think you have spent this morning on this rubbish?"

"As to whom they are for, you shall see that to-morrow; and as to the money I have spent, it is less than half my usual winter allowance."

"And you expect to dress on the other half?" cried Nan, with wide open, wondering eyes.

"No, the other half goes for coal and house-rents."

"And you are to dress on—what?"

"What I have. Except boots and gloves, I do not mean to have a single new article this winter."

"Except, of course, your bonnet; one could hardly imagine Miss Chaloner in a last year's chapeau."

"Not even excepting my bonnet. My last winter's one was black velvet. It will alter over irreproachably. I do not mean that the world shall know these things, Nan. I am not going to turn hermit, or even to give up the society in which I have been accustomed to move. I had

more new fineries last winter than half my friends had a sight of. I shall not be conspicuously shabby if I wear them again. I only let you into my secrets because you are my little cousin, who loves me, and I think my example may have some weight with you. You are rich enough to do a great deal of good in the same way. It is going to be a terrible winter. Taxes are such as our country never knew before, and goods are selling at prices we should have thought fabulous a year ago. With my wardrobe full of last year's handsome dresses, I could not think it right to buy new ones, when the cry of the poor and the wail of the destitute are piercing the air on every side."

"But there have been poor people always, Gertie, and you have never felt like this before."

"No, I have not realized the fact of suffering as I realize it now. It is the hour of darkness over all the land. The resurrection morning will come by-and-by, but now the night is murk, and the stars are dim. I will tell you all, Nan. I have given more to my country than gold could buy. One I loved, and who loved me, went, in August, with the three-years' men. He came to me with the light of eager courage and self-devotion in his eyes, and asked me to bid him God-speed, and send him on his mission."

"And you did it?"

"Yes, I did it. It was a hard struggle; but what was I that I should stay at home and keep my own, and let other women's lovers and husbands march, and bleed, and die, that I and mine might shelter ourselves in a smiling home, and look out through plate-glass, and from between soft draperies, at the winter? Yes, I gave him up. He is gone. He will come again, perhaps; but I can never forget that other perhaps—that the mouth which kissed mine at parting may never kiss again, and the eyes at whose courage I lit the fire of my own resolve may look their last on the smoky sky of some Southern battle-ground."

"When I had given him up I longed to do something myself. Beside the one great sacrifice all lesser ones seemed easy, and almost his last words had marked out my path. 'How shall I bear it?' I faltered, clinging to him with a woman's weakness. 'By being always busy, Gertrude,' and I remember the pity in his eyes as he said it. 'There are so many suffering ones to comfort—so many wounds to heal.'

"Since he went away I have been living a new life. I have been among a class of people I had never understood before—the good and honest poor. I have seen there sights to make a woman's heart ache, and, so far as I could, I have carried consolation with me. It is a small sacrifice, Nan, to go without a new cloak or wear a last year's dress for the sake of giving a shelter to the shelterless."

"But I never thought you were benevolent, Gertrude, and you always seemed to me very fond of dress, in a dignified, high and mighty fashion of your own."

"So I was, and so I suppose I am still; but that was not all of me, Nan. I needed rousing, and I can not understand the soul which these days of dread and danger, these times of parting and praying, would not quicken to a new life."

Nan Darrow looked at her cousin. Miss Chaloner's face shone as if she were inspired. Into her great, gray eyes a flood of light had broken—her pale face was flushed, her head was erect, her chest heaved. Even Nan's unpeneetrating gaze could not fail to see that for that soul its hour had come.

They did not talk much more. Nan's nature was impulsive, demonstrative, outspoken, but she dared not express to Gertrude the admiration which she felt—as profound as any sentiment of hers could be. "Go thou and do likewise," was the only tribute Miss Chaloner would have welcomed.

The next morning they took the carriage, packed with the purchases of the day before, and started to convey them to their destinations. On the way they stopped at Everett's and took in the Madonna.

"Surely this is not for one of your pensioners?" Nan asked. "I think one would hardly feed the hungry with pictures."

"There is more than one kind of hunger, child Nan. You shall see whether my gift will be appreciated."

They had stopped at three houses, leaving a pair of blankets here, a dress there, and at another a piece of cotton, as need was. At the next pause Miss Chaloner took the picture in her hand, and turned with a smiling face for Nan to follow her.

They went up two flights of stairs, and then a faint, sweet voice answered "Come in" to Miss Chaloner's tap on the door. They entered a large and not uncomfortable room. Every thing was scrupulously neat. In one of the windows stood a tea-rose, a geranium, and a heliotrope. Nan knew they were her cousin's favorite flowers, and guessed how they came there. In the bed, bolstered up by pillows and knitting busily, was a young girl. She was not beautiful, and yet Nan thought she had never seen face so sweet. It was a delicate, thin face; so pale that the tracery of the blue veins shone through. The eyes were dark and full of a mournful tenderness. The hair was cut short, like a child's, and lay about the brow in sunny rings. How the pale visage brightened into smiles as she saw who was her visitor! Miss Chaloner took a chair near the bed and gave one to Nan, as if she were at home. Then she asked,

"How do you do to-day, Martha? Did you have a bad night? I have brought my cousin, Miss Darrow, to see you."

"Thank you. I am pretty well; no more pain than usual. I slept several hours last

night, and it did me so much good. Mother has gone out to take home some work, and I was quite cheerful sitting here alone."

"You always are. It reproaches me sometimes to think of it," Miss Chaloner said, kindly. "How long is it since you have been able to stand on your feet?"

"Five years this month, ma'am."

"Five years of lying here in this one place, and looking at the blank wall and suffering!" Miss Chaloner's eyes grew misty, but she went on, in a tone of encouragement,

"I have brought something to hang in front of you, on the wall, Martha, and perhaps it will comfort you sometimes when you are lonely."

She unfolded the wrappings from the picture and held it before the sick girl. Martha did not speak. Her ecstasy was wordless, but it shone in her eyes and transfigured her face as she looked. By-and-by her tears began to fall.

"Oh, Miss Chaloner," she said, at length, "do you mean that that is my own? I never saw any thing half so beautiful. I shall never be lonesome again."

"Do you think my picture was a good investment?" Gertrude asked, smilingly, as they went down stairs.

"The best of all!" Nan cried, with eager tones. "Oh, Gertrude, isn't she lovely? So refined, so gentle—"

"And so patient," Gertrude added. "What she suffers no one dreams—nights and days of racking agony—and yet busy every moment when the sharp torture leaves her a respite. If I had made ten times more sacrifice for the sake of doing good, to have known that girl and learned the lesson of unfaltering trust, of patient submission she has taught me, would have been worth it all."

Nan staid in Boston three weeks longer. She went with Miss Chaloner to buy the rest of her winter things; and when she left, at last, it was with a new purpose in her eager, impulsive, but kindly heart. Last week she wrote to Gertrude Chaloner:

"I, too, have been shopping since I saw you. Hitherto I had shopped only for one. Now I am shopping for many, and the reward is proportionately larger. I do all I can—yes, Gertrude, I do believe I am doing all I can for those whose sufferings you taught me to discover. Sometime, perhaps, I shall be good enough to be called your friend. I, too, have sent one away to fight for me whom hitherto my selfish love had held back. My offering, like yours, is on the altar. Come to me and teach me how to wait."

How long will these women, and many more besides them, have in which to learn that long, slow lesson? With what grand results, to them, to all, will the waiting be crowned at length? God knows.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXI.

IT was not a cheerful morning on which to be married. A dense, yellow, London fog, the like of which the Misses Leaf had never yet seen, penetrated into every corner of the parlor at No. 15, where they were breakfasting drearily by candle-light, all in their wedding attire. They had been up since six in the morning, and Elizabeth had dressed her three mistresses one after the other, taking exceeding pleasure in the performance. For she was still little more than a girl, to whom a wedding was a wedding, and this was the first she had ever had to do with in her life.

True, it disappointed her in some things. She was a little surprised that last evening had passed off just like all other evenings. The interest and bustle of packing soon subsided—the packing consisting only of the traveling trunk, for the rest of the *trousseau* went straight to Russell Square, every means having been taken to ignore the very existence of No. 15; and then the three ladies had supper as usual, and went to bed at their customary hour without any special demonstration of emotion or affection. To Elizabeth this was strange. She had not yet learned the unspeakable bitterness of a parting where nobody has any grief to restrain.

On a wedding morning, of course, there is no time to be spared for sentiment. The principal business appeared to be—dressing. Mr. Ascott had insisted on doing his part in making his new connections appear “respectable” at his marriage, and for Selina’s sake they had consented. Indeed, it was inevitable: they had no money whatever to clothe themselves withal. They must either have accepted Mr. Ascott’s gifts—in which, to do him justice, he was both thoughtful and liberal—or they must have staid away from the wedding altogether, which they did not like to do “for the sake of the family.”

So, with a sense of doing their last duty by the sister, who would be, they felt, henceforward a sister no more, Miss Leaf attired herself in her violet silk and white China shawl, and Miss Hilary put on her silver-gray poplin, with a cardinal cape, as was then in fashion, trimmed with white swan’s-down. It was rather an elderly costume for a bridesmaid; but she was determined to dress warmly, and not risk, in muslins and laces, the health which to her now was money, life—nay, honor.

For Ascott’s creditor had been already paid: Miss Balquidder never let grass grow under her feet. When Hilary returned to her sisters that day there was no longer any fear of public exposure; she had the received bill in her hand, and she was Miss Balquidder’s debtor to the extent of eighty pounds.

But it was no debt of disgrace or humiliation, nor did she feel it as such. She had learned the lesson which the large-hearted rich can always teach the poor, that, while there is sometimes, to some people, no more galling chain, there is to others—and these are the highest natures, too—no more firm and sacred bond than gratitude. But still the debt was there; and Hilary would never feel quite easy till it was paid—in money, at least. The generosity she never wished to repay. She would rather feel it wrapping her round, like an arm that was heavy only through its exceeding tenderness, to the end of her days.

Nevertheless she had arranged that there was to be a regular monthly deduction from her salary; and how, by retrenchment, to make this monthly payment as large as she could, was a question which had occupied herself and Johanna for a good while after they retired to rest. For there was no time to be lost. Mrs. Jones must be given notice to; and there was another notice to be given, if the Richmond plan were carried out; another sad retrenchment, foreboding which, when Elizabeth brought up supper, Miss Hilary could hardly look the girl in the face, and, when she bade her good-night, had felt almost like a secret conspirator.

For she knew that, if the money to clear this debt was to be saved, they must part with Elizabeth.

No doubt the personal sacrifice would be considerable, for Hilary would have to do the work of their two rooms with her own hands, and give up a hundred little comforts in which Elizabeth, now become a most clever and efficient servant, had made herself necessary to them both. But the two ladies did not think of that at the moment; they only thought of the pain of parting with her. They thought of it sorely, even though she was but a servant, and there was a family parting close at hand. Alas! people must take what they earn. It was a melancholy fact that, of the two impending losses, the person they should miss most would be, not their sister, but Elizabeth.

Both regrets combined made them sit at the breakfast table—the last meal they should ever take together as a family—sad and sorry, speaking about little else than the subject which presented itself as easiest and uppermost, namely, clothes.

Finally, they stood all completely arrayed, even to bonnets; Hilary looking wonderfully bewitching in hers, which was the very pattern of one that may still be seen in a youthful portrait of our gracious Queen—a large round brim, with a wreath of roses inside; while Miss Leaf’s was somewhat like it, only with little bunches of white ribbon: “for,” she said, “my time of

roses has gone by." But her sweet faded face had a peace that was not in the other two—not even in Hilary's.

But the time arrived; the carriage drew up at the door. Then nature and sisterly feeling asserted themselves for a minute. Miss Scilina "gave way," not to any loud or indecorous extent, to nothing that could in the least harm her white satin, or crumple her laces and ribbons; but she did shed a tear or two—real honest tears—kissed her sisters affectionately, hoped they would be very happy at Richmond, and that they would often come to see her at Russell Square.

"You know," said she, half apologetically, "it is a great deal better for one of us at least to be married and settled. Indeed I assure you, I have done it all for the good of my family."

And for the time being she devoutly believed she had.

So it was all over. Elizabeth herself, from the aisle of St. Pancras Church, watched the beginning and ending of the show; a very fine show, with a number of handsomely dressed people, wedding guests, who seemed to stare about them a good deal and take little interest in either bride or bridegroom. The only persons Elizabeth recognized were her mistresses—Miss Leaf, who kept her veil down and never stirred; and Miss Hilary, who stood close behind the bride, listening with downcast eyes to the beautiful marriage service. It must have touched her more than on her sister's account, for a tear, gathered under each eyelash, silently rolled down the soft cheek and fell.

"Miss Hilary's an angel, and he'll be a lucky man that gets *her*," meditated her faithful "bower-maiden" of old; as, a little excited by the event of the morning, she stood by the mantle-piece and contemplated a letter which had come after the ladies departed; one of these regular monthly Indian letters, after which, Elizabeth was sharp enough to notice, Miss Hilary's step always grew lighter and her eye brighter for many days.

"It must be a nice thing to have somebody fond of one, and somebody to be fond of," meditated she. And "old-fashioned piece of goods" as she was—according to Mrs. Jones (who now, from the use she was in the Jones's *ménage*, patronized and confided in her extremely)—some little bit of womanly craving after the woman's one hope and crown of bliss crept into the poor maid-servant's heart. But it was not for the maid-servant's usual necessity—a "sweet-heart"—somebody to "keep company with;" it was rather for somebody to love, and perhaps take care of a little. People love according to their natures; and Elizabeth's was a strong nature; its principal element being a capacity for passionate devotedness, almost unlimited in extent. Such women, who love most, are not always, indeed very rarely, loved best. And so it was perhaps as well that poor Elizabeth should make up her mind, as she did very composedly, that

she herself should never be married; but after that glorious wedding of Miss Hilary's to Mr. Lyon, should settle down to take care of Miss Leaf all her days.

"And if I turn out only half as good and contented as my mistress, it can't be such a dreadful thing to be an old maid after all," stoically said Elizabeth Hand.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when her attention was caught by some one in the passage inquiring for her; yes, actually for her. She could hardly believe her eyes when she perceived it was her new-found old acquaintance, Tom Cliffe.

He was dressed very well, out of livery; indeed, he looked so extremely like a gentleman that Mrs. Jones's little girl took him for one, called him "Sir," and showed him into the parlor.

"All right. I thought this was the house. Uncommon sharp of me to hunt you out; wasn't it, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth was a little stiff, flurried, and perplexed. Her mistresses were out; she did not know whether she ought to ask Tom in, especially as it must be into the parlor: there was no other place to take him to.

However, Tom settled the matter with a conclusive, "Oh, gammon!"—sat himself down, and made himself quite comfortable. And Elizabeth was so glad to see him—glad to have another chance of talking about dear old Stowbury. It could not be wrong; she would not say a word about the family, not even tell him she lived with the Misses Leaf if she could help it. And Tom did not seem in the least curious.

"Now, I call this quite a coincidence. I was stopping at St. Pancras Church to look at a wedding—some old city fog who lives in Russell Square, and is making a great splash; and there I see you, Elizabeth, standing in the crowd, and looking so nice and spicy—as fresh as an apple and as brisk as a bee. I hummed and hawed and whistled, but I couldn't catch your eye; then I missed you, and was vexed above a bit, till I saw some one like you going in at this door, so I just knocked and asked; and here you are! 'Pon my life, I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you, Tom," said Elizabeth, pleased, even grateful for the trouble he had taken about her: she had so few friends; in truth, actually none.

They began to talk, and Tom Cliffe talked exceedingly well. He had added to his natural cleverness a degree of London sharpness, the result of much "knocking about" ever since childhood. Besides, his master, the literary gentleman, who had picked him out of the printing-office, had taken a deal of pains with him. Tom was, for his station, a very intelligent and superior young man. Not a boy, though he was still under twenty, but a young man: that precocity of development which often accompanies a delicate constitution, making him appear, as

he was indeed, in mind and character, fully six or seven years older than his real age.

He was a handsome fellow, too, though small; dark-haired, dark-eyed, with regular and yet sensitive and mobile features. Altogether Tom Cliffe was decidedly interesting, and Elizabeth took great pleasure in looking at him, and in thinking, with a certain half-motherly, half-romantic satisfaction, that but for her, and her carrying him home from under the horse's heels, he might, humanly speaking, have been long ago buried in Stowbury church-yard.

"I have a 'church-yard cough' at times still," said he, when speaking of this little episode of early life. "I don't think I shall ever live to be a middle-aged man." And he shook his head, and looked melancholy and poetical; nay, even showed Elizabeth some poetry that he himself had written on the subject, which was clever enough in its way.

Elizabeth's interest grew. An ordinary baker or butcher boy would not have attracted her in the least; but here was something in the shape of a hero, somebody who at once touched her sympathies and roused her admiration. For Tom was quite as well-informed as she was herself; more so, indeed. He was one of the many shrewd and clever working-men who were then beginning to rise up and think for themselves, and educate themselves. He attended classes at mechanics' institutions, and young men's debating societies; where every topic of the day, religion, politics, political economy, was handled freely, as the young do handle these serious things. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the new movement, which, like all revolutions, had at first its great and fatal dangers, but yet resulted in much good; clearing the political sky, and bringing all sorts of hidden abuses under the sharp eyes of that great scourge of evildoers—public opinion.

Yet Elizabeth, reared under the wing of the conservative Misses Leaf, was a little startled when Tom Cliffe, who apparently liked talking and being listened to, gave her a long dissertation on the true principles of the Charter, and how Frost, Williams, and Jones—names all but forgotten now—were very ill-used men, actual martyrs. She was more than startled—shocked indeed—until there came a reaction of the deepest pity—when he confessed that he never went to church. He saw no use in going, he said; the parsons were all shams, paid largely to chatter about what they did not understand; the only real religion was that which a man thought out for himself, and acted out for himself. Which was true enough, though only a half truth; and innocent Elizabeth did not see the other half.

But she was touched and carried away by the earnestness and enthusiasm of the lad, wild, fierce iconoclast as he was, ready to cast down the whole fabric of Church and State; though without any personal hankering after lawless rights and low pleasures. His sole idol was, as he said, intellect, and that was his preservation.

Also, the fragile health which was betrayed in every flash of his eye, every flush of his sallow cheek, made Tom Cliffe, even in the two hours he staid with her, come very close to Elizabeth's heart. It was such a warm heart, such a liberal heart, thinking so little of itself or of its own value.

So here began to be told the old story, familiar in kitchens as parlors; but, from the higher bringing-up of the two parties concerned, conducted in this case more after the fashion of the latter than the former.

Elizabeth Hand was an exceptional person, and Tom had the sense to see that at once. He paid her no coarse attentions, did not attempt to make love to her; but he liked her, and he let her see that he did. True, she was not pretty, and she was older than he; but that to a boy of nineteen is rather flattering than otherwise. Also, for there is a law even under the blind mystery of likings and fallings in love—a certain weakness in him, that weakness which generally accompanies the poetical nature, clung to the quiet, solid, practical strength of hers. He liked to talk and be listened to by those silent, admiring, gentle gray eyes; and he thought it very pleasant when, with a motherly prudence, she warned him to be careful over his cough, and gave him a flannel breast-plate to protect his chest against the cold.

When he went away Tom was so far in love that, following the free and easy ways of his class, he attempted to give Elizabeth a kiss; but she drew back so hotly that he begged her pardon, and slipped away rather confounded.

"That's an odd sort of young woman; there's something in her," said he to himself. "I'll get a kiss, though, by-and-by."

Meanwhile Elizabeth, having forgotten all about her dinner, sat thinking, actually doing nothing but thinking, until within half an hour of the time when her mistresses might be expected back. They were to go direct to the hotel, breakfast, wait till the newly-married couple had departed, and then come home. They would be sure to be weary, and want their tea.

So Elizabeth made every thing ready for them, steadily putting Tom Cliffe out of her mind. One thing she was glad of, that talking so much about his own affairs, he had forgotten to inquire concerning hers, and was still quite ignorant even of her mistresses' name. He therefore could tell no tales of the Leaf family at Stowbury. Still she determined at once to inform Miss Hilary that he had been here, but that, if she wished it, he should never come again. And it spoke well for her resolve, that while resolving she was startled to find how very sorry she should feel if Tom Cliffe never came again.

I know I am painting this young woman with a strangely tender conscience, a refinement of feeling, and a general moral sensitiveness which people say is seldom or never to be found in her rank of life. And why not? Because mistresses treat servants as servants, and not as women; because in the sharp, hard line they

draw, at the outset, between themselves and their domestics, they give no chance for any womanliness to be developed. And therefore since human nature is weak, and without help from without, a long degraded class can never rise, sweet-hearts will still come crawling through back entries and down at area doors; mistresses will still have to dismiss helpless and fallen, or brazen in iniquity, many a wretched girl who once was innocent; or, if nothing actually vicious results, may have many a good, respectable servant, who left to get married, return, complaining that her "young man," whom she knew so little about, has turned out a drunken scoundrel of a husband, who drives her back to her old comfortable "place" to beg for herself and her starving babies a morsel of bread.

When, with a vivid blush that she could not repress, Elizabeth told her mistress that Tom Cliffe had been to see her, the latter replied at first carelessly, for her mind was preoccupied. Then, her attention caught by the aforesaid blush, Miss Hilary asked,

"How old is the lad?"

"Nineteen."

"That's a bad age, Elizabeth. Too old to be a pet, and rather too young for a husband."

"I never thought of such a thing," said Elizabeth, warmly—and honestly, at the time.

"Did he want to come and see you again?"

"He said so."

"Oh, well, if he is a steady, respectable lad there can be no objection. I should like to see him myself next time."

And then a sudden sharp recollection that there would likely be no next time, in their service at least, made Miss Hilary feel quite a hypocrite.

"Elizabeth," said she, "we will speak about Tom Cliffe—is not that his name?—by-and-by. Now, as soon as tea is over, my sister wants to talk to you. When you are ready, will you come up stairs?"

She spoke in an especially gentle tone, so that by no possibility could Elizabeth fancy they were displeased with her.

Now, knowing the circumstances of the family, Elizabeth's conscience had often smitten her that she must eat a great deal, that her wages, paid regularly month by month, must make a great hole in her mistress's income. She was, alack! a sad expense, and she tried to lighten her cost in every possible way. But it never struck her that they could do without her, or that any need would arise for their doing so. So she went into the parlor quite unsuspiciously, and found Miss Leaf lying on the sofa, and Miss Hilary reading aloud the letter from India. But it was laid quietly aside as she said,

"Johanna, Elizabeth is here."

Then Johanna, rousing herself to say what must be said, but putting it as gently and kindly as she could, told Elizabeth, what mistresses often think it below their dignity to tell to servants, the plain truth—namely, that circumstances obliged herself and Miss Hilary to re-

trench their expenses as much as they possibly could. That they were going to live in two little rooms at Richmond, where they would board with the inmates of the house.

"And so, and so—" Miss Leaf faltered. It was very hard to say it with those eager eyes fixed upon her.

Hilary took up the word—

"And so, Elizabeth, much as it grieves us, we shall be obliged to part with you. We can not any longer afford to keep a servant."

No answer.

"It is not even as it was once before, when we thought you might do better for yourself. We know, if it were possible, you would rather stay with us, and we would rather keep you. It is like parting with one of our own family." And Miss Hilary's voice too failed. "However, there is no help for it; we must part."

Elizabeth, recovered from her first bewildered grief, was on the point of bursting out into entreaties that she might do like many another faithful servant, live without wages, put up with any hardships, rather than be sent away. But something in Miss Hilary's manner told her it would be useless—worse than useless, painful; and she would do any thing rather than give her mistress pain. When, utterly unable to control it, she gave vent to one loud sob, the expression of acute suffering on Miss Hilary's countenance was such that she determined to sob no more. She felt that, for some reason or other, the thing was inevitable; that she must take up her burden, as her mistress had done, even though it were the last grief of all—leaving that beloved mistress.

"That's right, Elizabeth," said Miss Hilary, softly. "All these changes are very bitter to us also, but we bear them. There is nothing lasting in this world, except doing right, and being good and faithful and helpful to one another."

She sighed. Possibly there had been sad tidings in the letter which she still held in her hand, clinging to it as we do to something which, however sorely it hurts us, we would not part with for the whole world. But there was no hopelessness or despair in her tone, and Elizabeth caught the influence of that true courageous heart.

"Perhaps you may be able to take me back again soon, Ma'am," said she, looking toward Miss Leaf. "And meantime I might get a place; Mrs. Jones has told me of several;" and she stopped, afraid lest it might be found out how often Mrs. Jones had urged her to "better herself," and she had indignantly refused. "Or" (a bright idea occurred) "I wonder if Miss Scilina, that is, Mrs. Ascott, would take me in at Russell Square?"

Hilary looked hard at her.

"Would you really like that?"

"Yes, I should; for I should see and hear of you. Miss Hilary, if you please, I wish you would ask Mrs. Ascott to take me."

And Hilary, much surprised—for she was well

acquainted with Elizabeth's sentiments toward both Mr. Ascott and the late Miss Selina—promised.

CHAPTER XXII.

AND now I leave Miss Hilary for a time; leave her in, if not happiness, great peace. Peace which, after these stormy months, was an actual paradise of calm to both herself and Johanna.

Their grief for Ascott had softened down. Its very hopelessness gave it resignation. There was nothing more to be done; they had done all they could, both to find him out and to save him from the public disgrace which might blight any hope of reformation. Now the result must be left in higher hands.

Only at times fits of restless trouble would come; times when a sudden knock at the door would make Johanna shake nervously for minutes afterward; when Hilary walked about every where with her mind preoccupied, and her eyes open to notice every chance passer-by; nay, she had sometimes secretly followed down a whole street some figure which, in its light jaunty step and long fashionably-cut hair, reminded her of Ascott.

Otherwise they were not unhappy, she and her dearest sister. Poor as they were, they were together, and their poverty had no sting. They knew exactly how much they would receive monthly, and how much they ought to spend. Though obliged to calculate every penny, still their income and their expenses were alike certain; there was no anxiety about money matters, which of itself was an indescribable relief. Also there was that best blessing—peace at home. Never in all her days had Johanna known such an easy life; sitting quietly in her parlor while Hilary was engaged in the shop below; descending to dinner, where she took the head of the table, and the young people soon learned to treat her with great respect and even affection; then waiting for the happy tea in their own room, and the walk afterward, in Richmond Park or along the Thames banks toward Twickenham. Perhaps it was partly from the contrast to that weary year in London, but never, in any spring, had the air seemed so balmy, or the trees so green. They brought back to Hilary's face the youthful bloom which she had begun to lose; and, in degree, her youthful brightness, which had also become slightly overclouded. Again she laughed and made her little domestic jokes, and regained her pretty way of putting things, so that every thing always appeared to have a cheerful, and even a comical, side.

Also—for while we are made as we are, with capacity for happiness, and especially the happiness of love, it is sure to be thus—she had a little private sunbeam in her own heart, which brightened outside things. After that sad letter from India which came on Selina's wedding-day, every succeeding one grew more cheerful, more

demonstrative, nay, even affectionate; though still with that queer Scotch pride of his, that would ask for nothing till it could ask and have every thing, and give every thing in return—the letters were all addressed to Johanna.

"What an advantage it is to be an old woman!" Miss Leaf would sometimes say, mischievously, when she received them. But more often she said nothing, waiting in peace for events to develop themselves. She did not think much about herself, and had no mean jealousy over her child; she knew that a righteous and holy love only makes all natural affections more sacred and more dear.

And Hilary? She held her head higher and prouder; and the spring trees looked greener, and the river ran brighter in the sunshine. Ah, Heaven pity us all! it is a good thing to have love in one's life; it is a good thing, if only for a time, to be actually *happy*. Not merely contented, but *happy*!

And so I will leave her, this little woman; and nobody need mourn over her because she is working too hard, or pity her because she is obliged to work; has to wear common clothes, and live in narrow rooms, and pass on her poor weary feet the grand carriages of the Richmond gentry, who are not a bit more well-born or well-educated than she; who never take the least notice of her, except sometimes to peer curiously at the desk where she sits in the shop-corner, and wonder who "that young person with the rather pretty curls" can be. No matter, she is happy.

How much happiness was there in the large house at Russell Square?

The Misses Leaf could not tell; their sister never gave them an opportunity of judging.

"My son's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all her life."

And so, most frequently, is "my sister." But not in this case. It could not be: they never expected it would.

When on her rare visits to town Hilary called at Russell Square she always found Mrs. Ascott handsomely dressed, dignified, and gracious. Not in the slightest degree uncivil or unsisterly, but gracious—perhaps a thought too gracious. Most condescendingly anxious that she should stay to luncheon, and eat and drink the best the house afforded, but never by any chance inviting her to stay to dinner. Consequently, as Mr. Ascott was always absent in the city until dinner, Hilary did not see him for months together, and her brother-in-law was, she declared, no more to her than any other man upon 'Change, or the man in the moon, or the Great Mogul.

His wife spoke little about him. After a few faint, formal questions concerning Richmond affairs, somehow her conversation always recurred to her own: the dinners she had been at, those she was going to give; her carriages, clothes, jewelry, and so on. She was altogether a very great lady, and Hilary, as she avouched laughingly—it was, in this case, better to laugh than

to grieve—felt an exceedingly small person beside her.

Nevertheless Mrs. Ascott showed no unkindness—nay, among the various changes that matrimony had produced in her, her temper appeared rather to have improved than otherwise; there was now seldom any trace of that touchy sharpness which used to be called “poor Selina’s way.” And yet Hilary never quitted the house without saying to herself, with a sigh, the old phrase, “Poor Selina!”

Thus, in the inevitable consequences of things, her visits to Russell Square became fewer and fewer; she kept them up as a duty, not exacting any return, for she felt that was impossible, though still keeping up the ghostly shadow of sisterly intimacy. Nevertheless she knew well it was but a shadow; that the only face that looked honest, glad welcome, or that she was honestly glad to see in her brother-in-law’s house was the under house-maid, Elizabeth Hand.

Contrary to all expectations, Mrs. Ascott had consented to take Elizabeth into her service. With many stipulations and warnings never to presume on past relations, never even to mention Stowbury, on pain of instant dismissal—still, she did take her, and Elizabeth staid. At every one of Miss Hilary’s visits, lying in wait in the bedchamber, or on the staircase, or creeping up at the last minute to open the hall-door, was sure to appear the familiar face, beaming all over. Little conversation passed between them—Mrs. Ascott evidently disliked it; still Elizabeth looked well and happy, and when Miss Hilary told her so she always silently smiled.

But this story must tell the whole truth which lay beneath that fond acquiescing smile.

Elizabeth was certainly in good health, being well-fed, well-housed, and leading on the whole an easy life; happy, too, when she looked at Miss Hilary. But her migration from Mrs. Jones’s lodgings to this grand mansion had not been altogether the translation from Purgatory to Paradise that some would have supposed.

The author of this simple story having—unfortunately for it—never been in domestic service, especially in the great houses of London, does not pretend to describe the ins and outs of their “high life below stairs;” to repeat kitchen conversations, to paint the humors of the servants’-hall—the butler and housekeeper getting tipsy together, the cook courting the policeman, and the footman making love successively to every house-maid and lady’s-maid. Some writers have depicted all this, whether faithfully or not they know best; but the present writer declines to attempt any thing of the kind. Her business is solely with one domestic, the country girl who came unexpectedly into this new world of London servant-life—a world essentially its own, and a life of which the upper classes are as ignorant as they are of what goes on in Madagascar and Otaheite.

This fact was the first which struck the unsophisticated Elizabeth. She, who had been

brought up in a sort of feudal relationship to her dear mistresses, was astonished to find the domestics of Russell Square banded together into a community which, in spite of their personal bickerings and jealousies, ended in alliance offensive and defensive against the superior powers, whom they looked upon as their natural enemies. Invisible enemies, certainly; for “master” they hardly ever saw; and, excepting the lady’s-maid, were mostly as ignorant of “missis.” The housekeeper was the middle link between the two estates—the person with whom all business was transacted, and to whom all complaints had to be made. Beyond being sometimes talked over, generally in a quizzical, depreciatory, or condemnatory way, the heads of the establishment were no more to their domestics than the people who paid wages, and exacted in return certain duties, which most of them made as small as possible, and escaped whenever they could.

If this be an exaggerated picture of a state of things perhaps in degree inevitable—and yet it should not be, for it is the source of incalculable evil, this dividing of a house against itself—if I have in any way said what is not true, I would that some intelligent “voice from the kitchen” would rise up and tell us what is true, and whether it be possible on either side to find means of amending what so sorely needs reformation.

Elizabeth sometimes wanted Tom Cliffe to do this—to “write a book,” which he, eager young malcontent, was always threatening to do, upon the evils of society, and especially the tyranny of the upper classes. Tom Cliffe was the only person to whom she imparted her troubles and perplexities: how different her life was from that she had been used to; how among her fellow-servants there was not one who did not seem to think and act in a manner totally opposed to every thing she had learned from Miss Hilary. How consequently she herself was teascd, bullied, threatened, or at best “sent to Coventry,” from morning till night.

“I’m quite alone, Tom—I am, indeed;” said she, almost crying, the first Sunday night when she met him accidentally in going to church, and, in her dreary state of mind, was exceedingly glad to see him. He consoled her, and even went to church with her, half-promising to do the same next Sunday, and calling her “a good little Christian, who almost inclined him to be a Christian too.”

And so, with the vague feeling that she was doing him good and keeping him out of harm—that lad who had so much that was kindly and nice about him—Elizabeth consented, not exactly to an appointment, but she told him what were her “Sundays out,” and the church she usually attended, if he liked to take the chance of her being there.

Alack! she had so few pleasures; she so seldom got even a breath of outside-air—it was not thought necessary for servants. The only hour she was allowed out was the church-going on

alternate Sunday evenings. How pleasant it was to creep out then, and see Tom waiting for her under the opposite trees, dressed so smart and gentlemanlike, looking so handsome and so glad to see her—her, the poor countryfied Elizabeth, who was quizzed incessantly by her fellow-servants on her oddness, plainness, and stupidity.

Tom did not seem to think her stupid, for he talked to her of all his doings and plannings, vague and wild as those of the young tailor in "Alton Locke," yet with a romantic energy about them that strongly interested his companion; and he read her his poetry, and addressed a few lines to herself, beginning,

"Dearest and best, my long familiar friend;" which was rather a poetical exaggeration, since he had altogether forgotten her in the interval of their separation. But she never guessed this; and so they both clung to the early tie, making it out to be ten times stronger than it really was, as people do who are glad of any excuse for being fond of one another.

Tom really was getting fond of Elizabeth. She touched the higher half of his nature—the spiritual and imaginative half. That he had it, though only a working-man, and she too, though only a domestic servant, was most true: probably many more of their class have it than we are at all aware of. Therefore, these two being special individuals, were attracted by each other; she by him, because he was so clever, and he by her, because she was so good. For he had an ideal, poor Tom Cliff! and though it had been smothered and laid to sleep by a not too regular life, it woke up again under the kind, sincere eyes of this plain, simple-minded, honest Elizabeth Hand.

He knew she was plain, and so old-fashioned in her dress, that Tom, who was particular about such things, did not always like walking with her: but she was so interesting and true; she sympathized with him so warmly; he found her so unfailingly and unvaryingly good to him through all the little humors and pettishnesses that almost always accompany a large brain, a nervous temperament, and delicate health. Her quietness soothed him, her strength of character supported him; he at once leaned on her, and ruled over her.

As to Elizabeth's feelings toward Tom, they will hardly bear analyzing; probably hardly any strong emotion will, especially one that is not sudden but progressive. She admired him extremely, and yet she was half sorry for him. Some things in him she did not at all like, and tried heartily to amend. His nervous fancies, irritations, and vagaries she was exceedingly tender over; she looked up to him, and yet took care of him; this thought of him, and anxiety over him, became by degrees the habit of her life. People love in so many different ways; and perhaps that was the natural way in which a woman like Elizabeth would love, or creep into love without knowing it, which is either the safest or the saddest form which the passion can assume.

Thus things went on, till one dark, rainy Sunday night, walking round and round the inner circle of the square, Tom expressed his feelings. At first, in somewhat high-flown and poetical phrases, then melting into the one, eternally old and eternally new, "Do you love me?" followed by a long, long kiss, given under shelter of the umbrella, and in mortal fear of the approaching policeman; who, however, never saw them, or saw them only as "a pair of sweet-hearts"—too common an occurrence on his beat to excite any attention.

But to Elizabeth the whole thing was new, wonderful; a bliss so far beyond any thing that had ever befallen her simple life, and so utterly unexpected therein, that when she went to her bed that night she cried like a child over the happiness of Tom's loving her, and her exceeding unworthiness of the same.

Then difficulties arose in her mind. "No followers allowed," was one of the strict laws of the Russell Square dynasty. Like many another law of that and of much higher dynasties it was only made to be broken; for stray sweet-hearts were continually climbing down area railings, or over garden walls, or hiding themselves behind kitchen doors. Nay, to such an extent was the system carried out, each servant being, from self-interest, a safe co-conspirator, that very often when Mr. and Mrs. Ascott went out to dinner, and the old housekeeper retired to bed, there were regular symposia held below stairs—nice little supper-parties, where all the viands in the pantry and the wines in the cellar were freely used; where every domestic had his or her "young man" or "young woman," and the goings-on, though not actually discreditable, were of the most lively kind.

To be cognizant of these, and yet to feel that, as there was no actual wickedness going on, she was not justified in "blabbing," was a severe and perpetual trial to Elizabeth. To join them, or bring Tom among them as her "young man," was impossible.

"No, Tom," she said, when he begged hard to come in one evening—for it was raining fast, and he had a bad cough—"No, Tom, I can't let you. If other folk break the laws of the house, I won't—you must go. I can only meet you out of doors."

And yet to do this surreptitiously, just as if she were ashamed of him, or as if there were something wrong in their being fond of one another, jarred upon Elizabeth's honest nature. She did not want to make a show of him, especially to her fellow-servants: she had the true woman's instinct of liking to keep her treasures all to herself; but she had also her sex's natural yearning for sympathy in the great event of a woman's life. She would have liked to have somebody unto whom she could say, "Tom has asked me to marry him," and who would have answered cordially, "It's all right; he is a good fellow: you are sure to be happy."

Not that she doubted this; but it would have been an additional comfort to have a mother's

blessing, or a sister's, or even a friend's, upon this strange and sweet emotion which had come into her life. So long as it was thus kept secret there seemed a certain incompleteness and unsanctity about even their happy love.

Tom did not comprehend this at all. He only laughed at her for feeling so "nesh" (that means tender, sensitive—but the word is almost unexplainable to other than Stowbury ears) on the subject. He liked the romance and excitement of secret courtship—men often do; rarely women, unless there is something in them not quite right, not entirely womanly.

But Tom was very considerate, and though he called it "silly," and took a little fit of crossness on the occasion, he allowed Elizabeth to write to her mother about him, and consented that on her next holiday she should go to Richmond; in order to speak to Miss Hilary on the same subject, and ask her also to write to Mrs. Hand, stating how good and clever Tom was, and how exceedingly happy was Tom's Elizabeth.

"And won't you come and fetch me, Tom?" asked she, shyly. "I am sure Miss Hilary would not object, nor Miss Leaf neither."

Tom protested he did not care two straws whether they objected or not; he was a man of twenty, in a good trade—he had lately gone back to the printing, and being a clever workman, earned capital wages. He had a right to choose whom he liked, and marry when he pleased. If Elizabeth didn't care for him, she might leave him alone.

"Oh, Tom!" was all she answered, with a strange gentleness that no one could have believed would ever have come into the manner of South Sea Islander. And quitting the subject then, she afterward persuaded him, and not for the first time, into consenting to what she thought right. There is something rather touching in a servant's holiday. It comes so seldom. She must count on it for so long beforehand, and remember it for so long afterward. This present writer owns to a strong sympathy with the holiday-makers on the grand gala-days of the English calendar. It is a pleasure to watch the innumerable groups of family folk, little children, and prentice lads,

—"Dressed in all their best,
To walk abroad with Sally."

And the various "Sallys" and their corresponding swains can hardly feel more regret than she when it happens to be wet weather on Easter week or at Whitsuntide.

Whit-Monday, the day when Tom escaped from the printing-office, and Elizabeth got leave of absence for six hours, was as glorious a June day as well could be. As the two young people perched themselves on the top of the Richmond omnibus, and drove through Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green, and over Kew Bridge—Tom pointing out all the places, and giving much curious information about them—Elizabeth thought there never was a more beautiful country, or a more lovely summer day: she was, she truly said, "as happy as a Queen."

Nevertheless, when the omnibus stopped, she, with great self-denial, insisted on getting rid of Tom for a time. She thought Miss Hilary might not quite like Tom's knowing where she lived, or what her occupation was, lest he might gossip about it to Stowbury people; so she determined to pay her visit by herself, and appointed to meet him at a certain hour on Richmond Bridge, over which bridge she watched him march sulkily, not without a natural pleasure that he should be so much vexed at losing her company for an hour or two. But she knew he would soon come to himself—as he did, before he had been half a mile on the road to Hampton Court, meeting a young fellow he knew, and going with him over that grand old palace, which furnished them with a subject at their next debating society, where they both came out very strong on the question of hypoeritical priests and obnoxious kings, with especial reference to Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey.

Meanwhile Elizabeth went in search of the little shop—which nobody need expect to find at Richmond now—bearing the well-known name "Janet Balquidder." Entering it, for there was no private door, she saw, in the far corner above the curtained desk, the pretty eurls of her dear Miss Hilary.

Elizabeth had long known that her mistress "kept a shop," and with the notions of gentility which are just as rife in her class as in any other, had mourned bitterly over this fact. But when she saw how fresh and well the young lady looked, how busily and cheerfully she seemed to work with her great books before her, and with what a composed grace and dignity she came forward when asked for, Elizabeth secretly confessed that not even keeping a shop had made or could make the smallest difference in Miss Hilary.

She herself was much more changed.

"Why, Elizabeth, I should hardly have known you!" was the involuntary exclamation of her late mistress.

She certainly did look very nice; not smart—for her sober taste preferred quiet colors—but excessively neat and well-dressed. In her new gown of gray "coburg," her one handsome shawl, which had been honored several times by Miss Hilary's wearing, her white straw bonnet and white ribbons, underneath which the smooth black hair and soft eyes showed to great advantage, she appeared, not "like a lady"—a servant can seldom do that let her dress be ever so fine—but like a thoroughly respectable, intelligent, and pleasant-faced young woman.

And her blushes came and went so fast, she was so nervous and yet so beamingly happy, that Miss Hilary soon suspected there was more in this visit than at first appeared. Knowing that with Elizabeth's great shyness the mystery would never come out in public, she took an opportunity of asking her to help her in the bedroom, and there, with the folding-doors safely shut, discovered the whole secret.

Miss Hilary was a good deal surprised at

first. She had never thought of Elizabeth as likely to get married at all—and to Tom Cliffe.

“Why, isn’t he a mere boy; ever so much younger than you are?”

“Three years.”

“That is a pity—a great pity; women grow old so much faster than men.”

“I know that,” said Elizabeth, somewhat sorrowfully.

“Besides, did you not tell me he was very handsome and clever?”

“Yes; and I’m neither the one nor the other. I have thought all that over too, many a time; indeed I have, Miss Hilary. But Tom likes me—or fancies he does. Do you think”—and the intense humility which true love always has, struck into Miss Hilary’s own conscious heart a conviction of how very true this poor girl’s love must be. “Do you think he is mistaken? that his liking me—I mean in that sort of way—is quite impossible?”

“No, indeed, and I never said it; never thought it,” was the earnest reply. “But consider; three years younger than yourself; handsomer and cleverer than you are—”

Miss Hilary stopped; it seemed so cruel to say such things, and yet she felt bound to say them. She knew her former “bower-maiden” well enough to be convinced that if Elizabeth were not happy in marriage she would be worse than unhappy—might grow actually bad.

“He loves you now; you are sure of that; but are you sure that he is a thoroughly stable and reliable character? Do you believe he will love you always?”

“I can’t tell. Perhaps—if I deserved it,” said poor Elizabeth.

And, looking at the downcast eyes, at the thorough womanly sweetness and tenderness which suffused the whole face, Hilary’s doubts began to melt away. She thought how sometimes men, captivated by inward rather than outward graces, have fallen in love with plain women, or women older than themselves, and actually kept to their attachment through life, with a fidelity rare as beautiful. Perhaps this young fellow, who seemed by all accounts superior to his class—having had the sense to choose that pearl in an oyster-shell, Elizabeth Hand—might also have the sense to appreciate her, and go on loving her to the end of his days. Any-

how, he loved her now, and she loved him; and it was useless reasoning any more about it.

“Come, Elizabeth,” cried her mistress, cheerfully, “I have said all my say, and now I have only to give my good wishes. If Tom Cliffe deserves you, I am sure you deserve him, and I should like to tell him so.”

“Should you, Miss Hilary?” and with a visible brightening up Elizabeth betrayed Tom’s whereabouts, and her little conspiracy to bring him here, and her hesitation lest it might be “intruding.”

“Not at all. Tell him to come at once. I am not like my sister; we always allow ‘followers.’ I think a mistress stands in the relation of a parent, for the time being; and that can not be a right or good love which is concealed from her, as if it were a thing to be ashamed of.”

“I think so too. And I’m not a bit ashamed of Tom, nor he of me,” said Elizabeth, so energetically that Miss Hilary smiled.

“Very well; take him to have his tea in the kitchen, and then bring him up stairs to speak to my sister and me.”

At that interview, which of course was rather trying, Tom acquitted himself to every body’s satisfaction. He was manly, modest, self-possessed; did not say much—his usual talkativeness being restrained by the circumstances of the case, and the great impression made upon him by Miss Hilary, who, he afterward admitted to Elizabeth, “was a real angel, and he should write a poem upon her.” But the little he did say gave the ladies a very good impression of the intelligence and even refinement of Elizabeth’s sweet-heart. And though they were sorry to see him look so delicate, still there was a something better than handsomeness in his handsome face, which made them not altogether surprised at Elizabeth’s being so fond of him.

As she watched the young couple down Richmond Street, in the soft summer twilight—Elizabeth taking Tom’s arm, and Tom drawing up his stooping figure to its utmost extent, both a little ill-matched in height as they were in some other things, but walking with that air of perfect confidence and perfect contentedness in each other which always betrays, to a quick eye, those who have agreed to walk through the world together—Miss Hilary turned from the window and sighed.

“NON RESPONDET.”

IT seems but yesterday that, as companions,
We read the life of the old Latian age,
And all its stern and stirring martial glories
Flashed on our souls from out the wondrous page.

I call to mind when first the Roman legions
Gathered at roll-call met our eager gaze,
Comrade for slain comrade answering, *Non respondet!*
How His eyes kindled into sudden blaze:

"How false," He cried, "they spoke from Heraclea,
From Thrasymenè, Cannæ, Zama's crimson sand;
Throughout Rome's long and weary years of struggle
Theirs were the only voices in the land!"

Last night in camp, before the guns of Richmond,
Our roll was called, as one short month ago:
The Orderly's clear voice rang out as ever,
Sharply distinct, deliberate, and slow.

But at One name what sudden solemn stillness!
O God! we heard it though so far away:
And "*He replies not*" were the words unspoken
That moment's all awful silence seemed to say.

When, in the reddening summer dawn, there gather
Dear household faces round the board, we rise
And start in sweet forgetfulness to call Him—
But only silence:—never he replies.

When, in the purple twilight, memory wanders
In pleasant idleness to other days,
And we with oftenest said "Do you remember?"
Turn quick to meet His ready answering gaze:

Only our sad hearts' slow and mournful beating:—
No young and fresh elastic voice replies:
We meet the stars' far off and pitying glances,
But not the tender fervor of His eyes.

Last year, when violets laughed in blue-eyed meadows,
And white-robed trillium flecked the south declines,
And bishop's-caps in winding long procession
Marched to the great cathedrals of the pines,

He said, "I hear my mother Nature calling;
I shake off Manhood's dust beside her rills;
O tenderest Alma Mater! I regain thee
As much a boy as when I left these hills."

Alas! I hear that call again re-echo
From woods where June holds carnival to-day;
But "*He replies not*":—so the birds and flowers,
His early comrades, pause to sigh and say.

O earth! with all thy myriads of voices,
Is this, the sweetest, evermore at rest?—
O brave young life! Is there no deeper record
Stamped on the world, which even in death it blessed?

"O soul untrue to childhood's intuitions!
Recall the lesson which the old world gave:—
There is no voice which answers from the living
With half the power of His from out the grave.

"When to the home and to the hearts he cherished,
The slumberous calm which follows youth shall come,
And to the call for nobler aspirations
The drowsy powers of life shall all be dumb,

"Fear not—One voice shall break that deadly silence;
And from His southern grave those answers rise:—
'He only lives who bravely combats Error;
'Tis only he that yields to Wrong who dies!'"

O solemn roll-call! through the coming ages
I hear thy echoes swell the pine-wood's roar;
And floating down the Mississippi's current,
Come back with South winds from the low Gulf shore.

And when a soldier answers, " *Non respondet,*"
 In other tongue than Romans spoke, then turns
 The great heart of a long-awaiting nation
 To camps where Freedom's beacon watch-fire burns.

They raise to freemen their appealing voices,
 Earth waits the answer to that bitter cry;
 And from the graves at Springfield, Shiloh, Richmond,
 Swells the unfaltering chorus, " *We reply!*"

CAMP CAIRO.

C. S.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER IV.

MRS. ROPER'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

I HAVE said that John Eames had been petted by none but his mother, but I would not have it supposed, on this account, that John Eames had no friends. There is a class of young men who never get petted, though they may not be the less esteemed, or perhaps loved. They do not come forth to the world as Apollos, nor shine at all, keeping what light they may have for inward purposes. Such young men are often awkward, ungainly, and not yet formed in their gait; they straggle with their limbs, and are shy; words do not come to them with ease, when words are required, among any but their accustomed associates. Social meetings are periods of penance to them, and any appearance in public will unnerve them. They go much about alone, and blush when women speak to them. In truth they are not as yet men, whatever the number may be of their years; and as they are no lon-

ger boys, the world has found for them the ungraceful name of hobbledehoy.

Such observations, however, as I have been enabled to make on this matter have led me to believe that the hobbledehoy is by no means the least valuable species of the human race. When I compare the hobbledehoy of one or two and twenty to some finished Apollo of the same age, I regard the former as unripe fruit, and the latter as fruit that is ripe. Then comes the question as to the two fruits. Which is the better fruit, that which ripens early—which is, perhaps, favored with some little forcing apparatus, or which, at least, is backed by the warmth of a southern wall—or that fruit of slower growth, as to which nature works without assistance, on which the sun operates in its own time, or perhaps never operates if some ungenial shade has been allowed to interpose itself? The world, no doubt, is in favor of the forcing apparatus or of the southern wall. The fruit comes certainly, and at an assured period. It is spotless, speckless, and of a certain quality by no means despicable. The owner has it when he wants it, and it serves its turn. But, nevertheless, according to my thinking, the fullest flavor of the sun is given to that other fruit—is given in the sun's own good time, if so be that no ungenial shade has interposed itself. I like the smack of the natural growth, and like it, perhaps, the better because that which has been obtained has been obtained without favor.

But the hobbledehoy, though he blushes when women address him, and is uneasy even when he is near them, though he is not master of his limbs in a ball-room, and is hardly master of his tongue at any time, is the most eloquent of beings, and especially eloquent among beautiful women. He enjoys all the triumphs of a Don Juan without any of Don Juan's heartlessness, and is able to conquer in all encounters through the force of his wit and the sweetness of his voice. But this eloquence is heard only by his own inner ears, and these triumphs are the triumphs of his imagination.

The true hobbledehoy is much alone, not being greatly given to social intercourse even with other hobbledehoys—a trait in his character which I think has hardly been sufficiently observed by the world at large. He has probably become a hobbledehoy instead of an Apollo because circumstances have not afforded him much social

intercourse; and, therefore, he wanders about in solitude, taking long walks, in which he dreams of those successes which are so far removed from his powers of achievement. Out in the fields, with his stick in his hand, he is very eloquent, cutting off the heads of the springing summer weeds as he practices his oratory with energy. And thus he feeds an imagination for which those who know him give him but scanty credit, and unconsciously prepares himself for that latter ripening, if only the ungenial shade will some day cease to interpose itself.

Such hobbledehoys receive but little petting unless it be from a mother; and such a hobbledehooy was John Eames when he was sent away from Guestwick to begin his life in the big room of a public office in London. We may say that there was nothing of the young Apollo about him. But yet he was not without friends—friends who wished him well and thought much of his welfare. And he had a younger sister who loved him dearly, who had no idea that he was a hobbledehooy, being somewhat of a hobbledehooya herself. Mrs. Eames, their mother, was a widow, living in a small house in Guestwick, whose husband had been throughout his whole life an intimate friend of our squire. He had been a man of many misfortunes, having begun the world almost with affluence, and having ended it in poverty. He had lived all his days in Guestwick, having at one time occupied a large tract of land, and lost much money in experimental farming; and late in life he had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, and there had died some two years previously to the commencement of this story. With no other man had Mr. Dale lived on terms so intimate; and when Mr. Eames died Mr. Dale acted as executor under his will and as guardian to his children. He had, moreover, obtained for John Eames that situation under the Crown which he now held.

And Mrs. Eames had been and still was on very friendly terms with Mrs. Dale. The squire had never taken quite kindly to Mrs. Eames, whom her husband had not met till he was already past forty years of age. But Mrs. Dale had made up by her kindness to the poor forlorn woman for any lack of that cordiality which might have been shown to her from the Great House. Mrs. Eames was a poor forlorn woman—forlorn even during the time of her husband's life, but very wobegone now in her widowhood. In matters of importance the squire had been kind to her; arranging for her her little money affairs, advising her about her house and income, also getting for her that appointment for her son. But he snubbed her when he met her, and poor Mrs. Eames held him in great awe. Mrs. Dale held her brother-in-law in no awe, and sometimes gave to the widow from Guestwick advice quite at variance to that given by the squire. In this way there had grown up an intimacy between Bell and Lily and the young Eames, and either of the girls was prepared to declare that Johnny Eames was her own and

well-loved friend. Nevertheless they spoke of him occasionally with some little dash of merriment—as is not unusual with pretty girls who have hobbledehoys among their intimate friends, and who are not themselves unaccustomed to the grace of an Apollo.

I may as well announce at once that John Eames, when he went up to London, was absolutely and irretrievably in love with Lily Dale. He had declared his passion in the most moving language a hundred times; but he had declared it only to himself. He had written much poetry about Lily, but he kept his lines safe under double lock and key. When he gave the reins to his imagination, he flattered himself that he might win not only her but the world at large also by his verses; but he would have perished rather than exhibit them to human eye. During the last ten weeks of his life at Guestwick, while he was preparing for his career in London, he hung about Allington, walking over frequently and then walking back again; but all in vain. During these visits he would sit in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room, speaking but little, and addressing himself usually to the mother; but on each occasion, as he started on his long, hot walk, he resolved that he would say something by which Lily might know of his love. When he left for London that something had not been said.

He had not dreamed of asking her to be his wife. John Eames was about to begin the world with eighty pounds a year, and an allowance of twenty more from his mother's purse. He was well aware that with such an income he could not establish himself as a married man in London, and he also felt that the man who might be fortunate enough to win Lily for his wife should be prepared to give her every soft luxury that the world could afford. He knew well that he ought not to expect any assurance of Lily's love; but, nevertheless, he thought it possible that he might give her an assurance of his love. It would probably be in vain. He had no real hope, unless when he was in one of those poetic moods. He had acknowledged to himself, in some indistinct way, that he was no more than a hobbledehooy, awkward, silent, ungainly, with a face unfinished, as it were, or unripe. All this he knew, and knew also that there were Apollos in the world who would be only too ready to carry off Lily in their splendid ears. But not the less did he make up his mind that having loved her once, it behooved him, as a true man, to love her on to the end.

One little word he had said to her when they parted, but it had been a word of friendship rather than of love. He had strayed out after her on to the lawn, leaving Bell alone in the drawing-room. Perhaps Lily had understood something of the boy's feeling, and had wished to speak kindly to him at parting, or almost more than kindly. There is a silent love which women recognize, and which in some silent way they acknowledge—giving gracious but silent thanks for the respect which accompanies it.

"I have come to say good-by, Lily," said Johnny Eames, following the girl down one of the paths.

"Good-by, John," said she, turning round. "You know how sorry we are to lose you. But it's a great thing for you to be going up to London."

"Well; yes. I suppose it is. I'd sooner remain here, though."

"What! stay here, doing nothing! I am sure you would not."

"Of course, I should like to do something. I mean—"

"You mean that it is painful to part with old friends; and I'm sure that we all feel that at parting with you. But you'll have a holiday sometimes, and then we shall see you."

"Yes; of course, I shall see you then. I think, Lily, I shall care more about seeing you than any body."

"Oh no, John. There'll be your own mother and sister."

"Yes; there'll be mother and Mary, of course. But I will come over here the very first day—that is, if you'll care to see me?"

"We shall care to see you very much. You know that. And—dear John, I do hope you'll be happy."

There was a tone in her voice as she spoke which almost upset him; or, I should rather say, which almost put him up upon his legs and made him speak; but its ultimate effect was less powerful. "Do you?" said he, as he held her hand for a few happy seconds. "And I'm sure I hope you'll always be happy. Good-by, Lily." Then he left her, returning to the house, and she continued her walk, wandering down among the trees in the shrubbery, and not showing herself for the next half hour. How many girls have some such lover as that—a lover who says no more to them than Johnny Eames then said to Lily Dale, who never says more than that? And yet when, in after-years, they count over the names of all who have loved them, the name of that awkward youth is never forgotten.

That farewell had been spoken nearly two years since, and Lily Dale was then seventeen. Since that time John Eames had been home once, and during his month's holidays had often visited Allington. But he had never improved upon that occasion of which I have told. It had seemed to him that Lily was colder to him than in old days, and he had become, if any thing, more shy in his ways with her. He was to return to Guestwick again during this autumn; but, to tell honestly the truth in the matter, Lily Dale did not think or care very much for his coming. Girls of nineteen do not care for lovers of one-and-twenty, unless it be when the fruit has had the advantage of some forcing apparatus or southern wall.

John Eames's love was still as hot as ever, having been sustained on poetry, and kept alive, perhaps, by some close confidence in the ears of a brother clerk; but it is not to be supposed that during these two years he had been a melan-

choly lover. It might, perhaps, have been better for him had his disposition led him to that line of life. Such, however, had not been the case. He had already abandoned the flute on which he had learned to sound three sad notes before he left Guestwick, and, after the fifth or sixth Sunday, he had relinquished his solitary walks along the towing-path of the Regent's Park Canal. To think of one's absent love is very sweet; but it becomes monotonous after a mile or two of a towing-path, and the mind will turn away to Aunt Sally, the Cremorne Gardens, and financial questions. I doubt whether any girl would be satisfied with her lover's mind if she knew the whole of it.

"I say, Caudle, I wonder whether a fellow could get into a club?"

This proposition was made, on one of those Sunday walks, by John Eames to the friend of his bosom, a brother clerk, whose legitimate name was Cradell, and who was therefore called Caudle by his friends.

"Get into a club? Fisher in our room belongs to a club."

"That's only a chess-club. I mean a regular club."

"One of the swell ones at the West End?" said Cradell, almost lost in admiration at the ambition of his friend.

"I shouldn't want it to be particularly swell. If a man isn't a swell, I don't see what he gets by going among those who are. But it is so uncommon slow at Mother Roper's." Now Mrs. Roper was a respectable lady, who kept a boarding-house in Burton Crescent, and to whom Mrs. Eames had been strongly recommended when she was desirous of finding a specially safe domicile for her son. For the first year of his life in London John Eames had lived alone in lodgings; but that had resulted in discomfort, solitude, and, alas! in some amount of debt, which had come heavily on the poor widow. Now, for the second year, some safer mode of life was necessary. She had learned that Mrs. Cradell, the widow of a barrister, who had also succeeded in getting her son into the Income-tax Office, had placed him in charge of Mrs. Roper; and she, with many injunctions to that motherly woman, submitted her own boy to the same custody.

"And about going to church?" Mrs. Eames had said to Mrs. Roper.

"I don't suppose I can look after that, ma'am," Mrs. Roper had answered, conscientiously. "Young gentlemen choose mostly their own churches."

"But they do go?" asked the mother, very anxious in her heart as to this new life in which her boy was to be left to follow in so many things the guidance of his own lights.

"They who have been brought up steady do so, mostly."

"He has been brought up steady, Mrs. Roper. He has, indeed. And you won't give him a latch-key?"

"Well, they always do ask for it."

"But he won't insist, if you tell him that I had rather that he shouldn't have one."

Mrs. Roper promised accordingly, and Johnny Eames was left under her charge. He did ask for the latch-key, and Mrs. Roper answered as she was bidden. But he asked again, having been sophisticated by the philosophy of Cradell, and then Mrs. Roper handed him the key. She was a woman who plumed herself on being as good as her word, not understanding that any one could justly demand from her more than that. She gave Johnny Eames the key, as doubtless she had intended to do; for Mrs. Roper knew the world, and understood that young men without latch-keys would not remain with her.

"I thought you didn't seem to find it so dull since Amelia came home," said Cradell.

"Amelia! What's Amelia to me? I have told you every thing, Cradell, and yet you can talk to me about Amelia Roper!"

"Come now, Johnny—" He had always been called Johnny, and the name had gone with him to his office. Even Amelia Roper had called him Johnny on more than one occasion before this. "You were as sweet to her the other night as though there were no such person as L. D. in existence." John Eames turned away and shook his head. Nevertheless, the words of his friend were grateful to him. The character of a Don Juan was not unpleasant to his imagination, and he liked to think that he might amuse Amelia Roper with a passing word, though his heart was true to Lilian Dale. In truth, however, many more of the passing words had been spoken by the fair Amelia than by him.

Mrs. Roper had been quite as good as her word when she told Mrs. Eames that her household was composed of herself, of a son who was in an attorney's office, of an ancient maiden cousin, named Miss Spruce, who lodged with her, and of Mr. Cradell. The divine Amelia had not then been living with her, and the nature of the statement which she was making by no means compelled her to inform Mrs. Eames that the young lady would probably return home in the following winter. A Mr. and Mrs. Lupex had also joined the family lately, and Mrs. Roper's house was now supposed to be full.

And it must be acknowledged that Johnny Eames had, in certain unguarded moments, confided to Cradell the secret of a second, weaker passion for Amelia. "She is a fine girl—a deuced fine girl!" Johnny Eames had said, using a style of language which he had learned since he left Guestwick and Allington. Mr. Cradell, also, was an admirer of the fair sex; and, alas! that I should say so, Mrs. Lupex, at the present moment, was the object of his admiration. Not that he entertained the slightest idea of wronging Mr. Lupex—a man who was a scene-painter, and knew the world. Mr. Cradell admired Mrs. Lupex as a connoisseur, not simply as a man. "By Heavens! Johnny, what a figure that woman has!" he said, one morning, as they were walking to their office.

"Yes; she stands well on her pins."

"I should think she did. If I understand any thing of form," said Cradell, "that woman is nearly perfect. What a torso she has!"

From which expression, and from the fact that Mrs. Lupex depended greatly upon her stays and crinoline for such figure as she succeeded in displaying, it may, perhaps, be understood that Mr. Cradell did not understand much about form.

"It seems to me that her nose isn't quite straight," said Johnny Eames. Now, it undoubtedly was the fact that the nose on Mrs. Lupex's face was a little awry. It was a long, thin nose, which, as it progressed forward into the air, certainly had a preponderating bias toward the left side.

"I care more for figure than face," said Cradell. "But Mrs. Lupex has fine eyes—very fine eyes."

"And knows how to use them, too," said Johnny.

"Why shouldn't she? And then she has lovely hair."

"Only she never brushes it in the morning."

"Do you know, I like that kind of deshabille," said Cradell. "Too much care always betrays itself."

"But a woman should be tidy."

"What a word to apply to such a creature as Mrs. Lupex! I call her a splendid woman. And how well she was got up last night! Do you know, I've an idea that Lupex treats her very badly. She said a word or two to me yesterday that—" And then he paused. There are some confidences which a man does not share even with his dearest friend.

"I rather fancy it's quite the other way," said Eames.

"How the other way?"

"That Lupex has quite as much as he likes of Mrs. L. The sound of her voice sometimes makes me shake in my shoes, I know."

"I like a woman with spirit," said Cradell.

"Oh, so do I. But one may have too much of a good thing. Amelia did tell me—only you won't mention it."

"Of course, I won't."

"She told me that Lupex sometimes was obliged to run away from her. He goes down to the theatre, and remains there two or three days at a time. Then she goes to fetch him, and there is no end of a row in the house."

"The fact is, he drinks," said Cradell. "By George, I pity a woman whose husband drinks—and such a woman as that, too!"

"Take care, old fellow, or you'll find yourself in a serape."

"I know what I'm at. Lord bless you, I'm not going to lose my head because I see a fine woman."

"Or your heart either?"

"Oh, heart! There's nothing of that kind of thing about me. I regard a woman as a picture or a statue. I dare say I shall marry some

day, because men do ; but I've no idea of losing myself about a woman."

"I'd lose myself ten times over for—"

"L. D.," said Cradell.

"That I would. And yet I know I shall never have her. I'm a jolly, laughing sort of fellow ; and yet, do you know, Caudle, when that girl marries it will be all up with me. It will, indeed."

"Do you mean that you'll cut your throat?"

"No ; I sha'n't do that. I sha'n't do anything of that sort ; and yet it will be all up with me."

"You are going down there in October ; why don't you ask her to have you ?"

"With ninety pounds a year!" His grateful country had twice increased his salary at the rate of five pounds each year. "With ninety pounds a year, and twenty allowed me by my mother!"

"She could wait, I suppose. I should ask her, and no mistake. If one is to love a girl, it's no good one going on in that way."

"It isn't much good, certainly," said Johnny Eames. And then they reached the door of the Income-tax Office, and each went away to his own desk.

From this little dialogue it may be imagined that though Mrs. Roper was as good as her word, she was not exactly the woman whom Mrs. Eames would have wished to select as a protecting angel for her son. But the truth I take to be this, that protecting angels for widows' sons, at forty-eight pounds a year, paid quarterly, are not to be found very readily in London. Mrs. Roper was not worse than others of her class. She would much have preferred lodgers who were respectable to those who were not so—if she could only have found respectable lodgers as she wanted them. Mr. and Mrs. Lupex hardly came under that denomination ; and when she gave them up her big front bedroom at a hundred a year she knew she was doing wrong. And she was troubled, too, about her own daughter Amelia, who was already over thirty years of age. Amelia was a very clever young woman, who had been, if the truth must be told, first young lady at a millinery establishment in Manchester. Mrs. Roper knew that Mrs. Eames and Mrs. Cradell would not wish their sons to associate with her daughter. But what could she do ? She could not refuse the shelter of her own house to her own child, and yet her heart misgave her when she saw Amelia flirting with young Eames.

"I wish, Amelia, you wouldn't have so much to say to that young man."

"Laws, mother!"

"So I do. If you go on like that, you'll put me out of both my lodgers."

"Go on like what, mother? If a gentleman speaks to me, I suppose I'm to answer him? I know how to behave myself, I believe." And then she gave her head a toss. Whereupon her mother was silent ; for her mother was afraid of her.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT L. D.

APOLLO CROSBIE left London for Allington on the 31st of August, intending to stay there four weeks, with the declared intention of recruiting his strength by an absence of two months from official cares, and with no fixed purpose as to his destiny for the last of those two months. Offers of hospitality had been made to him by the dozen. Lady Hartletop's doors, in Shropshire, were open to him, if he chose to enter them. He had been invited by the Countess de Courcy to join her suite at Courcy Castle. His special friend, Montgomerie Dobbs, had a place in Scotland, and then there was a yachting party by which he was much wanted. But Mr. Crosbie had as yet knocked himself down to none of these biddings, having before him when he left London no other fixed engagement than that which took him to Allington. On the first of October we shall also find ourselves at Allington in company with Johnny Eames ; and Apollo Crosbie will still be there—by no means to the comfort of our friend from the Income-tax Office.

Johnny Eames can not be called unlucky in that matter of his annual holiday, seeing that he was allowed to leave London in October, a month during which few chose to own that they remain in town. For myself, I always regard May as the best month for holiday-making ; but then no Londoner cares to be absent in May. Young Eames, though he lived in Burton Crescent and had as yet no connection with the West End, had already learned his lesson in this respect. "Those fellows in the big room want me to take May," he had said to his friend Cradell, "They must think I'm uncommon green."

"It's too bad," said Cradell. "A man shouldn't be asked to take his leave in May. I never did, and what's more, I never will. I'd go to the Board first."

Eames had escaped this evil without going to the Board, and had succeeded in obtaining for himself for his own holiday that month of October, which, of all months, is perhaps the most highly esteemed for holiday purposes. "I shall go down by the mail-train to-morrow night," he said to Amelia Roper, on the evening before his departure. At that moment he was sitting alone with Amelia in Mrs. Roper's back drawing-room. In the front room Cradell was talking to Mrs. Lupex ; but as Miss Spruce was with them, it may be presumed that Mr. Lupex need have had no cause for jealousy.

"Yes," said Amelia ; "I know how great is your haste to get down to that fascinating spot. I could not expect that you would lose one single hour in hurrying away from Burton Crescent."

Amelia Roper was a tall, well-grown young woman, with dark hair and dark eyes ; not handsome, for her nose was thick, and the lower part of her face was heavy, but yet not without some feminine attractions. Her eyes were bright ; but then, also, they were mischievous. She

could talk fluently enough; but then, also, she could scold. She could assume sometimes the plumage of a dove; but then again she could occasionally ruffle her feathers like an angry kite. I am quite prepared to acknowledge that John Eames should have kept himself clear of Amelia Roper; but then young men so frequently do those things which they should not do!

"After twelve months up here in London one is glad to get away to one's own friends," said Johnny.

"Your own friends, Mr. Eames! What sort of friends? Do you suppose I don't know?"

"Well, no. I don't think you do know."

"L. D.!" said Amelia, showing that Lily had been spoken of among people who should never have been allowed to hear her name. But perhaps, after all, no more than those two initials were known in Burton Crescent. From the tone which was now used in naming them it was sufficiently manifest that Amelia considered herself to be wronged by their very existence.

"L. S. D.," said Johnny, attempting the line of a witty, gay young spendthrift. "That's my love—pounds, shillings, and pence; and a very coy mistress she is."

"Nonsense, Sir. Don't talk to me in that way. As if I didn't know where your heart was. What right had you to speak to me if you had an L. D. down in the country?"

It should be here declared on behalf of poor John Eames that he had not ever spoken to Amelia—he had not spoken to her in any such phrase as her words seemed to imply. But then he had written to her a fatal note of which we will speak further before long, and that perhaps was quite as bad, or worse.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Johnny. But the laugh was assumed, and not assumed with ease.

"Yes, Sir; it's a laughing matter to you, I dare say. It is very easy for a man to laugh under such circumstances; that is to say, if he is perfectly heartless, if he's got a stone inside his bosom instead of flesh and blood. Some men are made of stone, I know, and are troubled with no feelings."

"What is it you want me to say? You pretend to know all about it, and it wouldn't be civil in me to contradict you."

"What is it I want? You know very well what I want; or rather, I don't want any thing. What is it to me? It is nothing to me about L. D. You can go down to Allington and do what you like for me. Only I hate such ways."

"What ways, Amelia?"

"What ways! Now, look here, Johnny: I'm not going to make a fool of myself for any man. When I came home here three months ago—and I wish I never had"—she paused here a moment, waiting for a word of tenderness; but as the word of tenderness did not come, she went on—"but when I did come home, I didn't think there was a man in all London could make me care for him: that I didn't. And now you're going away, without so much as

hardly saying a word to me." And then she brought out her handkerchief.

"What am I to say when you keep on scolding me all the time?"

"Scolding you! And me too! No, Johnny, I ain't scolding you, and don't mean to. If it's to be all over between us, say the word, and I'll take myself away out of the house before you come back again. I've had no secrets from you. I can go back to my business in Manchester, though it is beneath my birth, and not what I've been used to. If L. D. is more to you than I am, I won't stand in your way. Only say the word."

L. D. was more to him than Amelia Roper—ten times more to him. L. D. would have been every thing to him, and Amelia Roper was worse than nothing. He felt all this at the moment, and struggled hard to collect an amount of courage that would make him free.

"Say the word," said she, rising on her feet before him, "and all between you and me shall be over. I have got your promise, but I'd scorn to take advantage. If Amelia hasn't got your heart, she'd despise to take your hand. Only I must have an answer."

It would seem that an easy way of escape was offered to him; but the lady probably knew that the way as offered by her was not easy to such a one as John Eames.

"Amelia," he said, still keeping his seat.

"Well, Sir?"

"You know I love you."

"And about L. D.?"

"If you choose to believe all the nonsense that Cradell puts into your head I can't help it. If you like to make yourself jealous about two letters it isn't my fault."

"And you love me?" said she.

"Of course I love you." And then, upon hearing these words, Amelia threw herself into his arms.

As the folding doors between the two rooms were not closed, and as Miss Spruce was sitting in her easy-chair immediately opposite to them, it was probable that she saw what passed. But Miss Spruce was a taciturn old lady, not easily excited to any show of surprise or admiration; and as she had lived with Mrs. Roper for the last twelve years, she was probably well acquainted with her daughter's ways.

"You'll be true to me?" said Amelia, during the moment of that embrace; "true to me forever?"

"Oh yes; that's a matter of course," said Johnny Eames. And then she liberated him; and the two strolled into the front sitting-room.

"I declare, Mr. Eames," said Mrs. Lupex, "I'm glad you've come. Here's Mr. Cradell does say such queer things."

"Queer things!" said Cradell. "Now, Miss Spruce, I appeal to you. Have I said any queer things?"

"If you did, Sir, I didn't notice them," said Miss Spruce.

"I noticed them, then," said Mrs. Lupex.



"AND YOU LOVE ME," SAID SHE.

"An unmarried man like Mr. Cradell has no business to know whether a married lady wears a cap or her own hair; has he, Mr. Eames?"

"I don't think I ever know," said Johnny, not intending any sarcasm on Mrs. Lupex.

"I dare say not, Sir," said the lady. "We all know where your attention is riveted. If you were to wear a cap, my dear, somebody would see the difference very soon; wouldn't they, Miss Spruce?"

"I dare say they would," said Miss Spruce.

"If I could look as nice in a cap as you do, Mrs. Lupex, I'd wear one to-morrow," said Amelia, who did not wish to quarrel with the married lady at the present moment. There were occasions, however, on which Mrs. Lupex and Miss Roper were by no means so gracious to each other.

"Does Lupex like caps?" asked Cradell.

"If I wore a plumed helmet on my head, it's my belief he wouldn't know the difference; nor yet if I had got no head at all. That's what

comes of getting married. If you'll take my advice, Miss Roper, you'll stay as you are, even though somebody should break his heart about it. Wouldn't you, Miss Spruce?"

"Oh, as for me I'm an old woman, you know," said Miss Spruce, which was certainly true.

"I don't see what any woman gets by marrying," continued Mrs. Lupex. "But a man gains every thing. He don't know how to live unless he's got a woman to help him."

"But is love to go for nothing?" said Cradell.

"Oh, love! I don't believe in love. I suppose I thought I loved once, but what did it come to, after all? Now, there's Mr. Eames—we all know he's in love."

"It comes natural to me, Mrs. Lupex. I was born so," said Johnny.

"And there's Miss Roper—one never ought to speak free about a lady, but perhaps she's in love too."

"Speak for yourself, Mrs. Lupex," said Amelia.

"There's no harm in saying that, is there? I'm sure, if you ain't, you're very hard-hearted; for if ever there was a true lover, I believe you've got one of your own. My!—if there's not Lupex's step on the stair! What can bring him home at this hour? If he's been drinking, he'll come home as cross as any thing." Then Mr. Lupex entered the room, and the pleasantness of the party was destroyed.

It may be said that neither Mrs. Cradell nor Mrs. Eames would have placed their sons in Burton Crescent if they had known the dangers into which the young men would fall. Each, it must be acknowledged, was imprudent; but each clearly saw the imprudence of the other. Not a week before this Cradell had seriously warned his friend against the arts of Miss Roper. "By George, Johnny, you'll get yourself entangled with that girl."

"One always has to go through that sort of thing," said Johnny.

"Yes; but those who go through too much of it never get out again. Where would you be if she got a written promise of marriage from you?"

Poor Johnny did not answer this immediately, for in very truth Amelia Roper had such a document in her possession.

"Where should I be?" said he. "Among the breaches of promise, I suppose."

"Either that or else among the victims of matrimony. My belief of you is, that if you gave such a promise you'd carry it out."

"Perhaps I should," said Johnny; "but I don't know. It's a matter of doubt what a man ought to do in such a case."

"But there's been nothing of that kind yet?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"If I was you, Johnny, I'd keep away from her. It's very good fun, of course, that sort of thing; but it is so uncommon dangerous! Where would you be now with such a girl as that for your wife?"

Such had been the caution given by Cradell to his friend. And now, just as he was starting for Allington, Eames returned the compliment. They had gone together to the Great Western station at Paddington, and Johnny tendered his advice as they were walking together up and down the platform.

"I say, Caudle, old boy, you'll find yourself in trouble with that Mrs. Lupex if you don't take care of yourself."

"But I shall take care of myself. There's nothing so safe as a little nonsense with a married woman. Of course it means nothing, you know, between her and me."

"I don't suppose it does mean any thing. But she's always talking about Lupex being jealous; and if he was to cut up rough, you wouldn't find it pleasant."

Cradell, however, seemed to think that there was no danger. His little affair with Mrs. Lupex was quite platonic and safe. As for doing any real harm, his principles, as he assured his friend, were too high. Mrs. Lupex was a woman of talent, whom no one seemed to understand, and therefore he had taken some pleasure in studying her character. It was merely a study of character, and nothing more. Then the friends parted, and Eames was carried away by the night mail-train down to Guestwick.

How his mother was up to receive him at four o'clock in the morning, how her maternal heart was rejoiced at seeing the improvement in his gait, and the manliness of appearance imparted to him by his whiskers, I need not describe at length. Many of the attributes of a hobbledehoy had fallen from him, and even Lily Dale might now probably acknowledge that he was no longer a boy. All which might be regarded as good, if only in putting off childish things he had taken up things which were better than childish.

On the very first day of his arrival he made his way over to Allington. He did not walk on this occasion as he had used to do in the old happy days. He had an idea that it might not be well for him to go into Mrs. Dale's drawing-room with the dust of the road on his boots and the heat of the day on his brow. So he borrowed a horse and rode over, taking some pride in a pair of spurs which he had bought in Piccadilly, and in his kid gloves, which were brought out new for the occasion. Alas, alas! I fear that those two years in London have not improved John Eames; and yet I have to acknowledge that John Eames is one of the heroes of my story.

On entering Mrs. Dale's drawing-room he found Mrs. Dale and her eldest daughter. Lily at the moment was not there, and as he shook hands with the other two, of course he asked for her.

"She is only in the garden," said Bell. "She will be here directly."

"She has walked across to the Great House with Mr. Crosbie," said Mrs. Dale; "but she is not going to remain. She will be so glad to see you, John. We all expected you to-day."

"Did you?" said Johnny, whose heart had

been plunged into cold water at the mention of Mr. Crosbie's name. He had been thinking of Lilian Dale ever since his friend had left him on the railway platform ; and, as I beg to assure all ladies who may read my tale, the truth of his love for Lily had moulted no feather through that unholy liaison between him and Miss Roper. I fear that I shall be disbelieved in this ; but it was so. His heart was and ever had been true to Lilian, although he had allowed himself to be talked into declarations of affection by such a creature as Amelia Roper. He had been thinking of his meeting with Lily all the night and throughout the morning, and now he heard that she was walking alone about the gardens with a strange gentleman. That Mr. Crosbie was very grand and very fashionable he had heard, but he knew no more of him. Why should Mr. Crosbie be allowed to walk with Lily Dale ? And why should Mrs. Dale mention the circumstance as though it were quite a thing of course ? Such mystery as there was in this was solved very quickly.

"I'm sure Lily won't object to my telling such a dear friend as you what has happened," said Mrs. Dale. "She is engaged to be married to Mr. Crosbie."

The water into which Johnny's heart had been plunged now closed over his head and left him speechless. Lily Dale was engaged to be married to Mr. Crosbie ! He knew that he should have spoken when he heard the tidings. He knew that the moments of silence as they passed by told his secret to the two women before him—that secret which it would now be hoove him to conceal from all the world. But yet he could not speak.

"We are all very well pleased at the match," said Mrs. Dale, wishing to spare him.

"Nothing can be nicer than Mr. Crosbie," said Bell. "We have often talked about you, and he will be so happy to know you."

"He won't know much about me," said Johnny ; and even in speaking these few senseless words—words which he uttered because it was necessary that he should say something—the tone of his voice was altered. He would have given the world to have been master of himself at this moment, but he felt that he was utterly vanquished.

"There is Lily coming across the lawn," said Mrs. Dale.

"Then I'd better go," said Eames. "Don't say any thing about it; pray don't." And then, without waiting for another word, he escaped out of the drawing-room.

I wish it could be understood without any description that they were two pretty, fair-haired girls, of whom Bell was the tallest and the prettiest, whereas Lily was almost as pretty as her sister, and perhaps was more attractive.

They were fair-haired girls, very like each other, of whom I have before my mind's eye a distinct portrait, which I fear I shall not be able to draw in any such manner as will make it distinct to others. They were something below the usual height, being slight and slender in all their proportions. Lily was the shorter of the two, but the difference was so trifling that it was hardly remembered unless the two were together. And when I said that Bell was the prettier, I should, perhaps, have spoken more justly had I simply declared that her features were more regular than her sister's. The two girls were very fair, so that the soft tint of color which relieved the whiteness of their complexion was rather acknowledged than distinctly seen. It was there, telling its own tale of health, as its absence would have told a tale of present or coming sickness ; and yet nobody could ever talk about the color in their cheeks. The hair of the two girls was so alike in hue and texture that no one, not even their mother, could say that there was a difference. It was not flaxen hair, and yet it was very light. Nor did it approach to auburn ; and yet there ran through it a golden tint that gave it a distinct brightness of its own. But with Bell it was more plentiful than with Lily, and therefore Lily would always talk of her own scanty locks, and tell how beautiful were those belonging to her sister. Nevertheless Lily's head was quite as lovely as her sister's ; for its form was perfect, and the simple braids in which they both wore their hair did not require any great exuberance in quantity. Their eyes were brightly blue ; but Bell's were long, and soft, and tender, often hardly daring to raise themselves to your face ; while those of Lily were rounder, but brighter, and seldom kept by any want of courage from fixing themselves where they pleased. And Lily's face was perhaps less oval in its form —less perfectly oval—than her sister's. The shape of the forehead was, I think, the same, but with Bell the chin was something more slender and delicate. But Bell's chin was unmarked, whereas on her sister's there was a dimple which amply compensated for any other deficiency in its beauty. Bell's teeth were more even than her sister's ; but then she showed her teeth more frequently. Her lips were thinner, and, as I can not but think, less expressive. Her nose was decidedly more regular in its beauty, for Lily's nose was somewhat broader than it should have been. It may, therefore, be understood that Bell would be considered the beauty by the family.

But there was, perhaps, more in the general impression made by these girls, and in the whole tone of their appearance, than in the absolute loveliness of their features or the grace of their figures. There was about them a dignity of

CHAPTER VI.

B E A U T I F U L D A Y S .

I AM well aware that I have not as yet given any description of Bell and Lilian Dale, and equally well aware that the longer the doing so is postponed the greater the difficulty becomes.

demeanor devoid of all stiffness or pride, and a maidenly modesty which gave itself no airs. In them was always apparent that sense of security which women should receive from an unconscious dependence on their own mingled purity and weakness. These two girls were never afraid of men—never looked as though they were so afraid. And I may say that they had little cause for that kind of fear to which I allude. It might be the lot of either of them to be ill-used by a man, but it was hardly possible that either of them should ever be insulted by one. Lily, as may, perhaps, have been already seen, could be full of play, but in her play she never so carried herself that any one could forget what was due to her.

And now Lily Dale was engaged to be married, and the days of her playfulness were over. It sounds sad, this sentence against her, but I fear that it must be regarded as true. And when I think that it is true—when I see that the sportiveness and kitten-like gambols of girlhood should be over, and generally are over, when a girl has given her troth, it becomes a matter of regret to me that the feminine world should be in such a hurry after matrimony. I have, however, no remedy to offer for the evil; and, indeed, am aware that the evil, if there be an evil, is not well expressed in the words I have used. The hurry is not for matrimony, but for love. Then, the love once attained, matrimony seizes it for its own, and the evil is accomplished.

And Lily Dale was engaged to be married to Adolphus Crosbie—to Apollo Crosbie, as she still called him, confiding her little joke to his own ears. And to her he was an Apollo, as a man who is loved should be to the girl who loves him. He was handsome, graceful, clever, self-confident, and always cheerful when she asked him to be cheerful. But he had also his more serious moments, and could talk to her of serious matters. He would read to her, and explain to her things which had hitherto been too hard for her young intelligence. His voice, too, was pleasant, and well under command. It could be pathetic if pathos were required, or ring with laughter as merry as her own. Was not such a man fit to be an Apollo to such a girl, when once the girl had acknowledged to herself that she loved him?

She had acknowledged it to herself, and had acknowledged it to him—as the reader will perhaps say without much delay. But the courtship had so been carried on that no delay had been needed. All the world had smiled upon it. When Mr. Crosbie had first come among them at Allington, as Bernard's guest, during those few days of his early visit, it had seemed as though Bell had been chiefly noticed by him. And Bell in her own quiet way had accepted his admiration, saying nothing of it and thinking but very little. Lily was heart-free at the time, and had ever been so. No first shadow from Love's wing had as yet been thrown across the pure tablets of her bosom. With Bell it was not so

—not so in absolute strictness. Bell's story, too, must be told, but not on this page. But before Crosbie had come among them, it was a thing fixed in her mind that such love as she had felt must be overcome and annihilated. We may say that it had been overcome and annihilated, and that she would have sinned in no way had she listened to vows from this new Apollo. It is almost sad to think that such a man might have had the love of either of such girls, but I fear that I must acknowledge that it was so. Apollo, in the plenitude of his power, soon changed his mind; and before the end of his first visit had transferred the distant homage which he was then paying from the elder to the younger sister. He afterward returned, as the squire's guest, for a longer sojourn among them, and at the end of the first month had already been accepted as Lily's future husband.

It was beautiful to see how Bell changed in her mood toward Crosbie and toward her sister as soon as she perceived how the affair was going. She was not long in perceiving it, having caught the first glimpses of the idea on that evening when they both dined at the Great House, leaving their mother alone to eat or to neglect the pease. For some six or seven weeks Crosbie had been gone, and during that time Bell had been much more open in speaking of him than her sister. She had been present when Crosbie had bid them good-by, and had listened to his eagerness as he declared to Lily that he should soon be back again at Allington. Lily had taken this very quietly, as though it had not belonged at all to herself; but Bell had seen something of the truth, and, believing in Crosbie as an earnest, honest man, had spoken kind words of him, fostering any little aptitude for love which might already have formed itself in Lily's bosom.

"But he is such an Apollo, you know," Lily had said.

"He is a gentleman; I can see that."

"Oh yes; a man can't be an Apollo unless he's a gentleman."

"And he's very clever."

"I suppose he is clever." There was nothing more said about his being a mere clerk. Indeed, Lily had changed her mind on that subject. Johnny Eames was a mere clerk; whereas Crosbie, if he was to be called a clerk at all, was a clerk of some very special denomination. There may be a great difference between one clerk and another! A Clerk of the Council and a parish clerk are very different persons. Lily had got some such idea as this into her head as she attempted in her own mind to rescue Mr. Crosbie from the lower orders of the Government service.

"I wish he were not coming," Mrs. Dale had said to her eldest daughter.

"I think you are wrong, mamma."

"But if she should become fond of him, and then—"

"Lily will never become really fond of any man till he shall have given her proper reason.

And if he admires her, why should they not come together?"

"But she is so young, Bell."

"She is nineteen; and if they were engaged, perhaps, they might wait for a year or so. But it's no good talking in that way, mamma. If you were to tell Lily not to give him encouragement she would not speak to him."

"I should not think of interfering."

"No, mamma; and therefore it must take its course. For myself, I like Mr. Crosbie very much."

"So do I, my dear."

"And so does my uncle. I wouldn't have Lily take a lover of my uncle's choosing."

"I should hope not."

"But it must be considered a good thing if she happens to choose one of his liking."

In this way the matter had been talked over between the mother and her elder daughter. Then Mr. Crosbie had come; and before the end of the first month his declared admiration for Lily had proved the correctness of her sister's foresight. And during that short courtship all had gone well with the lovers. The squire from the first had declared himself satisfied with the match, informing Mrs. Dale, in his cold manner, that Mr. Crosbie was a gentleman with an income sufficient for matrimony.

"It would be close enough in London," Mrs. Dale had said.

"He has more than my brother had when he married," said the squire.

"If he will only make her as happy as your brother made me—while it lasted!" said Mrs. Dale, as she turned away her face to conceal a tear that was coming. And then there was nothing more said about it between the squire and his sister-in-law. The squire spoke no word as to assistance in money matters—did not even suggest that he would lend a hand to the young people at starting, as an uncle in such a position might surely have done. It may well be conceived that Mrs. Dale herself said nothing on the subject. And, indeed, it may be conceived, also, that the squire, let his intentions be what they might, would not divulge them to Mrs. Dale. This was uncomfortable, but the position was one that was well understood between them.

Bernard Dale was still at Allington, and had remained there through the period of Crosbie's absence. Whatever words Mrs. Dale might choose to speak on the matter would probably be spoken to him; but, then, Bernard could be quite as close as his uncle. When Crosbie returned, he and Bernard had, of course, lived much together; and, as was natural, there came to be close discussion between them as to the two girls, when Crosbie allowed it to be understood that his liking for Lily was becoming strong.

"You know, I suppose, that my uncle wishes me to marry the elder one," Bernard had said.

"I have guessed as much."

"And I suppose the match will come off. She's a pretty girl, and as good as gold."

"Yes, she is."

"I don't pretend to be very much in love with her. It's not my way, you know. But, some of these days, I shall ask her to have me, and I suppose it'll all go right. The governor has distinctly promised to allow me eight hundred a year off the estate, and to take us in for three months every year if we wish it. I told him simply that I couldn't do it for less, and he agreed with me."

"You and he get on very well together."

"Oh yes! There's never been any fal-lal between us about love, and duty, and all that. I think we understand each other, and that's every thing. He knows the comfort of standing well with the heir, and I know the comfort of standing well with the owner." It must be admitted, I think, that there was a great deal of sound common sense about Bernard Dale.

"What will he do for the younger sister?" asked Crosbie; and, as he asked the important question, a close observer might have perceived that there was some slight tremor in his voice.

"Ah! that's more than I can tell you. If I were you I should ask him. The governor is a plain man, and likes plain business."

"I suppose you couldn't ask him?"

"No; I don't think I could. It is my belief that he will not let her go by any means empty-handed."

"Well, I suppose not."

"But remember this, Crosbie—I can say nothing to you on which you are to depend. Lily, also, is as good as gold; and, as you seem to be fond of her, I should ask the governor, if I were you, in so many words, what he intends to do. Of course it's against my interest, for every shilling he gives Lily will ultimately come out of my pocket. But I'm not the man to care about that, as you know."

What might be Crosbie's knowledge on this subject we will not here inquire; but we may say that it would have mattered very little to him out of whose pocket the money came so long as it went into his own. When he felt quite sure of Lily—having, in fact, received Lily's permission to speak to her uncle, and Lily's promise that she would herself speak to her mother—he did tell the squire what was his intention. This he did in an open, manly way, as though he felt that in asking for much he also offered to give much.

"I have nothing to say against it," said the squire.

"And I have your permission to consider myself as engaged to her?"

"If you have hers and her mother's. Of course you are aware that I have no authority over her."

"She would not marry without your sanction."

"She is very good to think so much of her uncle," said the squire; and his words as he spoke them sounded very cold in Crosbie's ears. After that Crosbie said nothing about money, having to confess to himself that he was afraid

to do so. "And what would be the use?" said he to himself, wishing to make excuses for what he felt to be weak in his own conduct. "If he should refuse to give her a shilling I could not go back from it now." And then some ideas ran across his mind as to the injustice to which men are subjected in this matter of matrimony. A man has to declare himself before it is fitting that he should make any inquiry about a lady's money; and then, when he has declared himself, any such inquiry is unavailing. Which consideration somewhat cooled the ardor of his happiness. Lily Dale was very pretty, very nice, very refreshing in her innocence, her purity, and her quick intelligence. No amusement could be more deliciously amusing than that of making love to Lily Dale. Her way of flattering her lover without any intention of flattery on her part, had put Crosbie into a seventh heaven. In all his experience he had known nothing like it. "You may be sure of this," she had said—"I shall love you with all my heart and all my strength." It was very nice; but then what were they to live upon? Could it be that he, Adolphus Crosbie, should settle down on the north side of the New Road, as a married man, with eight hundred a year? If indeed the squire would be as good to Lily as he had promised to be to Bell, then indeed things might be made to arrange themselves.

But there was no such drawback on Lily's happiness. Her ideas about money were rather vague, but they were very honest. She knew she had none of her own, but supposed that it was a husband's duty to find what would be needful. She knew she had none of her own, and was therefore aware that she ought not to expect luxuries in the little household that was to be prepared for her. She hoped, for his sake, that her uncle might give some assistance, but was quite prepared to prove that she could be a good poor man's wife. In the old colloquies on such matters between her and her sister she had always declared that some decent income should be considered as indispensable before love could be entertained. But eight hundred a year had been considered as doing much more than fulfilling this stipulation. Bell had had high-flown notions as to the absolute glory of poverty. She had declared that income should not be considered at all. If she had loved a man she would allow herself to be engaged to him, even though he had no income. Such had been their theories; and, as regarded money, Lily was quite contented with the way in which she had carried out her own.

In these beautiful days there was nothing to check her happiness. Her mother and sister united in telling her that she had done well—that she was happy in her choice, and justified in her love. On that first day, when she told her mother all, she had been made exquisitely blissful by the way in which her tidings had been received.

"Oh! mamma, I must tell you something," she said, coming up to her mother's bedroom,

after a long ramble with Mr. Crosbie through those Allington fields.

"Is it about Mr. Crosbie?"

"Yes, mamma." And then the rest had been said through the medium of warm embraces and happy tears rather than by words.

As she sat in her mother's room, hiding her face on her mother's shoulders, Bell had come, and had knelt at her feet.

"Dear Lily," she had said, "I am so glad!" And then Lily remembered how she had, as it were, stolen her lover from her sister, and she put her arms round Bell's neck and kissed her.

"I knew how it was going to be from the very first," said Bell. "Did I not, mamma?"

"I'm sure I didn't," said Lily. "I never thought such a thing was possible."

"But we did—mamma and I."

"Did you?" said Lily.

"Bell told me that it was to be so," said Mrs. Dale. "But I could hardly bring myself at first to think that he was good enough for my darling."

"Oh, mamma! you must not say that. You must think that he is good enough for anything."

"I will think that he is very good."

"Who could be better? And then, when you remember all that he is to give up for my sake!—And what can I do for him in return? What have I got to give him?"

Neither Mrs. Dale nor Bell could look at the matter in this light, thinking that Lily gave quite as much as she received. But they both declared that Crosbie was perfect, knowing that by such assurances only could they now administer to Lily's happiness; and Lily, between them, was made perfect in her happiness, receiving all manner of encouragement in her love, and being nourished in her passion by the sympathy and approval of her mother and sister.

And then had come that visit from Johnny Eames. As the poor fellow marched out of the room, giving them no time to say farewell, Mrs. Dale and Bell looked at each other sadly; but they were unable to concoct any arrangement, for Lily had run across the lawn, and was already on the ground before the window.

"As soon as we got to the end of the shrubbery there were Uncle Christopher and Bernard close to us; so I told Adolphus he might go on by himself."

"And who do you think has been here?" said Bell. But Mrs. Dale said nothing. Had time been given to her to use her own judgment nothing should have been said at that moment as to Johnny's visit.

"Has any body been here since I went? Whoever it was didn't stay very long."

"Poor Johnny Eames," said Bell. Then the color came up into Lily's face, and she thought herself in a moment that the old friend of her young days had loved her; that he, too, had had hopes as to his love; and that now he had heard tidings which would put an end to such hopes. She understood it all in a moment,

but understood also that it was necessary that she should conceal such understanding.

"Dear Johnny!" she said. "Why did he not wait for me?"

"We told him you were out," said Mrs. Dale. "He will be here again before long, no doubt."

"And he knows—?"

"Yes; I thought you would not object to my telling him."

"No, mamma; of course not. And he has gone back to Guestwick?"

There was no answer given to this question, nor were there any further words then spoken about Johnny Eames. Each of these women understood exactly how the matter stood, and each knew that the others understood it. The young man was loved by them all, but not loved with that sort of admiring affection which had been accorded to Mr. Crosbie. Johnny Eames could not have been accepted as a suitor by their pet. Mrs. Dale and Bell both felt that. And yet they loved him for his love, and for that distant, modest respect which had restrained him from any speech regarding it. Poor Johnny! But he was young—hardly as yet out of his hobbledehoyhood—and he would easily recover this blow, remembering, and perhaps feeling to his advantage, some slight touch of its passing romance. It is thus women think of men who love young and love in vain.

But Johnny Eames himself, as he rode back to Guestwick, forgetful of his spurs, and with his gloves stuffed into his pocket, thought of the matter very differently. He had never promised to himself any success as to his passion for Lily, and had, indeed, always acknowledged that he could have no hope; but now, that she was actually promised to another man, and as good as married, he was not the less broken-hearted because his former hopes had not been high. He had never dared to speak to Lily of his love, but he was conscious that she knew it, and he did not now dare to stand before her as one convicted of having loved in vain. And then, as he rode back, he thought also of his other love, not with many of those pleasant thoughts which Lotharios and Don Juans may be presumed to enjoy when they contemplate their successes. "I suppose I shall marry her, and there'll be an end of me," he said to himself, as he remembered a short note which he had once written to her in his madness. There had been a little supper at Mrs. Roper's, and Mrs. Lupex and Amelia had made the punch. After supper, he had been by some accident alone with Amelia in the dining-parlor; and when, warmed by the generous god, he had declared his passion, she had shaken her head mournfully, and had fled from him to some upper region, absolutely refusing his proffered embrace. But on the same night, before his head had found its pillow, a note had come to him, half repentant, half affectionate, half repellent—"If, indeed, he would swear to her that his love was honest and manly, then, indeed, she might even yet—see him through the chink of the door-way with the pur-

port of telling him that he was forgiven." Whereupon, a perfidious pencil being near to his hand, he had written the requisite words. "My only object in life is to call you my own forever." Amelia had her misgivings whether such a promise, in order that it might be used as legal evidence, should not have been written in ink. It was a painful doubt; but nevertheless she was as good as her word, and saw him through the chink, forgiving him for his impetuosity in the parlor with, perhaps, more clemency than a mere pardon required. "By George! how well she looked with her hair all loose," he said to himself, as he at last regained his pillow, still warm with the generous god. But now, as he thought of that night, returning on his road from Allington to Guestwick, those loose, floating locks were remembered by him with no strong feeling as to their charms. And he thought also of Lily Dale, as she was when he had said farewell to her on that day before he first went up to London. "I shall care more about seeing you than any body," he had said; and he had often thought of the words since, wondering whether she had understood them as meaning more than an assurance of ordinary friendship. And he remembered well the dress she had then worn. It was an old brown merino, which he had known before, and which, in truth, had nothing in it to recommend it specially to a lover's notice. "Horrid old thing!" had been Lily's own verdict respecting the frock, even before that day. But she had hallowed it in his eyes, and he would have been only too happy to have worn a shred of it near his heart, as a talisman. How wonderful in its nature is that passion of which men speak when they acknowledge to themselves that they are in love. Of all things, it is, under one condition, the most foul, and under another, the most fair. As that condition is, a man shows himself either as a beast or as a god! And so we will let poor Johnny Eames ride back to Guestwick, suffering much in that he had loved basely—and suffering much, also, in that he had loved nobly.

Lily, as she had tripped along through the shrubbery under her lover's arm, looking up, every other moment, into his face, had espied her uncle and Bernard. "Stop," she had said, giving a little pull at the arm; "I won't go on. Uncle is always teasing me with some old-fashioned wit. And I've had quite enough of you to-day, Sir. Mind you come over to-morrow before you go to your shooting." And so she had left him.

We may as well learn here what was the question in dispute between the uncle and cousin, as they were walking there on the broad gravel path behind the Great House. "Bernard," the old man had said, "I wish this matter could be settled between you and Bell."

"Is there any hurry about it, Sir?"

"Yes, there is hurry; or, rather, as I hate hurry in all things, I would say that there is ground for dispatch. Mind, I do not wish to drive you. If you do not like your cousin, say so."

"But I do like her; only I have a sort of feeling that these things grow best by degrees. I quite share your dislike to being in a hurry."

"But time enough has been taken now. You see, Bernard, I am going to make a great sacrifice of income on your behalf."

"I'm sure I am very grateful."

"I have no children, and have therefore always regarded you as my own. But there is no reason why my brother Philip's daughter should not be as dear to me as my brother Orlando's son."

"Of course not, Sir; or, rather, his two daughters."

"You may leave that matter to me, Bernard. The younger girl is going to marry this friend of yours, and as he has a sufficient income to support a wife, I think that my sister-in-law has good reason to be satisfied by the match. She will not be expected to give up any part of her small income, as she must have done had Lily married a poor man."

"I suppose she could hardly give up much."

"People must be guided by circumstances. I am not disposed to put myself in the place of a parent to them both. There is no reason why I should, and I will not encourage false hopes."

If I knew that this matter between you and Bell was arranged, I should have reason to feel satisfied with what I was doing." From all which Bernard began to perceive that poor Crosbie's expectations in the matter of money would not probably receive much gratification. But he also perceived, or thought that he perceived, a kind of threat in this warning from his uncle. "I have promised you eight hundred a year with your wife," the warning seemed to say. "But if you do not at once accept it, or let me feel that it will be accepted, it may be well for me to change my mind, especially as this other niece is about to be married. If I am to give you so large a fortune with Bell, I need do nothing for Lily. But if you do not choose to take Bell and the fortune, why then—" And so on. It was thus that Bernard read his uncle's caution, as they walked together on the broad gravel path.

"I have no desire to postpone the matter any longer," said Bernard. "I will propose to Bell at once, if you wish it."

"If your mind be quite made up, I can not see why you should delay it."

And then, having thus arranged that matter, they received their future relative with kind smiles and soft words.

LOVE IN AUTUMN.

A LL day with measured stroke I hear
From threshing-floors the busy flail;
And in the fields of stubble near
Incessant pipe the speckled quail.

All golden-ripe the apples glow
Among the orchard's russet leaves;
Southward the twittering swallows go
That sung all summer 'neath the eaves.

Across the far horizon's line
The slender autumn mists are drawn;
The grapes are purple on the vine,
The sunflower shines upon the lawn.

And stretched athwart the burning sky
The spider's threads of silver white,
Like netted vapors to the eye,
Hang quivering in the noonday light.

A year ago to-day we stood
Beneath the maple's crimson glow,
That, like a watch-fire in the wood,
Gleamed to the yellowing vale below.

Calm was the day, without a breath,
An all-pervading stillness deep;
A calm that seemed the calm of Death—
A silence like to that of sleep.

And only on the listening ear
Through the wide wood the hollow sound
Of dropping nuts, and sweet and clear
The spring that bubbled from the ground.

Close at our feet the brook slid down,
Past tangled knots of sedge and weed,
And under leaves of gold and brown,
To sparkle through the level mead.

A lock of hair; a ring; a flower—
The latter faded, old, and sere;
Mute records of that vanished hour,
Mementos that my heart holds dear.

Like one who in a pensive dream
Sees long-lost friends around his bed,
I, gazing on these treasures, seem
To hold communion with the dead.

The whispered vow—the lingering kiss—
The long embraces, cheek to cheek—
The silence that proclaimed our bliss,
Beyond the power of words to speak—

All seem so near—then home we went
Through meadows where the aster grew,
While overhead the hues were blent
Of sunset with the melting blue.

O fire that paints the autumn leaf—
O calm that knows no quickening breath—
O winds that strip the ungarnered sheaf—
Ye are to me the types of Death!

Ah! soon these groves shall lose their glow;
And yonder sun his heat and glare;
And blasts that through December blow
Shall leave the branches bleak and bare.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THE return of Mr. Hall awakens an interest in the almost forgotten Arctic Expeditions. It is true that many years have elapsed since the last great effort to discover a passage round America, by sea, was made by Franklin and his brave followers—all, as is alleged, perishing in the attempt; but no length of time can obliterate the important facts gained in connection with the subject. The heroic deeds of men who periled life in the cause of science—of a science that was to prove beneficial to the whole world by the knowledge obtained of magnetism and electricity—and the unceasing perseverance of those same men in the cause of humanity amidst the wilds of that sterile region, are fully equal to the bravest acts of bold warriors on the battlefield. An instance of this, and a good illustration of what may be done by one determined and practical mind—even with slender means—is now seen in the undertaking of Mr. Hall. He has done much, though not all of what he proposed. He has given another proof of what the American spirit (and, when unfettered, the British also) is capable of performing; and he has shown to all acquainted with Arctic exploration what could have been accomplished by the English Government in saving the lost Polar Expedition, if the usual system of official blindness to plain truths and to common-sense reasoning had not prevailed.

Whatever may be the honor or reward he is to receive at the hands of his countrymen, when this fearful strife of war allows some attention to the subject, assuredly he is also entitled to admiration and esteem elsewhere. In the Old World there were many who looked upon his bold attempt as rash in the extreme, forgetting, as was often urged by myself and a few others, that it is a peculiar trait of the American character to accomplish great things by individual efforts. This was forgotten when speaking of Mr. Hall's undertaking as too rash, no matter how well it was planned, nor how much it was really in most accordance with the only mode of getting nearest at the truth by mixing freely with the native tribes. But while this was said of him, it was also added that the nobleness of his aim, the humanity of his views, and the disinterestedness of his labors in a cause abandoned every where, save by a few, called for the sincere respect and admiration of all true men.

He went forth, aided, it is understood, by one in this city, who has always generously given heart and soul and purse to every effort made by his countrymen to seek for tidings of the lost British voyagers. He went, and for more than two years nothing was heard from him. At length a report came that he had returned, and in August last he once more landed on his native soil. What he went to do, how he did it, and what he accomplished, will best be told by himself in the work which no doubt he intends publishing. But some account of those labors preceding his, with such information he has al-

ready made public through the press, may not be appropriately given here.

Most persons are well aware that, for some hundred years past, it was the great hope of commercial and scientific men that a shorter route to the golden land of *Cathay* could be found than the one discovered by Vasco de Gama to India by the "Cape of Good Hope." Old voyagers asserted that such a passage was to be discovered round the northern coasts of America. They even went so far as to point the way, and it is now supposed as probable that so early as 1549, one if not two daring navigators had penetrated *from the west*, through what is now called Behring's Strait, to the eastward as far as the locality so well known as Franklin's death-spot, viz., King William's Land. That this may have been the case can be inferred from the fact that Greenland having, long before, had flourishing colonies with several bishops, cathedrals, and thriving farms settled upon it, annually sent forth its missionary barks in a high latitude for the purpose of civilizing the Esquimaux. Runic inscriptions in several places testify to the advance in civilization made by Greenland so far back as 1135, and, from recent researches under the auspices of the Northern Society of Antiquaries, there is every reason to believe the entrance to what is now called Wellington Channel was reached by ships from the European colony about the same date. Hence it is very likely some of the earlier Spanish navigators may have got round to the north coast of America as related.

One of the first efforts, however, made to find this passage was that under Martin Frobisher, a brave admiral in the navy of Queen Elizabeth. He with three vessels—one of only 25 tons burden, and the others not over sixty each—left England on the 11th of July, 1576. As his small craft passed Greenwich on their adventurous errand the Queen stood on the terrace, and, waving her kerchief, bade them "God-speed." On they went, ill-supplied, ill-fitted to encounter the dangers of Arctic navigation if compared with exploring vessels nowadays, and utterly ignorant of the way, except from report and such aid as geographical science always has been able to impart. Sighting the east coast of Greenland, and then driven by gales of wind to the southwest, Frobisher finally reached the latitude of 63° in the Straits now bearing his name. He here attempted to establish a colony. Five men were left behind by accident, and though the place was again supposed to have been visited, yet the fate of these men, and the remains of the colony, were undiscovered till, as now appears, Mr. Hall arrived there. Frobisher returned to England with specimens which were taken for gold, and the result was that several expeditions were thenceforward sent out for the double purpose of discovery and speculation. It would be needless to mention all of these individually. Their deeds—their privations and sufferings—have been chronicled by that quaint historian Purchas.

But it is necessary to speak of one or two voyages made at this period for discovering a Northwest Passage. Baffin, in 1594, succeeded in traversing along the now desolated shores of Greenland as far north as 77° . Then turning round, what he supposed to be a Sound (named Smith's Sound, but since proved by the lamented Dr. Kane and his companions to be a large channel), he took the western coast, and, after the most successful voyage as yet then performed, returned in safety to England. He did not positively discover the passage sought for, but undoubtedly he pointed out the right course; for Lancaster Sound, the direct road to it, was entered by his ship, and all the places he visited have since been proved as leading channels in that direction. Indeed there is very strong reason to believe that he went down Regent's Inlet, and came out either through Hudson Strait or some passage north of it.

Fox, in a small vessel of only 22 tons, next went up Hudson Bay, previously discovered by that brave explorer who gave his name to the noble river flowing past this city. But Fox merely reached the head of the bay and returned. Had he gone a little further the opening since discovered by Parry would have been found, and his labors better rewarded.

Captain James then made the attempt, but endured most fearful sufferings, and so with many more who ventured. At length, in 1668, a charter was granted to a company of traders with the understanding that, while engaged in collecting furs and settling the lands around Hudson Bay, the discovery of a Northwest Passage was to be persevered in by them. To accomplish this they, at different times, made sundry slight efforts, but with no success. Trading-posts were established at several places, and soon a lucrative barter was carried on with the natives, who suffered the Europeans thus to invade their homes without molestation.

In 1771, however, Hearne, one of their officers, went alone—that is, with only native guides—and traced a river (since called the Coppermine) to the sea, on the north coast of America. A few years later Mackenzie succeeded in following a noble stream (now the Mackenzie River) to the same open sea, both discoveries being in the latitude of 70° , but 300 miles apart. This created some slight interest again at home, and an attempt was made to reach the Pole by sending two ships directly northward. In one of those ships, Nelson, then a boy, sailed as midshipman, and thus in his early career had some experience of Arctic adventure. Both ships came back unsuccessful.

Cook meanwhile had, on one of his memorable voyages, penetrated through the Straits dividing Asia from America (discovered by Behring, a Russian navigator, and named after him), and succeeded in reaching "Icy Cape," the northwestern extreme of this great continent. His wish was to have sailed on to the eastward for home, but the sea was too much frozen over to permit him. He therefore returned south, and

for a short time all idea of exploring in that direction was abandoned.

At length, in the beginning of the present century, the late Sir John Barrow (then Secretary of the Admiralty), who himself had been to Spitzbergen, turned his attention to the subject. He conceived that a passage to the northwest could be found, and if discovered would prove commercially as well as scientifically useful to the world. Accordingly he induced the British Government once more to send out an expedition for the purpose. Four ships were dispatched in 1818, two to proceed due north for the Pole, and two to the northwest through Baffin Bay. The former were under the command of Captain Buchan, having Franklin (then a lieutenant) as his second: the latter were under the leadership of Captain John Ross, with Lieutenant Parry next to him.

It is singular that in the history of these Arctic expeditions we find the "seconds in command" ultimately, and often rapidly, rising above their chiefs, and in several instances gaining a world-wide reputation far greater than any obtained by their former commanders. Who now remembers Buchan as the superior of Franklin? Who thinks of Ross as formerly Parry's chief? Parry, Franklin, and again, more lately, Sherard Osborne, once junior to Austin, to Belcher, and other officers—on the British side, and Kane on this, stand noted in the world's history as connected with Arctic affairs. In reviewing these Polar expeditions this fact appears very prominent, and may be accounted for by remembering that a first voyage sometimes fails, and a leader then gets discredit; but a second attempt, with the known experience of the first, often produces success.

Thus in the case of Captain Ross and Captain Buchan. The latter had to return wholly barren of results: the former made the tour of Baffin Bay, went over that old voyager's ground, and found his statements correct; then crossing to Lancaster Sound, here made the great mistake which so long afterward hung upon his fame. He asserted that a range of mountains ran across that very passage, which has since proved the highway westward as desired. He returned to England and reported that no Northwest Passage could be found. But it soon leaked out that Parry differed from this view of the question, and, in fact, openly asserted that no such mountains as Ross had fancied he saw existed. Government therefore gave him an opportunity of testing this question, and the next year he was dispatched with two ships to renew the attempt.

Every one is tolerably well aware of his success. Lancaster Sound was perfectly clear of all impediment, and the adventurous explorers passed along with flowing sail into the mysterious regions of the then unknown icy sea. Places that are now familiar to most geographers were rapidly discovered and named. Wellington Channel on the right, Prince Regent's Inlet on the left, Somerset Land on the south, Corn-

wallis Island on the north, and, lastly, Melville Island in the west, were prominent among many other spots of interest to the Arctic navigator now. At the latter place winter had to be prepared for. It was the first ever passed by modern explorers in that frozen region. Yet it went over remarkably well. The tact, the judgment, the kindness of manner shown, and the wise precautions taken by Parry, carried his crews through the severity of an Arctic winter without any loss of even small importance.

The following spring fresh attempts were made to penetrate further on, but it was found that the ice between Melville Island and some land, called Bank's Land, seen in the southwest, was so heavy as to make passage in that direction then impossible. Accordingly, having done more than any previous voyager before him, and having reached the meridian of 110° west, one of the positions marked as that to be attained, and for which a reward was given, he returned.

The nation was rejoiced at his success, and the spirit of discovery became thoroughly awakened. Franklin had been sent overland through British North America to try and effect a junction with Parry somewhere about that open sea discovered by Hearne and Mackenzie, as it was a part of Parry's instructions to try and get there. Franklin, however, had not returned; and Parry therefore now solicited permission to renew his attempt. It was granted; and this time he took the route of Hudson Bay, supposing it probable that some opening toward the west existed beyond the farthest of Fox's or the Fur Company's discoveries. He was right. A passage was found; and it is still a question as to whether such passage could not have been made practicable for going on to the west had the time when it was discovered been earlier in the season.

Parry remained in the neighborhood of his new discoveries for two winters, establishing friendly intercourse with the Esquimaux, and leaving behind him the most favorable impressions concerning our people. Attention is called to it simply to illustrate some remarks presently to be made on the subject of the new discoveries.

Upon Parry's return again to England fresh honors and rewards awaited him and his companions. Franklin also had just returned, after undergoing one of the most terrible ordeals that man can be subjected to, viz.: slow and lingering starvation. On his journey overland he, and Richardson, and Back, and the brave sailor-attendant Hepburn, with their companions, suffered hardships almost incredible. They reached the Arctic Sea and traversed its shores to some little distance, then finding it impossible to proceed any further began their return. And it was on this return journey those severe privations were endured. Who has not read the touching history of this first Arctic land journey penned by Franklin's own hands? Who has not shuddered at the recital of days and days of hunger, compelling a resort to almost any and

every means to sustain life? The searching for bones thrown away on the outward trip, and boiling those bones down to see if any nourishment could be extracted from them! The eating of *tripe de roche* (a sort of moss), which, when cooked, produces a jelly-like substance, acrid to the taste, bitter inside, and hurtful to digestion, yet some relief to a famished appetite. The gnawing of leather belts and shoes, until, at last, it was hardly safe to leave an article in the way of those less master of themselves than the rest. The cooking and eating of raw furs gathered at the different vacated winter stations at which they arrived on the way. The voracity with which any sort of food the kind Indians procured for them would be devoured. All this, and much more that could be related, who that reads works of travel or adventure that knows it not? Or, still more, who that is American and of America that has not read or heard all the terrible sufferings endured by the lamented Kane and his companions, as chronicled so well by himself, and then again in that excellent narrative of Arctic life and privations, so minute, so faithfully written, "Hayes's Arctic Boat Journey?" Thus, then, let us hurriedly pass on. Let us leave the tale of want and misery Franklin and his companions then endured, to rapidly sketch out what followed.

Franklin, despite the wretchedness of the past, went again with nearly all the same companions. This time he was more successful. He and Richardson traced the coast for a great distance, and with what Captain Beechey was doing near Cook's farthest, established the fact that a water communication actually did exist along the northern face of Arctic America, except so far as a small space on the east was concerned that had not been explored. The result was, that, as Parry had previously found a way to Melville Island in a few degrees higher latitude, and Franklin this water communication along the coast, it only needed the discovery of some channel between the two to complete the long-sought-for Northwest Passage.

It was about this time (1825) that Parry's third Voyage of Discovery was made. He now went down Regent's Inlet, hoping to reach the coast in that direction. But here he met his first mishap. One of his vessels, the *Fury*, was pressed by ice on the shore and wrecked. Her stores and every thing valuable were saved, and made into a large dépôt, so that any future voyagers or whaling ships meeting with disaster might find relief. The place where these stores were landed was called Fury Beach, and, in connection with the Lost Polar Expedition, has become a spot of great importance.

Parry returned to England, and afterward made an effort to reach the North Pole, but could get no farther than $81\frac{1}{2}$ ° latitude.

Two or three years afterward Captain John Ross, feeling hurt at the failure he had made in 1818, now tried to go out again. Government, however, declined to encourage him. Whereupon a private individual, Mr. Felix Booth,

furnished the means. He went in 1829 (accompanied by his nephew, J. C. Ross, and a chosen crew), in a vessel called the *Victory*. Their course lay down Regent's Inlet toward the American coast. Prosperously they reached the lower part of the Inlet, discovering new land, which was named Boothia in honor of his patron. The first winter gave them no uneasiness, though the cold was great in the extreme. The following spring, journeys on shore were made, and during one of them, through the aid of friendly Esquimaux, the western water communication was reached by crossing an isthmus having numerous lakes and channels intersecting it. The lakes abounded in salmon, hot springs were discovered, and one river called the Saumerez was found not to freeze during winter.

For three years was Ross and his party frozen in. During the second summer J. C. Ross discovered the Magnetic Pole and King William's Land. The third summer preparations were made for abandoning the ship. It was done, and the whole party dragging their boats with provisions on sledges, proceeded on their way back to Lancaster Sound. At Fury Beach dépôt (which proved the means of saving them from starving) they remained the fourth winter, and finally succeeded in reaching one of the whale-ships, which picked them up and took them back to England. A singularity attending this rescue was as follows: When Ross commanded the first expedition of 1818 his ship was called the *Isabella*. She was afterward sold for a whaler, and this was the very vessel that now saved him and his crew.

The long time Ross had been away led to a belief of his being frozen in and needing help. Accordingly Back and Dr. King volunteered, with a party, to seek him. They proceeded down the "Great Fish River" and explored part of the coast, when a native messenger came and brought news of Ross's return. The circumstance is mentioned because of the importance now attached to this river in connection with Franklin and his men.

In addition to the discoveries made by Back and King, a boat party under Dease and Simpson traced the remaining part of the coast, and fully established the fact of a navigable water communication right along, except a doubtful part more to the east and just below Boothia Isthmus. This part they considered to be water, and certainly the geographical formation of the whole coast would seem to warrant such an idea; but Dr. Rae, who, in 1844, when exploring for the Fur Company, went over the locality, asserts the contrary. Nevertheless, in 1845, the time when Franklin left England, this part was a blank upon the charts, and he, with his officers, went away with the impression that it was an open passage. This fact bears very strongly upon whatever has been, or may yet be, done to ascertain the truth about their still mysterious fate.

And now, having given a rapid sketch of the various efforts made to discover the Northwest

Passage prior to Franklin's last and fatal voyage, let us glance at the knowledge obtained to that period.

Along the whole coast of Arctic America, except at and about Boothia Isthmus, a water communication had been found. Northward of that was Parry's route to Melville Island, overlapping the one below. Thus it needed but a link between the two to complete the whole. Was there land or water intercepting? Franklin was directed to ascertain. He was told to make for the northwest corner of Somerset Land, at a place named by Parry *Cape Walker*, and thence penetrate, if possible, southwest toward that water communication he had seen. Failing in that, he might turn back and try Wellington Channel. But discretionary powers were given him, and whatever would lead to the great object in view was to be attempted. Geographical knowledge, however, was not the only thing to be sought for. Science, and especially every fact connected with magnetism, was part of their particular duty. "Daily observations with the valuable instruments and portable observatory put on board" were to be made, for, said the Government, "such observations are especially important to us now." Picked officers and men formed his crew. The writer of this was himself a volunteer, but had not interest enough to be appointed, when, as he was told, the ships might almost have been manned by officers alone who wished to go. Among those officers were men who had been more than once and twice in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Crozier, next to Franklin in command, had not long returned from a four-years' cruise in the extreme south. Fitzjames, Graham Gore, and many others, were all tried men. Fitzjames had the especial charge of magnetical observations, and always sought for an opportunity to make them. Thus it is certain that, if the ships got near the Magnetic Pole, many valuable observations would be made. We know the ships did get there, and therefore these observations were attended to, and may yet be found in the records of them undoubtedly kept.

But there was another part of the Arctic regions to which at that time some importance was attached. On the east of Boothia many persons thought a channel could be found; and as the Hudson Bay Company had settlements well up in that direction, and the fishing grounds of whalers were not far away, it certainly appeared very desirable for the place not to be neglected. Indeed Franklin's first idea was to try in that quarter, but he gave it up for the more northern route.

One more circumstance has yet to be mentioned in connection with what we are now introducing. In 1833 an English whaler visited the neighborhood of Frobisher Straits, and brought away an Esquimaux called *Eenooloapick*. This young man was taken to Scotland, rapidly acquired a knowledge of civilized life, and returned to his native land. The surgeon of the ship (Mr. Macdonald) was with him on both voyages,

gained his confidence and affection, and obtained much information concerning the habits and customs of his people. Soon afterward this gentleman published a book upon the subject, and ultimately joined Franklin's Expedition. It is to be supposed, therefore, that when disaster came upon the ill-fated party, he for one would endeavor to reach the locality with which he had been so well acquainted, and so favorably received.

Another person attached to the lost ships was Mr. Blankey, formerly Ice-master in Ross's Expedition already mentioned. This officer, before leaving England, avowed his determination to take refuge among the Boothian Esquimaux, should it be necessary, and live with them until relieved. Thus there was more than common reasoning in the argument put forward for a good examination of the localities east of Boothia; but which, strange to say, have never yet, save by Mr. Hall, at a distance from it, and Rae's foot journey, been examined.

And now let us rapidly touch upon the events that occurred to and followed the lost expedition.

With the instructions given to them the expedition sailed in 1845. Once they were heard of in the north of Baffin Bay, and then, for two or three years more, all was silence concerning them. The public mind became anxious, and, in 1848, J. C. Ross, with two ships, was sent to seek for them. He followed the track pointed out to them, but returned unsuccessful. A council of Arctic officers was then held, and it was determined to renew the search. This time it was by a whole fleet of vessels, both on the east and on the west of the exploring ground; and a goodly sight it was, in the year 1850, to see sent out so many fine ships, from the large three-masted vessel to the humble ketch, commanded by experienced officers, for the purpose of seeking those who were lost!

With this feeling, then, the relief-ships went away. No expense was spared; no word raised, even by the most rigid economist, in opposition. And away they went, these searching ships, under brave and skillful commanders, with enthusiastic and generous-hearted officers and men, having abundant supplies. Away they went, by the long route round Cape Horn and through Behring Strait. There Collinson, M'Clure, Kellet, Moore, Maguire, Trollope, Pullen, Hooper, Cresswell, and others fought and battled perseveringly with ice and other difficulties to try and obtain tidings, though, alas! without success.

Away overland across the territories of red Indians and Esquimaux, where Richardson and Rae traversed miles and miles of dreary coastline amidst numerous dangers, though likewise without any good result.

Away, also, by the old route of Baffin Bay and Barrow Strait, where Austin and Ommanney, M'Clintock, Sherard Osborne, Cator, Aldridge, Bradford, M'Dougall, Allen, Penny, Stewart, Sutherland, Forsyth, and afterward

Kennedy, with the amiable and chivalrous Bellot, the brave old veteran John Ross, and last, though not least, the American flag under De Haven, Griffin, and Kane, sent out by the generous-minded Henry Grinnell, of this city, aided by George Peabody, to aid in the cause of humanity, searched and searched without meeting with the missing ships. True, some traces were found, first by Captain Ommanney, then by Penny, at Cape Riley and Beechey Island; but these traces only involved the question in greater mystery. They proved the lost vessels had not been crushed in Baffin Bay, but had wintered at Beechey Island in 1845-'46. Beyond that, however, nothing was discovered to say where they had afterward gone to, or what had become of them. The eastern expeditions returned; and the following year more ships were sent out to prosecute the search. Sir Edward Belcher had the command, and, after two winters passed there, had to abandon his vessels and return home. One of those vessels, the *Resolute*, drifted out of her own accord, and was picked up by an American whaler, the *George Henry*, 1154 miles from the place where she had been left! The other ships, with a vast quantity of stores and material, are, for all we know to the contrary, still there.

But here let me pay a just tribute, while it is also a pleasing duty, to the generosity and humane conduct of America in this work. With reference to the *Resolute*, it is well known that she was refitted by the Government and people of the then *United States*, and sent to England under one of their chief officers, as a token of goodwill and friendly feeling. This should not be forgotten by the British nation; nor yet the daring, perseverance, and earnestness displayed by those who, under the Stars and Stripes, gallantly aided in the search for lost people not their own. In another form, while giving some account of the slight service I also saw in those regions, I spoke as I then felt and still feel concerning the officers and men of this country engaged in Arctic discovery.* Since then the American flag has been carried, again and again, far up in those regions by Kane, and Hayes, and now by Hall. It is therefore but right to give credit where such is due; and the names in Wellington Channel attached to newly discovered land, as appearing in American charts, assuredly, by priority of discovery, are the correct ones.

There is not space to narrate more of the various efforts made to search for the lost ships. I must, however, touch upon the attempts made by Lady Franklin and her friends. Twice did she send out the little yacht *Prince Albert* for the purpose of examining Boothia, but each time did the vessel come back unsuccessful. Strange to say, on the first occasion only 300 miles further progress was necessary to have accomplished what we now know would have told the event-

* For an extended notice of my work, "A Voyage in Search of Sir John Franklin," see Harper's Magazine for April, 1857.

ful tale. Also, on the next voyage, her commander made a hazardous journey of several weeks on land in a direction which, at a certain point where he hesitated as to the route, was exactly opposite to the correct one. Had he gone south instead of north he would have solved the mystery. Then again did the persevering wife of Franklin try. A small screw steamer was sent, but had to be given up. Finally she bought the *Fox*, and, under M'Clintock's command, this vessel succeeded in obtaining the only tidings—tidings still unsatisfactory—yet known as to the unfortunate men's fate.

Previous to this, however, in 1854, Dr. Rae, while exploring the south of Boothia, met with certain Esquimaux who told him that "white men" had been seen some summers before in a very famished state, dragging along a boat toward the Great Fish River where they had all perished. Many articles, watches, coins, silver, etc., were found in possession of these natives, and were deemed by the Admiralty sufficient evidence to conclude that the fate of Franklin and his party had been determined. Accordingly their names were erased from the Navy list—a reward of \$50,000 was given to Dr. Rae, and the whole affair was then thought to be at an end. But, as I have just said, the mourning wife of the lost chief did not coincide with this view, nor did many of note in the land. The *Fox* therefore was dispatched, and in 1857 left England on her errand of mercy.

The voyage of the *Fox* and the account Captain M'Clintock gave, is well known.* After two years' absence he returned to England with a report that the true fate of the lost expedition had been determined by the discovery of a record placed in dépôt, and three skeletons, a boat, and a large quantity of clothes, ships' stores, and other material on King William's Land. The Esquimaux also stated that the ships had been seen, and that one was crushed, while the other would be found "asleep" on shore. The record was meagre in detail, and unsatisfactory as to facts. Sir J. Franklin had died in June, 1847—the vessels were abandoned in 1848, and the officers and crews, numbering one hundred and eight persons, were, under Crozier and Fitz-james, on their way to the Fish River. This, coupled with the tale given to Dr. Rae, was now considered as quite conclusive; and all further hope of knowing more about these unhappy wanderers was abandoned, except by a very few. Among the few, and determined then to persevere in further search, was the writer of this article. The reasons he gave in lectures all over England, by papers read before the British Association at Oxford and Manchester, and in print through the press and published pamphlets, were carefully examined by men of scientific note, both opposed to, and in favor of another expedition. The result was, no disproof of the soundness of his arguments by those adverse to him, and open countenance of his plans by such as deemed his theory good. What that was

would be out of place to relate here, other than it bore strongly on the fact that only negative information was yet obtained, and all that M'Clintock's party did, was while the snow and ice lay on the ground when very little could possibly be discovered. A summer and autumn search was necessary, and it was this that he now sought to accomplish. Insufficient support was given. The attempt failed from want of means; and it now rests with him to do all in his power to aid any one else who, as Mr. Hall proposes, intends prosecuting the work until this strange mystery is truly solved. But let us see what it is proposed to be done, and as yet in part accomplished.

We have already said that doubts, in many minds, existed as to the fate of the Franklin Expedition being truly known. Apart from all idea as to the *possibility* of any members of that expedition surviving for years among the Esquimaux, there is still the question of what has become of their ships, their journals, their scientific records, and private papers? This question, it is true, may not be deemed of much importance by those who have not closely examined into Arctic affairs. But in reality it is so; for it must ever be remembered that for nineteen months Franklin and his officers were beset in the ice close to the Magnetic Pole. Indeed, from observations afterward made by M'Clintock, it is almost certain that one of their encampments (that at Cape Felix) was actually upon the spot. The Magnetic Pole is situated in about lat. 7° , long. $97^{\circ} 19'$, from the Pole of the Earth. It is still a mystery, and has baffled all efforts (as yet known) of scientific men concerning it. In 1831, when Ross discovered its position by instruments with him, he had little opportunity for doing more than determining the spot within a circle of a mile in diameter. But since then M'Clintock fixes it at Cape Felix, forty miles W.S.W. of its former position, and this leads to the belief, long entertained, that the Magnetic Pole slowly moves; thus, perchance, accounting for the variations detected at observatories in the magnetic needle.

Now as the British Government, in its instructions to Franklin, deemed it of "great importance" that daily observations should be carried on when in the vicinity of the Magnetic Pole, it is quite certain that during the nineteen months they were located there, a vast amount of scientific material, particularly useful to mankind, must have been collected. That such material, with all the valuable information—geographical, ethnological, meteorological, and otherwise—they had obtained, was safely deposited, by a duplicate copy, in their principal dépôt (yet undiscovered), can hardly be doubted. To recover those documents is—as many eminent men consider—worth one more serious effort. M'Clintock did not seek for them: he was not able to search for them: he was on a specific duty, viz., the ascertaining what had become of that chief whose mourning wife had sent him out. Therefore, even had the ground

* See *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1860.

been denuded of its wintry covering, he would hardly have been justified in remaining another season to look for scientific journals, after the fate of Franklin himself had been ascertained. But, apart from this, the present writer has positive evidence that more could have been found had not certain matters (never made public) prevented it. Thus, then, it is no stretch of fancy to say that if the locality of the Magnetic Pole is again reached, and a certain spot which geographers and Arctic chiefs tell me I am right in forming the idea of be examined, no doubt valuable results will be attained, and the cost of any such attempt more than amply repaid by pecuniary returns from Government if needed.

In 1860, at Oxford, before the British Association, and after remarks to the above effect were made by me, Admiral Sir Edward Belcher said, "He advocated another search, and he was quite of opinion that magnetic observations had been carried on at Cape Felix. Records would be found buried, and duplicates taken on by a traveling party." Lord Wrottesly in his Address, in 1856, after showing how great the advantage is of Polar research, said: "Independently of additions to our geographical and physical knowledge, the possible recovery of the magnetic observations and the journals of the Franklin Expedition is a consideration of great moment, since the former must have been made by officers well trained to the task, with excellent instruments verified before the sailing of the expedition, and in localities possessing peculiar interest in reference to the theory of magnetism."

Baron Von Humboldt said, in a letter: "Is it possible that, after so many generous sacrifices made by two nations of the same race, having in their possession part of the property known to belong to those victims of shipwreck—after having reduced to such a small space the country to be searched—is it possible, I repeat, that they do not add a last effort (perilous as is every thing great and hazardous) for the solution of this sorrowful problem?"

As for the supposition that records can not exist so long, I merely refer to the fact that one of Parry's, on Melville Island, was discovered in good order thirty-one years after being deposited, and another of his twenty-five years old. When Ross escaped he carried even minerals with him a part of the way. These with other things he had to abandon; but he deposited them in a secure place, and they were afterward brought home to England in a whaling ship sent expressly to the locality for them.

Now, it is almost literally the case that some American whaling ships annually go within a comparatively short distance of the very spot where the Franklin records could be possibly obtained. Is there any reason, then, why a small vessel, expressly fitted out for that purpose, but making furs, etc., also auxiliary to it, could not accomplish what was wanted, and also prove serviceable in opening out new whaling grounds? Surely none whatever; and, however

great the obstacles may be in England, when such work is attempted by one of the People, instead of by the naval aristocracy, yet here the case is different, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hall will be well encouraged when he again starts on his adventurous errand. His idea was good, and precisely that put forth long ago and frequently since by the present writer. Indeed, it is the only real way of arriving at the truth, unless by aid of a totally different kind to that generally adopted. But there can be little doubt that a small vessel—large enough for carrying stores and for giving sleeping accommodation, and yet no larger than for such use—is better than any thing else. Alone, and with only native aid, information is all that can be gained. Nothing can be brought back, even if discovered. But in a vessel, no matter how small, every thing may be brought home.

The discoveries made by Mr. Hall are on the outer coast—if we may so term it—of all Arctic geography. The sheet of water called Frobisher Strait has been well known for years past, though the British Hydrographic Department, in accordance with its usual habit of never correcting mistakes, or printing new discoveries unless coming from their own naval officers, made no acknowledgment of the facts brought home by whaling ships. This was shown in the case of the first American Arctic Expedition, and in all similar affairs, whether strangers or Englishmen may be concerned.

But the fact of "Frobisher Strait" being well known does not in the least degree lessen the value of Mr. Hall's important services in geographical exploration. A glance at any good map of the Arctic Regions will show how much remains yet to be done, and, comparatively, how easily it may be accomplished. In a commercial point of view alone it is worth the effort. Valuable furs can be obtained, and mineral wealth, quite clear of the jurisdiction or rights of the Hudson Bay Company. In Prince of Wales Land there is an excellent copper-mine, some of the ore of which was brought to England and deposited in the British Museum. In Boothia abundance of animal life is to be found at the proper seasons; and on the west parts of Cockburn's Land, above and northwest of Mr. Hall's researches, there is quite a new field for the adventurous explorer, or the capitalist who would speculate in that direction.

It appears, by such reports as have yet been published, that Mr. Hall conceived the idea of still following up the search for additional traces of the lost Polar Expedition. To successfully accomplish this he passed his first winter in learning the Esquimaux language, and adopting their style of life. He then began his explorations in a boat, accompanied by six natives, male and female. The latter are especially serviceable in all northern expeditions. Every account we read of these voyages, from Parry downward, shows the value of the opposite sex in all matters where information has to be gained. They are the best interpreters, skillful geog-

raphers, and tender, affectionate beings. Many instances of this could be shown; and reference need only be given to Parry and to Dr. Hayes, in the narrative of their adventures, to prove this. Indeed, there is something peculiarly touching in the simple, unartificial way these poor savages of the frozen north attend upon and minister to the wants of strange pale-faces coming among them. Therefore, to carry on any good exploration, it is almost indispensable to have the wives of Esquimaux with their husbands as well as the men. This was wisely done by Mr. Hall, who succeeded in finding some remains of Frobisher's Expedition. It would be unjust to him to give any particulars, however slight, of his researches. He himself will shortly do so; but, with reference to his supposed discovery of the fate of two of the boats' crews of Franklin's ships, the following letter, addressed to the present writer, will, it is presumed, settle the question. It is from the wife of Captain Ellis, commanding the bark *Kitty*, lost in Hudson Strait while carrying contract stores to the Company's settlements:

"1 SAVILLE STREET, NORTH SHIELDS.
"February 25, 1862.

"Captain Parker Snow:

"Sir,—I see by a statement in the daily *Express* that you are about to leave the Tyne, and that if health will allow, you are still anxious to persevere on an errand of humanity which I trust may prove eventful. I again take the liberty of impressing upon your mind the loss of the bark *Kitty* of Newcastle, which vessel sailed from London for Hudson Bay with general cargo on the 21st of June, 1859, and was wrecked among the ice on September 5. The crew having sufficient time to provide themselves with every necessary they thought prudent to take into their boats, landed on Saddle-back Island, and remained there four days, during which time they met several natives. They agreed to separate themselves into two boats, and to proceed up the Straits in hopes of meeting the Company's ships coming down. My husband, Captain Ellis, with ten men in the long-boat, and Mr. Armstrong, chief mate, with four in the skiff, left Saddle-back Island on the morning of September 10, and at night, either from a snow-storm or in the dark, the boats lost sight of each other. The skiff inshore the next morning could see nothing of the long-boat. They then proceeded down the Straits again, and sailed for the coast of Labrador. After sailing sixty-one days in their boat they were picked up

by the Esquimaux and taken to a Moravian missionary settlement. Finally they arrived at North Shields on the 28th August, 1860, and since then there has never been any tidings of the missing long-boat and her crew. Last year the Company's ships brought no news except a letter from Great Whale River, which I have an extract of, and send you a copy, and would like to have your opinion, as the parting of the boats seems mysterious to me. As it has been known for people to live for years among the Esquimaux, I am hoping, year after year, that some traces will be found of them. Should any thing come under your notice, either at home or abroad, I humbly beg, dear Sir, you will remember me, for not knowing the end of my much lamented husband's sufferings has caused me to live in great distress of mind, which I trust will be sufficient apology for my troubling you; and may a kind Providence watch over you is the sincere wish of

"Yours, respectfully, H. ELLIS.

"P.S.—Extract of letter from Chief Factor Anderson, dated Great Whale River, September 27, 1861:

"During last winter and spring, I have learned from the Esquimaux that the boat of the *Kitty* came on shore somewhere in Nugava Bay, and that the crew all perished. But exactly when, or how, I can not find out, as our interpreter understands English so badly that he has a difficulty in understanding us, and I fear gives a poor translation of what the Esquimaux tell him."

The glacier discovered by Mr. Hall, and named by him "Grinnell Glacier," is one of many that may be found in those regions. The numerous channels running west from Davis Straits abound in them. Eclipse Sound, or rather Strait, as may be inferred (farther North), is full of all that belongs to the grandeur of Alpine scenery. Indeed, the entire locality embraced within an area of 15° north and south, and 30° east and west, presents a wondrous field for the artist, the lover of nature, the geologist, the enterprising capitalist, or the adventurous traveler.

The natives brought home by Mr. Hall are now becoming so familiar to inhabitants of civilized America and Europe that little description is needed concerning them. The habits and customs of these singular people are, however, not so well known, except by a few. It will, therefore, be very interesting to the public at large if Mr. Hall gives the series of lectures on the subject he proposes, especially accompanied by the collection he has made.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 6th of October. After the series of battles at and about Centreville, which resulted in the falling back of our army upon the entrenchments before Washington, the Confederate forces, instead of following turned to the north and reached the Potomac at a point near Leesburg, about midway between Washington and Harper's Ferry. They crossed the river into Maryland on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of September. Marching at once upon Frederick, the capital of the State, which place they occupied on the 7th, General Lee on the 8th issued a proclamation to the people of Maryland, in which he said that the people of the Confederate States had long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages which had been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the

States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties; and believing that the people of Maryland desired to throw off the government of the United States, the South had long wished to aid them in so doing. No restraint would be laid upon the citizens of Maryland, but they would be protected in every opinion. "It is for you," he adds, "to decide your destiny freely and without restraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free-will." A general uprising in their favor of the people of Maryland was undoubtedly anticipated by the Confederate leaders, which would enable them not only to maintain their position in that State, but even allow them to carry the

war into Pennsylvania. But nothing of the kind took place.

Our army, which with the exception of about 14,000 men at Harper's Ferry had been concentrated near the Capital, and had been placed under the immediate command of General M'Clellan, advanced to meet the enemy. Passing up the Potomac, they interposed in force between the Confederates and the fords by which they had crossed, threatening to cut off their retreat in case they should be defeated. Perceiving this, the Confederates abandoned Frederick, and went northward to Hagerstown, which was occupied on the 11th. A strong body was then sent to attack Harper's Ferry. The assault was opened on the 12th and continued during the following day, when our troops were driven from the heights on the Maryland side. On Monday morning the place was fairly surrounded, and fire was opened from seven or eight different points. In the opinion of Colonel Miles, who commanded, it was utterly useless to hold out longer, and on the morning of the 15th he ordered the white flag to be raised; and a few moments after he was struck by a shot which mortally wounded him. The cavalry, numbering some 2000 who had been at the Ferry, cut their way through the enemy's lines and escaped. The remainder of our troops, to the number of about 11,000, surrendered, and were immediately paroled. The enemy also possessed themselves of 50 cannon, and a considerable amount of stores and ammunition. It is generally held that the surrender at the time was not necessary, but that the place might have held out until it could be reinforced. Its possession was of considerable advantage to the enemy, though they retained it but for one day; the bridge over the Potomac not being destroyed enabled them to cross the river, and take part in the Battle of Antietam which followed on the 17th.

In the mean time the enemy, under Lee, commenced its retreat from Frederick toward the fords of the Potomac above those by which they had crossed into Maryland, being closely followed by our forces. Our advance—the right and centre under Hooker and Reno, the left under Franklin—came up early on the morning of the 14th with the enemy, who were strongly posted on the crest of the South Mountain, commanding the road to Hagerstown. The attack on both wings was successful, the action lasting from noon until nightfall. The enemy were forced from all their positions, and retreated during the night in the direction of Williamsport, still higher up the river, and about 15 miles above Harper's Ferry, losing a considerable number of prisoners. In this action General Reno was killed.

The Confederates, under Jackson, having hastily abandoned Harper's Ferry, recrossed the Potomac, and joined the main body under Lee. Our combined forces, under M'Clellan, with Hooker, Burnside, Mansfield, Sumner, Franklin, and others, followed rapidly, and at evening of the 16th came up with them, strongly posted on Antietam Creek, ready to give battle. The action commenced at daylight on the morning of the 17th of September. It was opened by Hooker's corps, formerly commanded by M'Dowell, which formed our right in conjunction with Mansfield's, formerly Banks's corps; Sumner's corps formed our centre; while Burnside's formed a flanking column on the left. All the available forces of both armies, with their best commanders, were on the field. The ground was admirably adapted to give full play to the skill of the officers and the bravery of the soldiers, being undulating, broken by

wooded knolls, with cultivated fields between. The battle commenced on the right, where, after half an hour's sharp fighting, the enemy began to give way, and were forced across a corn-field, where they suffered severely, into a dense wood, followed hard by our men. As they advanced, they were received by a deadly fire, and forced back half-way to their original position; while large bodies of the enemy poured upon them. Hooker ordered up fresh regiments. He was severely wounded, and the command of his division devolved upon Sumner. The struggle was now for the corn-field. First we drove them from it back again into the woods. Then they rallied and regained the field. At 1 o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. All that had been gained in front was lost, our men were almost exhausted, but the enemy were in no better condition. Franklin now came up with fresh troops, retook the corn-field for the last time, and dashed upon the woods, drove out the enemy, and held the point. The battle on the right was won. Mansfield, whose corps had been sent to the support of Hooker early in the action, was shot in the breast by a rifle-ball, receiving a mortal wound, while forming his men for the attack. In the mean time Burnside on the left was engaged in a desperate struggle. He had to cross the Antietam Creek in order to reach the enemy. This was spanned by a stone bridge which was strongly defended by infantry and artillery. The first attempt to take the bridge was repulsed with heavy loss. A second was made, with no better success. He resolved upon a third and still more desperate effort, commanding the assault in person. The bridge was stormed, our soldiers passed it, formed into line on the other side, the enemy falling back to his batteries upon the hills beyond. It was now 4 o'clock, and Burnside was ordered by M'Clellan to carry these batteries at all hazards. He carried the one nearest to him, on a low hill commanded by a higher one beyond. The enemy hurled large bodies of troops against him, and forced him back toward the bridge. He sent to M'Clellan for reinforcements, saying that without them he could not hold his position for half an hour. There were no reinforcements that could be detached. M'Clellan replied that he must hold his ground till night, at any cost; or at all events he must defend the bridge to the last man. If that was lost, all was lost. Burnside did hold the bridge, and the day was won. The action was not renewed on the following day, which was spent in removing the wounded and burying the dead. In the night the enemy fell back to the Potomac, which they crossed without serious opposition. Their stay in Maryland was just a fortnight, and the results of the expedition have proved more disastrous to them than our attempt upon Richmond was to us. General M'Clellan, in his official report, gives the following as some of the results of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam:

"At South Mountain our loss was 443 dead, 1806 wounded, and 76 missing. Total, 2325. At Antietam our loss was 2010 killed, 9416 wounded, and 1043 missing. Total, 12,469. Total loss in the two battles, 14,794.

"The loss of the rebels in the two battles, as near as can be ascertained from the number of their dead found upon the field, and from other data, will not fall short of the following estimate:

"Major Davis, Assistant Inspector-General, who superintended the burial of the dead, reports about 3000 rebels buried upon the field of Antietam by our troops.

"Previous to this, however, the rebels had buried many of their own dead upon the distant portion of the battlefield, which they occupied after the battle—probably at least 500. The loss of the rebels at South Mountain can not be ascertained with accuracy; but as our troops con-

tinually drove them from the commencement of the action; and as a much greater number of their dead were seen on the field than of our own, it is not unreasonable to suppose that their loss was greater than ours. Estimating their killed at 500, the total rebels killed in the two battles would be 4000. According to the ratio of our own killed and wounded, this would make their loss in wounded 18,742. As nearly as can be determined at this time, the number of prisoners taken by our troops in the two battles will, at the lowest estimate, amount to 5000. The full returns will no doubt show a larger number. Of these about 1200 are wounded. This gives us a rebel loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners of 25,542. It will be observed that this does not include their stragglers, the number of whom is said by citizens here to be large. It may be safely concluded, therefore, that the rebel army lost at least 30,000 of their best troops. From the time our troops first encountered the enemy in Maryland until he was driven back into Virginia we captured 13 guns, 7 caissons, 9 limbers, 2 field-forges, 2 caisson bodies, 30 colors, and 1 signal flag. We have not lost a single gun or a color. On the battle-field of Antietam 14,000 small-arms were collected, besides the large number carried off by citizens and those distributed on the ground to recruits and other unarmed men arriving immediately after the battle. At South Mountain no collection of small-arms was made; but, owing to the haste of the pursuit from that point, 400 were taken on the opposite side of the Potomac.¹³

The Richmond papers claim, however, a victory at Antietam. They say that their forces were but 60,000 opposed to 150,000 of the Federal troops, and that their entire loss was only from 5000 to 7000. Two of their generals, Branch of North Carolina, and Stark of Mississippi, were killed. They admit, however, that their campaign in Maryland was a failure, and that it is shown that the people of Maryland have no wish to join the Southern Confederacy.—Since the battle of Antietam nothing of decided importance has occurred on the Potomac. There has been some skirmishing of outposts and small bodies of troops, attended with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners on both sides. Present appearances indicate that the enemy are falling back to the neighborhood of Staunton and Winchester.

The results of the Confederate irruption into Kentucky are yet undecided. There had been severe fighting for some days at Munfordsville which resulted in the surrender, on the 17th, of our whole garrison, numbering quite 4000 men. After the capture of Lexington and Frankfort serious apprehensions were felt for the safety of Louisville, which it was determined should be defended to the last extremity. The women and children were ordered to leave the city, by General Nelson, who was in command. But on the 25th General Buell, with the main body of his army from Tennessee, having outstripped Bragg, arrived at Louisville. The enemy then appear to have fallen back to the neighborhood of Bardstown, near which point a decisive battle was daily expected.—Cumberland Gap, which has for some time been occupied by our forces, under General Morgan, was threatened by a large Confederate force. It was evacuated by Morgan on the 17th. The pass was blocked up so as to render its passage nearly impracticable, and all the artillery and stores were brought off. The troops reached Greenupburg, Kentucky, on the Ohio, on the 3d of October. During the sixteen days' march they were continually but ineffectually assailed by the enemy.—General William Nelson, the commander at Louisville, was killed on the 29th by General Jefferson C. Davis, of Indiana. It appears that Nelson publicly insulted Davis at a hotel, calling him a cowardly puppy, and striking him in the face. Davis borrowed a pistol from a by-stander and shot him through the heart.

From the Southwest we have continual reports of skirmishes and minor engagements. The gun-boat

Essex, making an expedition up the Mississippi, sent a boat's crew ashore at Natchez for ice. They were fired upon and several wounded, whereupon the town was bombarded and forced to surrender.—At Iuka, Mississippi, General Rosecrans gained a brilliant victory over the enemy under the command of Price on the 20th of September. General Grant, writing two days after the battle, states our loss in killed to have been less than 100, while of the enemy 261 were found dead upon the field. Price retreated, followed closely by our forces, who captured a considerable number of prisoners. It appears that Price, after retreating from Iuka, formed a junction with the Confederates under Van Dorn and Lovell near the old battle-ground of Corinth, for as we close our Record for the month, we have telegraphic dispatches announcing that on the 4th of October the enemy, under the command of Van Dorn, Price, and Lovell, attacked our forces at Corinth, and were repulsed with great slaughter; they retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

The Confederate expedition into New Mexico has resulted in a failure. Some months since they succeeded in capturing Santa Fé, but soon withdrew toward El Paso. Near Fort Fillmore they were caught between the New Mexican troops under General Canby and the Union forces from California, and suffered a total defeat, losing all their stores and ammunition, having many killed and wounded, and nearly half of their number taken prisoners. The Union forces then took possession of El Paso and Fort Bliss. The Texans thereupon evacuated Fort Davis and all the other forts in the extreme northwest of the State, leaving Fort Clark, 120 miles from San Antonio, the post nearest New Mexico now held by them.

General Pope has made a report detailing the operations of the Army of Virginia while under his command. He says that when it was known that our army was evacuating the Peninsula the whole force of the enemy was pushed forward against the army under his command. He charges General Fitz John Porter with repeated disobedience of orders; and says that had he attacked the enemy in flank on Friday, the 29th of August, as he had written orders to do, Jackson would have been crushed before the forces under Lee could have reached him. General Pope says his men were worn down with service and short of provisions; the horses were without forage; he had written for supplies to General McClellan at Alexandria, but none would be furnished until he sent a cavalry escort to convoy them, although Alexandria was swarming with troops, and his whole army was interposed between that place and the enemy. Without supplies he could not hold the position at Bull Run, even if victorious. The enemy's reinforcements came up on the afternoon and night of the 29th; and on the following day he made the attack. At night our left had been forced back half a mile, but was firm and unshaken, while the right maintained its ground. Pope could have brought up Franklin's and Sumner's corps, and renewed the engagement on the following morning; but starvation threatened men and horses; and worn as they were, they were in no condition to bear hunger also. He accordingly fell back to Centreville, and then to the intrenchments near Washington without molestation. He thus sums up the operations of the army under his command: "To confront a powerful enemy with greatly inferior forces, and fight him day by day, without losing your army; to delay and embarrass his movements, and to force

him, by persistent resistance, to adopt long and circuitous routes to his destination, are the duties which have been imposed upon me. They are, of all military operations, the most difficult and the most harassing, both to the Commander and to his troops. How far we have been successful, I leave to the judgment of my countrymen. The armies of Virginia and of the Potomac have been united in the presence and against the efforts of a wary and vigorous enemy in greatly superior force to either, with no loss for which they did not exact full retribution." General Pope is understood to have brought formal charges against General Porter, which, however, have not been acted upon. General Pope, at his own request, has been detached from the army in Virginia, and sent to take command of the forces in the Northwest. He reports that on the 23d of September 300 Sioux attacked General Sibley's command, but were repulsed with a loss of 30 killed and many wounded; our loss being 4 killed and 30 or 40 wounded.

On the 22d of September the President issued a very important proclamation. After stating that the war would still be conducted for the object of restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in those States in which it had been disturbed; that he should at the next meeting of Congress again urge that pecuniary compensation be tendered to the loyal slave States should they choose to abolish slavery either gradually or immediately; and that efforts would be continued to colonize, with their own consent, persons of African descent upon some portion of this continent; the proclamation declares:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States."

The proclamation then calls attention to the Act of March 13, 1862, by which all officers of the army and navy are prohibited from employing the forces under their command for the purpose of restoring fugitive slaves; and to the Act of July 17, which provides that the slaves of all persons engaged in rebellion, who may come into the power of the forces of the United States, shall be declared free; and that no fugitive slave shall be delivered up unless the owner makes oath that he has been in no way engaged in the rebellion against the United States. The proclamation concludes by declaring:

"And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves."

On the 24th of September the President issued another proclamation ordering:

"Whereas it has become necessary to call into service, not only volunteers, but also portions of the militia of the States by draft, in order to suppress the insurrection existing in the United States, and disloyal persons are not adequately restrained by the ordinary processes of law from hindering this measure, and from giving aid and comfort in various ways to the insurrection. Now, therefore, be it ordered, that during the existing insurrection, and as a necessary measure for suppressing the same, all rebels and insurgents, their aiders and abettors within the United States, and all persons discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting militia drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice affording aid and comfort to the rebels against the authority of the United States, shall be subject to martial law, and liable to trial and punishment by courts-martial or military commission.

"That the writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended in respect to all persons arrested, or who are now, or hereafter during the rebellion shall be, imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prisons, or other place of confinement, by any military authority, or by the sentence of any court-martial or military commission."

This emancipation proclamation caused great excitement in the Confederate Congress at Richmond. In the Senate Mr. Semmes offered a resolution declaring it to be a "gross violation of the usages of civilized warfare, and an invitation to an atrocious servile war, which should be counteracted by such severe retaliatory measures as in the judgment of the President may be best calculated to secure its withdrawal or arrest its execution." Several members objected to the resolution as not going far enough, wishing the President to be authorized to issue a proclamation that every person found in arms against the Confederate Government, upon its soil, should be put to death. The war should henceforth be carried on under the black flag, and quarter should neither be asked nor given.

A Convention composed of nearly all the Governors of the loyal States met at Altoona, Pennsylvania, on the 25th of September. The object appears to have been to consider the state of the country, and devise measures to meet the present state of affairs. An address to the President was drawn up and signed by thirteen of their number, embracing the following points: Pledging their cordial support hereafter as heretofore to the President in the effort "to restore and perpetuate the authority of the Government and the life of the nation, no matter what consequences are involved in our fidelity."—Recommending that, until the war be at an end, an army of reserve, properly armed and equipped, should be kept on foot, ready for all emergencies; and asking the President to call for not less than 100,000 volunteers for this purpose, the quotas from each State to be raised after it shall have filled the requisitions already made:—Fully indorsing the proclamation of the President declaring all slaves in States which shall on the 1st of next January be in insurrection to be declared free:—Recognizing the valor and endurance of our soldiers, and declaring that a just regard for their welfare had been the reason for holding the Conference:—The address concludes thus: "And now, presenting to our national Chief Magistrate this conclusion of our deliberations, we devote ourselves to our country's service, and we will surround the President with our constant support, trusting that the fidelity and zeal of the loyal States and people will always assure him that he will be constantly maintained in pursuing with vigor this war for the preservation of the national life and the hopes of humanity."

EUROPE.

In Italy Garibaldi has made an unsuccessful at-

tempt to arouse a war. Early in July he made several speeches inveighing in violent terms against the Emperor of France, saying that the French troops must leave Rome; calling upon the Italians to unite, and declaring that he would rouse Italy, and that possession must be taken of Rome and Venice in behalf of Victor Emanuel and the Kingdom of Italy. Volunteer organizations began to be formed to aid him in the enterprise which he had in view. To these he issued a proclamation declaring that the cause of the country had united them together to fight against the foreign invaders. The King, on the 3d of August, put forth a counter-proclamation, warning the young men against being led into unauthorized war, saying that when the hour for the occupation of Rome should arrive, the voice of the King would be heard; but that every other summons was that of rebellion and civil war; he would preserve the dignity of the Crown and Parliament, in order to have the right of demanding from the whole of Europe justice for Italy. Garibaldi paid no attention to this proclamation, and made a descent upon Sicily. He was declared to be in rebellion, and the island was proclaimed in a state of siege on the 21st of August. Troops were sent against him; but he avoided them and crossed over to the Continent, landing at Melito, in Calabria, with about 1300 men. Before leaving Sicily he issued a proc-

lamation to the Italians defining his purposes. He professed allegiance to the King, but the Ministry should not be supported. The great end in view was Italian unity, to which the possession of Rome was essential. For himself he was resolved to enter Rome a conqueror or perish under its walls. On the 29th of August he was overtaken by a small force of royal troops who opened fire upon his forces. It appears from his own statements that he had ordered his men not to fire; but he himself having been wounded at the outset some slight fighting took place. The action lasted but a few minutes, when Garibaldi surrendered with all his forces. He had received two wounds, one in the instep being severe. He was conveyed by a steamer to the fortress of Varignano, where he was confined. What disposition will be made of him does not appear; but he evidently anticipates no severe treatment, as he writes, under date of September 14, in reply to the American Consul at Vienna, who had invited him to join the American Army: "I am a prisoner, and dangerously wounded. It is consequently impossible for me to dispose of myself. However, as soon as I am restored to liberty, and my wounds are healed, I shall take the first favorable opportunity to satisfy my desire to serve the great American Republic of which I am a citizen, and which is now fighting for universal liberty."

Literary Notices.

The Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London, by Mrs. OLIPHANT. Thirty-five years since few men filled a larger space in the world's thoughts than Edward Irving. When he died, twenty-eight years ago, it seemed that but for the magnificent eulogy of his friend and schoolmate Thomas Carlyle, his memory would have passed away from men's minds forever. To the view of the great public no earnest life could have been a more utter failure. Mrs. Oliphant has done a good work in writing this loving life of him whom Carlyle pronounced the best and noblest man he had ever known or hoped to know. She has produced the most thoroughly delightful biography which has been written for many years. It will be accepted as a permanent addition to the world's treasures.—Edward Irving was born in 1792 in the Scottish seaport of Annan. He grew up tall, stately, and, but for a marked obliquity of vision, handsome. In his perfect manhood his height was some inches above six feet. At thirteen he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, whence he returned four years after to his native Annan, with college prizes, high character, and abundant promise. His vocation was the church; but while pursuing his theological studies he taught for some years, first at Haddington, then at Kirkaldy. Meanwhile he was duly licensed to preach, but found little acceptance. The ornate style and grand delivery which was in time to rouse all London, fell coldly upon the hard-headed Presbyterians of Scotland. His appearance in the pulpit at Kirkaldy was the signal for a clearing of the house. Still he felt that his true work was that of a preacher of the Word. So he gave up his school, and with the savings of seven years betook himself to Edinburgh to await a "call." For weary months none came; and he had almost decided that his work was to be that of a missionary in foreign lands, when he received an invitation from Dr. Chal-

mers to become his assistant at Glasgow. Here too, his lofty apostolic manner was unappreciated. The sturdy citizens thought it out of place in one who was only the "Doctor's helper." Irving soon felt that this was not his place. The old missionary feeling sprung up again. He was meditating whether to go to Persia or Jamaica, when he received an invitation to become the minister of a little Scottish congregation in an obscure street in London. His heart leaped to the call. He would preach in the great metropolis, supporting himself, if need were, by the labor of his own hands. Before many months the quiet religious world of London was aware of a new manifestation. In the obscure Caledonian chapel there was a preacher of wonderful presence, raven-locked, with a voice of deeper music than could be heard on the lyric stage, who discoursed of the great themes of righteousness and a judgment to come as though he were in deadly earnest. One by one the great men of the day wandered to hear him. Mackintosh went, led probably by his national feeling. One phrase in Irving's prayer, in which he spoke of a family of orphans being "thrown upon the fatherhood of God," struck him. He repeated it to Canning, who took the first occasion to visit the humble chapel, and soon after declared from his seat in Parliament that the Scotch preacher was the most eloquent man to whom he had ever listened. Soon the street was thronged by those eager to enter the little church, and Irving became the rage for a time. The noble, the fashionable, the cultivated flocked to hear him as they would have flocked to hear a new singer or actor. For month after month he discoursed on the Sabbath with the earnestness of intense conviction to the sages and peers, the senators and worldlings, who thronged to him, passing in stern and solemn review the vices of the rich and powerful and intellectual, rather than those of the poor and humble and ig-

norant; while on week-days he moved through the streets of London on ceaseless errands of charity and mercy. In time the fashionable furore passed away, leaving Irving at the head of a large and flourishing congregation, with the apparent prospect of a long life of honor and usefulness.

We can only touch briefly upon the weary theological controversy which, in seven years, crushed Irving's great heart, and broke down at forty-two that mighty frame which should have been vigorous at fourscore. He became deeply interested in the fascinating but perilous study of prophecy. The result was that he was convinced that the end of the present order of things was at hand; that the Lord was about to appear in the flesh, and that a new dispensation was to begin, ushered in as the present had been by signs and wonders—by the “gift of tongues” and miracles. This belief practically cut him off from the sympathies of his brethren; but the first formal attack upon him came from an unexpected quarter. The central point and core of his theology was that the human nature of the Saviour was in every respect one with ours; that He assumed our own fallen humanity, which in him was preserved sinless through the power of the Holy Spirit, not through any exceptional sinlessness of its own. This, by his opponents, was held to be equivalent to teaching “the sinfulness and corruption of our Lord's human nature.” The little Presbytery of London to which he belonged arraigned him for heresy. He denied their jurisdiction, since he had not been ordained by them, but by a Scotch Presbytery, and formally separated from them. The treatises in which he developed his doctrine were formally condemned by the General Assembly of Scotland, and the Presbytery which had ordained him was directed to proceed against him.

His own church and congregation still held fast to Irving. But this connection was soon to be broken. Reports came from Scotland that the mysterious gifts of tongues and healing of the sick had been vouchsafed in more cases than one. Irving accepted the evidence upon which these reports were founded; and when at last the so-called tongues were heard in his own congregation, he made way for their manifestation as a regular part of public worship. His people became dissatisfied and remonstrated, but in vain. The deed of trust by which the new church which had been built for him was held provided that the London Presbytery should decide upon the fitness of the minister for his place. The trustees made complaint to the Presbytery of these innovations on the part of Irving. That body decided that the complaints were well founded, and he was removed from the ministry in that church. A considerable part of his congregation followed him and organized a new church, in the services of which the miraculous manifestations had a large part.

In March, 1833, he was arraigned before the Presbytery of Annan, by which he had been ordained, his doctrine respecting the human nature of Christ was formally condemned, and he was deposed from his membership and ministry in the Church of Scotland. He returned to London, where he met with a most unexpected reception from his congregation. By an order “in the power” he was suspended from his ministry, and forbidden to exercise any priestly function. In a few weeks the interdict was removed, and he was ordained “angel or chief pastor of the flock.” But Irving's career was drawing to a close. In the autumn of 1834 he was ordered “in the pow-

er” to go as a prophet to Scotland to do a good work. Perhaps the “gifted” hoped also that his native air would restore the frame which had broken down. Carlyle, who saw him for the last time just before his departure, says that “his face was flaccid, wasted, unsound; hoary as with extreme age, he was trembling over the brink of the grave.” He reached Glasgow on the 25th of October; for a few weeks his gaunt, gigantic figure was visible in the streets, or in the little room where his disciples were wont to meet; but he seemed sinking under a deep consumption; his voice was faltering, and his frame bore all the marks of age and weakness. Soon he took to his bed. Yet he himself did not believe that he was to die: the prophets assured him that he was to be raised up again to life and health.

At length, on Sunday the 4th of December, the supreme hour approached. He grew delirious, murmured counsel and prayers to his church and friends, or repeated the Hebrew measures of the 23d Psalm, “The Lord is my Shepherd.” “As the current of life grew feebler,” says his biographer, “a last debate seemed to rise in that soul which was now hidden with God. They heard him murmuring to himself in inarticulate argument, confusedly struggling in his weakness to account for this visible death which, at last, his human faculties could no longer refuse to believe in—perhaps touched with ineffable trouble that his Master had seemed to fail of His word and promise. At last, that self-argument came to a sublime conclusion in a trust more strong than life or death. As the gloomy December Sunday sank into the night-shadows, his last audible words on earth fell from his pale lips. The last thing like a sentence we could make out was, ‘If I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen!’ And so, at the wintry midnight hour which ended that last Sabbath on earth, the last bonds of mortal trouble dropped asunder, and the saint and martyr entered into the rest of his Lord.” His warfare, in the words of Carlyle, “closed, if not in victory, yet in invincibility and faithful endurance to the end.” The letters and journals which his biographer has incorporated into her work present the true character of the man. The long series of journal letters which he addressed to his wife give as perfect a revelation of a man's inner heart as was ever made. We know of no intermingling of sorrow and resignation, swelling almost into joyful exultation—not even those passages in Luther's “Table Talk” in which he speaks of the death of his little Magdalene—so touching as those in which Irving speaks of the fresh loss of his first-born son. The perfect honesty of the man is evinced by the fact, that, firmly as he believed in the certainty that supernatural revelations were to be vouchsafed to the church, and unhesitatingly as he accepted the utterances of the obscure men and women whose prophesying and speaking in tongues filled his church, yet he never believed that these gifts had been bestowed upon him. No revelation, save what he could gather by diligent study of the inspired Word, ever fell from his lips. He may have been deceived by faith in others; but never by vanity or self-conceit. His public life may have been a failure; certainly the outward results are visible only to the few who here and in Great Britain look upon him as the commissioned forerunner of a new dispensation. Be this as it may, it is certain that no truer or nobler man has lived and died in our day; and no fitter memorial of him could be given than this biography which is dedicated “to all who love the memory of Edward

Irving, which the writer has found by much experiment to mean all who ever knew him."

A Series of School and Family Charts, by MARCIUS WILLSON and N. A. CALKINS. Also, *A Manual of Elementary Instruction in Object Lessons, adapted to the Use of the School and Family Charts, and other Aids in Teaching*, by MARCIUS WILLSON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) These truly splendid charts, twenty-two in number, size of each about 22 by 30 inches, and containing more than six hundred colored illustrations, are a long step in advance—in attractiveness at least, and apparent utility—of any previous school-room aids which have fallen under our notice. There are six charts of illustrated Reading Lessons for the little ones, with type large enough to be easily read thirty feet distant; a chart of Elementary Sounds, of Phonic Spelling, of Writing, Drawing, and Perspective, Lines and Measures, Forms and Solids; two beautiful charts of Colors—worth, alone, to the young ladies in our female seminaries, the price of the whole set; and colored charts of Quadrupeds, of Birds, of Reptiles, and Fishes; and four charts of Plants, to illustrate the Forms, Classification, and Uses of the Vegetable Kingdom. Although a seemingly wide range of studies is here presented for childhood, yet, by the aid of the accompanying Manual, the whole is adapted to a plain, practical, and interesting course of familiar, elementary, school-room, or family instruction.—The *Manual*, by Mr. Willson, is not only an exposition of the principles on which the *Development* system—or system of "Object Teaching," as it is generally called—is based, but it contains the directions and the information which are required by the teacher to enable him to use the charts to advantage, and to adapt the system itself, with all available aids from natural objects, to the practical duties of the school-room. Those who suppose that the system here developed consists merely of oral instructions about "common things," and hence is defective as a means of discipline, will learn from this work that its tendencies are the very opposite of the "pouring in" method, and that it claims so to educate—"develop"—the perceptive faculties of childhood as to combine the most extended and thorough mental culture with the readiest acquisition of knowledge. The author further shows this system of teaching by the aid of the "objects" themselves to be no new thing, but the system on which Nature imparts instruction; and on which all science has been built up in the progress of the race; and that it is in the school-room chiefly, and in primary education most strikingly, that we have departed from its principles. As illustrative of the manner in which science is popularized in this work, as well as in the series of Readers by the same author, we would call attention to the chapter which treats of Colors—their manifold tints, shades, and hues—their combinations, proportions, complementaries—and their harmonies in nature, dress, paintings, etc. Our schools, at least, will no longer have an excuse for remaining ignorant upon a subject which addresses itself with so much interest to our constant, everyday observation. It is the *common things of life*, so many of which "science" has appropriated to herself and disguised under a forbidding nomenclature—the miracles of wisdom, goodness, and design every where around us—the very things that appeal to our sympathies and interests—that we have hitherto too much neglected in our systems of education.

A Graded Course of Instruction for Public Schools, by WILLIAM H. WELLS, A.M. This work, by one of our leading educators, is an exposition of the graded course of study in the public schools of Chicago, and is believed by the author to combine the best elements of the different systems adopted in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities. Though so far special in character, it will be found a work of general interest to all teachers, and exceedingly valuable, both as a guide in the grading of other public schools, and in directing and systematizing the labors of the teacher even where the graded system can not be introduced. In addition to a happy arrangement of the common branches of study, the author has worked out a plain and practical course for a wide range of exercises in the common philosophy and common things of everyday life, in which the method of instruction by *object lessons* is made available; and the work abounds in practical suggestions which will be found a valuable substitute, especially in city public schools, for the otherwise constant visits required of Superintendents and School Directors. (A. S. Barnes and Burr.)

A System of Logic, by P. McGREGOR, A.M. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Logic, as defined by the older writers, is the "Art of Reasoning;" Whately, followed by Mill, defines it "The Science and Art of Reasoning," meaning by the former term the analysis of the mental process which takes place in reasoning, and by the latter the rules grounded upon that analysis for conducting the process correctly. Mr. McGregor defines it to be "The Science of the Acquisition and Retention of Knowledge, and the means of avoiding Error." He commences his treatise by considering the ultimate sources of knowledge, and the primary processes by which it is acquired and retained. He then passes to an explanation of the principles and processes of investigation; discusses the nature and sources of fallacies and the means of guarding against them; and then proceeds to give a rapid survey of the principal branches of knowledge, which are classed under the general heads of Mathematics, Physical Sciences, Mental Sciences, Mixed Knowledge—such as Philology and Ethnography; and Particular Knowledge, embracing History, Chronology, and Biography. The work closes with chapters on the retention of knowledge. It will be seen that this work covers a much wider field than that occupied by other writers who have treated of this subject, comprising, besides what they present, the essential features of such popular books as Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers and Watts on the mind. Mr. McGregor has performed his task in an admirable manner, and may be congratulated upon having fairly accomplished his design "to comprise within moderate limits every thing of general interest which properly belongs to Logic, and to exhibit a clear and accurate view of the principles and processes of logical thought, divested of scholastic figments." The arrangement of topics is clear and natural, the style in which they are treated is vigorous and precise, avoiding as far as practicable the use of mere technical phraseology. The general reader who wishes to acquire or recall a knowledge of the subject will find this work fully to answer his purpose; while, as a text-book for schools and academies, it presents many important advantages over any other with which we are acquainted, and we cordially commend it to the examination of teachers and school officers.

Editor's Table.

THE PEOPLE AND THE GOVERNMENT.—

We are now in the second year of the war, and this autumn, which is likely to bring with it signal events, can not but urge upon us most significant thoughts. We are now in the third stage of our national crisis. Fort Sumter taught us that we are a *people*, and mean to stand by our national life; Bull Run convinced us that we must have an *army*, and gave us the most magnificent army on earth; the Army of the Potomac has shown us that we must have a *government* equal to the issue, and it is upon this imperative want that both the people and the army are now dwelling with intense emphasis. Why more efficiency in the Government is demanded, what are the chief causes of its recent inefficiency, and what is called for by the voice of the nation and is sure to have the nation's favor and support, our readers may not need many words of ours to suggest.

It is evident that the Government now stands before the bar of public opinion as never before. Never before in our national experience have such enormous trusts been committed to an Administration as within the last two years; and of course, as the reasonable time for the faithful and judicious disposition of those trusts comes round, there is a loud and general call for a full account of the great stewardship. In one respect this call is a somewhat trying one, from the obvious fact that it pronounces the very magnificence of the war-supplies, which in themselves were regarded as triumphs of the Government's power, to be the measure of its responsibility, and the test of its competence. Millions, hundreds of millions of money were voted, and more than half a million of men rushed into the field at the public call. "What a marvelous Government that can work such wonders!" we at once cried; and we insisted upon having all the earth, and especially astonished Europe, bow down in admiration at the achievement. But now comes the searching question, What have you done, O rulers, with all this magnificent equipment? and how were you indebted for it to the generosity with which the people gave you money, and which may have tempted you to mistake the ease with which provisions, clothing, arms, ammunition, horses, and ships can be bought, and troops can be paid, for sagacity and force in using these supplies? It is easy to spend money and buy all sorts of things with it, and a thousand millions of dollars in any country on earth will make a wonderful display, whether in peace or war. Our Government has spent a thousand millions of dollars, and has had a great deal to show for it, yet not what it ought to have shown; and there probably has never been, since the world was, in the same time, so much waste of material or more needless exposure of life than in our country. Not only have contractors been allowed to cheat us by the sale of worthless articles at full prices, but the supplies, good and bad, that have been furnished, have been most lavishly used, and often most recklessly wasted; provisions and clothing that would be thought in other armies good enough for careful use, being, in some cases, thrown upon the ground and left to decay, as unfit for the palate or the limbs of our soldiers. In other instances, our troops have been left half naked and half starved; and it would take some time to reckon the number of contractors whose cloth and blankets

owe little of their texture to sheep or goat, and whose bread and meat have feasted the worms before coming to the mess-table.

Nor can we forget the strange exposure of human life in more than one signal instance, and that too within reach of the very chiefs of the army and the Cabinet. To err is human, we all know, but to err where the most precious lives are at stake, and to go on in the same easy, inefficient way after the best blood of the people has been recklessly shed, is not to be set down among the common and venial errors of men in high places. We are not, indeed, fond of sentiment in public documents, nor do we expect much pathos in messages of state or bulletins of war, but a little more seriousness and tenderness in treating the terrible losses and sufferings in battle might help instead of harming the sterner documents and measures that should prevent such calamities in time to come.

We have borne patiently and hopefully the mistakes and disasters of the war; and now, after the failure of our principal army to do its work, and finding ourselves, contrary to all expectation, at the beginning instead of the end of the Virginia campaign, we are not as a people out of temper, and the present tender of men and money is the most memorable thing of the whole war. Yet there is a deepening seriousness throughout the nation, and a solemn expectation that the day of action is at hand. This feeling must needs deepen as the burdens of the contest press, as they are now beginning to press, upon the whole nation. Most men have lost money by the war, and the derangements of business have been general and severe; but this loss is more calmly borne because inevitable, and as such it is easily charged to the noble struggle for the national life. But the war-tax and the war-draft can not but call searching attention to the Government, and make the people scrutinize closely the judgment and energy of our rulers to decide how far we suffer of necessity. Comparatively, the nation at large has not felt the war, except in the feeling of public spirit and patriotic fellowship. The money came easily, because no person has been obliged to put his hand into his pocket, and the nation has run into debt for its supplies. Now taxation is to begin, and we might cherish serious misgivings as to its effect upon the public pulse were we not sure that the croakers, who begrudge their dollars to the tax-gatherer, will be vastly outnumbered by the patriots who insist that their money shall be well used, and who call the Government to solemn account for the trust so generously, yet so laboriously, and often painfully, bestowed. But we are now touched in sensibilities more tender than our purse-strings, and are called to hold our lives at the call of our country. We acquiesce in the drafting, and the public pulse beats more cheerfully at the proclamation that makes every able-bodied man liable to be called to the battle-field. Yet we can not but insist upon having an equivalent for this sacrifice, and the nature of the offering required of us comes home now to every family, as it could not do when only they who chose joined the army. We expect much complaining, and there must needs be many cases of fearful hardship when men are torn from their families to go to the war; but we do not an-

ticipate any break in the great purpose of our people to be a nation. The cry will be more earnest for decision and victory, and the Government will be held to its duty as never before, now that it is intrusted not only with the money, but with the life-blood of the whole nation.

We have not been captious during the fearful trials of the last year and a half, and in this respect the result has been quite different from the perhaps reasonable anticipation. It was supposed that the Government would be in advance of the people, and that a stubborn individualism would make us refuse to submit to public orders, and a democratic self-conceit would tempt us to carp at every public measure that demanded the least obedience or sacrifice. Quite the contrary: the people have been in advance of the Government, and have shown their loyalty not only in providing the most ample means, but by patience under reverses. Instead of making the worst, we have tried to make the best of the sad blunders of leaders, and we have reason to marvel at our own good-nature. Yet there must needs be a limit to this forbearance, and the good sense that leads us to make allowance for the inexperience in officials with some fellow-feeling for it, from our own conscious rawness, will speak in a different tone when the time of ignorance, to be reasonably winked at, is passed, and daylight, with its call for wise and effective action, has come.

The Government can not, of course, do every thing; and there are limits to its ability, not only from the limits of the human faculties, but the peculiar nature of our republic. It is well to think of this when we find ourselves yielding to the very ready desire for a scape-goat on whom to lay the burden of our infirmities, and determined to make over the curse to some unfortunate member of the Cabinet. It is well to remember, too, that our rulers may have a hard time as well as we, and may need rather to be comforted and strengthened in their duties than to be doubted and perplexed. What the charms of office may be we are not able from any experience to say, and we will not deny that a certain fascination belongs to all places of power; and man, as such, likes to hold the reins, even if it be to ride over walls and ditches, or through armed legions, or even through hungry office-seekers or carping journalists. Yet it would be hard to see any attraction in the highest national offices now to reputable men, apart from the sense of duty that insists upon standing by the welfare of the country, and from the sentiment of fellowship that is sustained by public respect. Certainly we can not envy the position of our rulers now; and the thought that they bear hardships for us that they would gladly escape by private life may abate our censure without abating our patriotism. Let every persistent grumbler ask how he would like it if every high official in the Cabinet and the army would take him at his word, and resign at once in diffidence or despair, and his tongue might have more oil upon its hinges and more honey in its note.

We are ready to allow that the feeling is not an infrequent one that the rebel leaders have shown more ability, considering their relative means, in attempting to destroy the Union than our rightful rulers have generally displayed in saving it. But what else, under the circumstances, could be expected when we consider the issue and the parties? The rebel leaders had a desperate game to play, and failure was and must be to them utter ruin, while success would be, in their opinion, wealth and glory at

once. In the war, too, they have not only the advantage of fighting on their own soil, with full knowledge of the ground, and in all the passion of a people who have been persuaded that they are defending their homes against invasion, but they have a single point to look to—the defeat of the invader; whereas we fight at arm's-length, in a distant region, and with the desire not so much to defeat as to conciliate the enemy—not to set up a new empire, but to keep an old and well-established order. We suffer thus from the distance of the field and the division of our intentions as well as of our forces; and, in fact, from the very security and strength of our own position. We must remember, moreover, that the rebel leaders were chosen for their fighting qualities, while ours were not so chosen; and the very last thing that the patriotic and sagacious Illinois lawyer who now lives in the White House expected, when he first caught from the telegraph wires the news that he was to be President, was that he would be commander-in-chief of a million of soldiers, and that his steps to the capital would be dogged by assassins.

We must consider, perhaps chief of all, the remarkable fact that, inferior as the people in rebellion are to the loyal States in character and in culture, they have more carefully studied the arts of power, and more sedulously fostered and schooled the gifts of leadership than we. Their dispositions and their policy have both tended that way; and while our people lead our politicians, their politicians lead the people. We have not met with any thoughts that better illustrate the governing qualities relatively displayed, North and South, than in that admirable book on representative government by John Stuart Mill, which every true American ought to read, and then bind in gold for the study of his children. Mill affirms that the merit of political institutions is two-fold, and consists partly of the degree in which they promote the general mental advancement of the community—including in that phrase advancement in intellect, in virtue, and in practical activity and efficiency—and partly of the degree of perfection with which they organize the moral, intellectual, and active worth already existing, so as to operate with the greatest effect on public affairs. Government thus is at once a great influence acting on the human mind and a set of organized arrangements for public business, and according as it looks chiefly to the one or the other of these ends it may expect to see fruits, either in the general culture of the people or in the centralized power of the political organism. Now it is very evident that we have looked rather at the first than to the second object, and generally been so taken up with our schemes of individual prosperity and education as to leave very little, comparatively, for the Government. We have asked to have business prosper and education thrive, and have not thought the care of the nation of sufficient consequence or in sufficient danger to engage our most earnest thought or to occupy our first men. Moreover our loyal people are in the main so well to do, so much on a par with each other, and so independent as to require very little governing, and to give little emphasis to the central authority either in the State or Nation. It is quite otherwise with the rebels. They have a lower grade of population to keep in order than we know any thing of, and their institution of Slavery compels them to band together in self-defense, and gives them the sense of dominion and the thirst for power. Inequalities among their white population, moreover, give to office a

prestige and feeling of caste that do not here attach to it, while the business interests of the great slave-owners are such as to band them and their dependents together in mutual and persistent fellowship, and thus raise up a class of politicians who have the name of statesmen to the country, and the functions of attorneys to the local interests of the South. Thus the spirit of business combines with the construction of society to put the most effective men at the South into politics, and keep them there in a way to secure a power and continuity of office unknown at the North. Here one respectable man is looked upon as about as good as another, and office changes readily from hand to hand, and confers little social distinction, being held in little honor by first-class men in business and the professions.

Corresponding with this difference in the public policy of the two sections, the individualism of the loyal States and the centralizing measures of the rebel States, is the difference between the types of character fostered. We are more strongly marked by unwillingness to have power exercised over us; while they are more marked by the desire to exercise power over others. They answer well to Mill's statement, that "there are nations in whom the passion for governing others is so much stronger than the desire for personal independence, that for the mere shadow of the one they are found ready to sacrifice the whole of the other." Surely the rebel leaders have made immense sacrifices of personal liberty for the sake of keeping and extending their power over others; and would probably submit to any amount of privation or restraint that might enable them to indulge their domineering passion, and give their Southern empire a haughty place among the nations. We are not surprised that men of wealth and ambition are willing to accept even subordinate places in the rebel army, and stoop thus—not in humility, but in pride—and obey that they may conquer.

Our Free States have little of this love of dominion, which is so mightily fostered by the presence of a dependent and comparatively passive race. We wish to be let alone, and to let others alone. Yet our independence does not make us allow ourselves to be meddled with, but, on the contrary, makes us sensitive to all interference with our rights; and the moment we believe our rights to be interfered with, the very sentiment of independence takes us at once out of our cool individualism and bands us together in self-defense. Hence the wonderful rising when our flag was assailed at Fort Sumter. The seceders might have carried to almost any length their passive rebellion, and no matter what they might do or say, we would have let them alone so long as they let us and our national property alone. We were very quiet and good-natured, and were supposed to be timid, and willing to submit to any indignity rather than risk our ease and our money. Never was a greater mistake made; and from the day when our flag was fired on by rebels to this hour, our loyal people have not wavered an instant in determination to stand by the country. Our independence is proved to be our strength; and precisely because we do not wish to interfere with others, we do not mean to have our rights interfered with. Our union is in order to keep our liberty, while the rebels unite to lord it over others.

Our Government should see and appreciate this trait of our population. It must be evident to them that we have no disposition, as a whole, to break the old constitutional usage and national habit of leav-

ing each State free to manage its domestic affairs. Even our present Territorial policy is to be regarded rather as intended to protect our own settlers than to domineer over our neighbors or take from their actual or imagined rights. We have little faith in the final prevalence of any schemes that aim to overthrow the whole law and custom of the nation, and trample upon local liberty by centralized authority. The central authority must stand not by destroying, but by substantiating local liberty; and the reason why our people are so patient in submitting to present restraints upon personal and sectional freedom is because they regard such restraints as the temporary evils that must be borne to secure final peace and secure independence—just as a wounded man submits to having his arm a while in a sling and in splints that he may recover the full use of his limb the sooner. In this way, too, we legitimate an aggressive method of dealing with the rebels that is wholly against our habitual temper and policy, and are ready to sustain the Government in any measures, however stringent, that are essential on grounds of true policy to restore our Union in its local independence and central authority. How much we prize our independence the rebels have found to their cost, in their recent abortive attempt to invade our loyal States; and they will find it even more as soon as the Government enable our people to see clearly the connection between our own permanent liberty and the utter defeat of secessionism, by a well-arranged and persistently prosecuted system of measures offensive and defensive.

We are asking not to be cajoled, petted, indulged by our rulers, but to have the truth plainly spoken and the issue distinctly put. The Government have not begun to appreciate the earnestness and honesty of the people, and seem to resort to concealment and artifice when openness and confidence would be far more politic as well as conciliating. The recent call for troops would have met a far speedier response if it had come directly from the President, with a full explanation and a patriotic appeal, instead of being made in such a roundabout way as the suggestion of the State governors. The enlistment lagged in great part because the heart of the nation was not touched; and when our pulses began again to beat with the true glow, it was rather from the natural recovery from their former depression, the rise of their own tide from its extreme ebb, than from any especial help or motive from the National Government. The people were wrongly deceived as to the condition and prospects of the Army of the Potomac, and afterward they were as wrongly mistrusted in the mode of presenting to them the new necessities created by the disasters of the Peninsula. They are intelligent and patriotic enough to bear entire frankness, and to meet every responsibility at the hands of their rightful rulers.

The Government—the executive, we mean—has now the destiny of the nation in its own hands. Money, men, measures of enforcing military power by civil penalties—all are ready, and no prattling, meddlesome Congressmen are now in session to break the unity and the silence of executive force. We look to the President and his Cabinet, and can not deny that they are now on trial before the whole country and the world. They must be wise, strong, and effective, or fearful evils will soon come upon them and the whole land.

They must be wise especially in that crowning act of wisdom that sees the main thing to be done.

Who can fail to see it? The main thing is victory—victory in the main point of the contest—victory where the armies of our constitutional Republic meet the gathered hordes of the rebel conspiracy. We have had words enough already, and they have ceased to tell with much power on the loyal or the rebellious. Even the President's proclamation of emancipation to the slaves of rebel States must depend for its efficacy not upon the strength of its language, but upon the strength of the arm that goes with it. The words are but breath, if the same vacillating policy that has so generally characterized the war on our side shall interpret this extraordinary document, and make the voice under this lion's skin roar as gently as a sucking dove. As to the proclamation itself, as holding the American doctrine of State rights, we measure its worth and can justify its issue only as a war measure. So far as the rebels themselves are individually concerned, they can not expect to have any of their property protected while they are assailing the property and lives of the whole loyal nation. After they have their just judgment dealt out to them, the question is then open how far the Presidential prerogative shall change the Constitution and usages of the country for all time, and whether the people, through their lawful representatives, will make of an executive act a universal and permanent law of the land. The language of the proclamation itself, indeed, does not abrogate State laws, but merely suspends them in reference to certain persons and for a certain cause. The President does not proclaim that the rebel States shall, after January 1, 1863, be forever free, but that the slaves in such States at that time shall be freed; thus leaving open the question what shall be the powers of such States hereafter in reference to slaves who may be in any way introduced. Thus this act is an executive and not a legislative one, and it makes of itself no change in the Constitution, and its authority expires with the lifetime of such emancipated slaves. Of course, if carried out, its influence would be lasting, and would bring great legislative changes in its train.

We know very well the perplexities that attend this slave question, and by principle and habit we personally belong to the conservative side. We have always opposed all interference of our National Government with the legal institutions of the States, and even doubted as to excluding slavery by law of Congress from the Territories, until compelled by the cabals of the incipient rebellion to choose between such exclusion and the entire nationalizing of the institution, with the installing of John C. Breckinridge, the minion of Jefferson Davis, in the presidential chair. The rebels have made us, and nearly all the moderate conservatives, champions of the freedom of the Territories; and taught us the folly of trying to conciliate a set of despots who are content with nothing but dominion over the whole nation, and who use our neighborly kindness to destroy all good neighborhood, and turn our constitutional scruples into a pretext for overturning the Constitution itself. We do not believe in conciliating tyrants; and are convinced that the only way to act upon worshipers of power, such as the rebel chiefs generally are, is by the display of a power greater than their own. The best war rhetoric is that which is as explicit as the cannon-ball, and goes directly to the strong-hold of the rebellion. It is right then that, after a clear warning, and as soon as the declaration could be made with the dignity and force of victory, that the property of reb-

els, including slaves, should be confiscated. Now let the confiscation follow the advance of our armies, and a new aspect will be put upon the war. The strongest policy will thus be inaugurated, and the true principle will be established. The war will have a moral character as well as a material and political importance, and the sad error avoided that balances territory and wealth with life, and regards the acquisition of land, instead of triumph of right, as sufficient return for rivers of bloodshed.

We know very well what will be said of the Border States and their unwillingness to have the work of amelioration begin. Their scruples will increase in the ratio of our timidity, and diminish with the rise of our determination. Let them see that we mean to put the rebellion down, and they must not stand shaking in their shoes but must go with us or against us, and they will not be slow in making their election. Let the national purpose to put down the rebellion be accompanied with as strong a purpose to give the loyal States their Constitutional rights, and guarantee to them the control of their own institutions, with the offer of compensation for slaves of loyal masters when emancipated by law, and we have no great fear as to the issue. There are difficulties in every direction, but no such difficulties in the path pointed out as in our present murderous and ruinous war, or in a base surrender of the rule of the nation to the very power that has brought upon us our disasters.

When we talk of emancipating the slaves of the rebels we know what we are saying, and are not indulging in any rose-colored visions of African perfection. We do not regard the negro as wholly or invariably a sage or a saint, nor do we regard him as a fool or a fiend. He is, as compared with the historical white race, a backward and humble member of the human family; yet he is a member, and in some respects a worthy member, of the family. His *worth*, in the financial sense, to the white man, is most emphatically affirmed by those who most disparage his higher claims; and his masters would not sell in the market as well as he, if offered with all their talents and acquisitions to the highest bidder. His worth, morally, is not trifling; and we believe that, especially in the passive virtues of mildness, docility, reverence, the negro is more than a match for the white man; and therefore his race is more likely to take emancipation safely than any similar number of white men with the same average culture or no culture. He is willing to be taught, and is glad to look up to a superior. Emancipation, under judicious auspices, would not destroy his wholesome subordination; and the intelligent employer would not cease to be his master in ceasing to be his owner. The forms and regulations of the new free-service would not be long in developing themselves when the nation wills it; and the former owners, who know the negro's faults and capacities, will take as much pains to use his freedom as they have taken to fix his bondage. He would soon find his status, and prove by his experience that everything moves most safely in its own orbit; and when in their own orbit no two races can ever interfere. It is well enough to favor colonization; yet this can not solve the negro question, and can hardly rid us of the surplus of birth over death. The negroes are a suitable working-class for the South, and as such, with ample liberty to develop their gifts and use the helps of such superior minds as occasionally appear among them, they have a future before them by no means without hope.

But it is of little use to agitate this question so long as it is left in doubt whether the rebels are stronger than the loyalists, and are able to keep, and even to extend, their present foothold. The question of arms is the great question, mortifying as it is to us to confess it in this nineteenth century of schools and churches, ballot-boxes and bibles. We look to our Government to give us victory in arms, and we think that we do not look to them unreasonably or in vain. We have done for them more than any people have ever done for a government within the same time; and the annals of history may be studied in vain to find a parallel to the records of voluntary American patriotism within the last year and a half. We have made up our minds fully that we have been outrageously assailed and robbed by a set of conspirators who have always had from the nation ten times more influence than is their due, and who, without any form of law or shadow of right, have set up a standard of revolt against our constitutional Government, seized our forts, custom-houses, and rivers, and are trying to wrest from us half or more of our territory. We insist upon putting them down, and, willing to forgive the Government all past inefficiency, we are not disposed to wait with patience much longer.

True, indeed, it is that an Administration can not do every thing. With money and men it can not secure valor; and we had some fears that our troops, on account of their higher humanity and milder temper, might not cope with the ruffianly crew of the rebel army. But we find what we ought to have expected, that courage is in the character, and the man of the strongest purpose and best discipline the best soldier, and is more than a match for the bully or the braggart of greater pretensions. We have soldiers, but we are not so sure that we have adequate officers. Our soldiers, in fair battle, almost invariably overcome the enemy; yet we have more than a suspicion that they have not always been as ably commanded, and thus far we have, in the main issues of war, been sadly outgeneraled. Whose is the fault? In part, the want of first-rate officers has come from our long peace, and the greater reward and honor given by us to literary and business success above the arts of command and the profession of arms. But the war has now lasted long enough to bring into the field all the military men whose talents had before been hidden under a bushel, or in a napkin, or on a railroad, and to educate in the electric school of actual warfare a host of new aspirants. We certainly have now a large number of well-taught, able, and considerably-experienced officers. We have the conviction that all the materials of victory are at hand, and these only wait the one commanding mind to unite and lead them. We are comforted by believing that the President and Secretary of War have come to the conclusion that strategy is not their especial profession, and have intrusted that business to undoubtedly the ablest military adviser now in the land. The troops are now gathering, and we are expecting victory.

One want has not wholly been met—our pressing call for a general of first-class qualities in the field, a leader who unites large judgment in combining his forces and dash in launching them at the right moment upon the enemy. We have excellent military scholars, who can plan paper campaigns admirably, and excellent rangers, who can rush like lightning upon the enemy, and destroy or capture a stray regiment before it knows what is the matter.

But we have waited long for a general to show, in an eminent degree, the two qualities of judgment and fire in union. It may be that the interference of civilians has broken the plans of our most trusted general; but however this may be, we are confident that the same mistake will not be repeated, and that the qualities needed, even if not found in one man, are to be found in our combined military staff; and there is generalship enough in the armies of Virginia and the Potomac now to cope with the whole host of the rebellion. The battle of Antietam has considerably modified our views, and surely moved us to hail M'Clellan as the hero of the war, and the deliverer of the country from a disaster and mortification that it is terrible even to think of. Why the monstrous and almost fatal blunder of Harper's Ferry was allowed to occur, and take from this victory its fruits and honors so largely, it is probably more for the Cabinet than for him to say.

It is the duty of the Government to harmonize and organize all the elements of military efficiency, and especially to favor the spirit that best stirs this martial enthusiasm and concentrates warlike ability. The camp is in close relations with the court, and valor waits upon honor. A merely official, business relation between the army and the Government will not do; and the soldier, whether private or general, needs other supplies than come from the pay-roll and the haversack. The Government needs to look well to the motive sentiment of the army, and send a current of electric sympathy to connect the camp with the capital, and both with the heart of the people.

In what we have said of the duty of the Government at this crisis we would not be understood as indulging a captious spirit, or as overlooking the great work that has been done to save the nation. The undoubted patriotism and integrity of the President have had much to do with our national uprise, and we do not know that any thing important to our true foreign relations has been neglected by the Administration. Our credit has been well maintained, and the means of sustaining the Government in its peace and its war measures have been secured in part by such management of the treasury as has won the confidence of the people. Our navy has been vastly increased; and if in some respects the best sagacity has sometimes been wanting in planning vessels of the requisite build and force, and in having our actual fleet at the right point of action, we must allow that what has been done for the navy has surpassed our expectation, and its most hopeful operations are yet to take place. With the general plans of the War Department we have no reason to quarrel; and if judicious plans have sometimes failed on account of incompetent commanders or the interference of civilians, we must remember the immense extent of the work undertaken, and allow that a large measure of friction, delay, and disappointment is incident to all human affairs, especially to the fortune of arms. We must not ask impossibilities, nor expect a nation to be constructed or reconstructed in a day. We must take into full account the peculiar complications of our national affairs, and remember how strangely in this civil war diplomacy and strategy run into each other; and besides our friends and our enemies, we have a third section between the two, whose status is somewhat equivocal and can not by any man in his senses be regarded as easy to be adjusted or as likely to be neglected with impunity. We must make fair allowance for the position of the President, and honor him for his

desire to stand upon the platform of Constitutional right, which gives him his only authority to claim the allegiance of the rebels and to punish their treason. However great our enthusiasm for progress, and our impatience of a single hour of bondage to any human being unstained by crime, we must not forget that the Chief Magistrate of a Constitutional Republic is not the head of a school of reformers or the apostle of a brotherhood of philanthropists. He must do the best that he can in his own sphere, and only by an act of revolution, or as dictator instead of President, can he override all the prerogatives of the States and recast by his own act the institutions of the nation. He can strike at the rebellion by the act of confiscation; but he can not, without making himself liable to impeachment or running the risk of strengthening rebellion by revolution, declare immediate and universal emancipation throughout all the States. Such a proclamation may be in the future, and may follow the inevitable logic of events; but it is not within the prerogative of any one man now. Nor is such prerogative claimed by the Executive in the late proclamation, which expressly recognizes the right of the loyal States over internal affairs, and does not threaten to destroy the constitutional organism of any of the States.

The nation is bound to sustain the President in his rightful authority, and he may be sure of its support. We are justified in asking in return that the President and his Cabinet will explicitly put confidence in the people, nor think it more important to consult the caprices of party than the solemn conscience of the nation. We are ready to ignore party politics, and to give our substance, our time, and, if need be, our lives for the salvation of the country. We are sometimes pained that this feeling is not always appreciated at the seat of government, and that generally Washington is the last place for a patriot to deepen his convictions or confirm his enthusiasm, and our Congress is often more a cabal of hungry and jealous partisans than an assembly of patriots. It is refreshing to turn to the great heart of the people, and to find it so true, so loyal, so strong, so self-sacrificing. If we doubted once we can not doubt now that we are a nation, and beneath all the *variable* elements of our nationality there is a central *constancy* in which we may put our trust. We have no *king*, yet we have *loyalty*; and our President may be as sure of support in his rightful measures as the Premier of Constitutional England when acting as representative of the Crown, which, by the fiction of State, can never do wrong. In England thus the throne represents the *constant* of the national life, and he who sits upon it is little more than the symbol of the nationality which it enthrones. With us the conscience—the national, hereditary, Constitutional conscience of the people—is the throne; and the Chief Magistrate who sits upon it, and who legitimates all his various measures by its constant standard, will have the sacredness of royalty without departing from his republican simplicity; and not the fiction but the fact of our republic will declare that he can, under these conditions, do no wrong. The most memorable fact of the last two years of conflict has been the unequivocal manifestation of this national constancy—this invincible and sacred power behind the throne. Let our Government respect it wisely and strongly, and the rebellion will be crushed, and the majesty of the people will never more be insulted by its infamous tongue nor assailed by its impious hand.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHILE our thoughts are inevitably turned to war it is curious and interesting to read of other battles than our own; battles fought long ago, upon fields which are green with grass and golden with flowers now; battles which are a part of history and universal speech—from which vast empires and radical political movements date.

The stories of battles have an inextinguishable interest. The old romances are records of fights. The old hero, Arthur, The Cid, whoever he may be, is a warrior. The epic, whether the Iliad, or Jerusalem Delivered, or the Niebelungen, is still the story of hard fighting and brave fighters. The historian pauses and summons all his skill when the battle begins, and what his pen fails to supply or suggest the eager painter completes with his pencil.

But he must be a brisk painter who hopes to improve Carlyle's battle-pieces, such as he gives us in the volume of his "Frederick the Great" just published. The skeptics of his style, the sneerers who wish that he would write English, can not help feeling that the language was seldom so nimble, never more racy, picturesque, and illuminated than in his battle-pieces.

William H. Russell, LL.D., is thought to be "a good writer" about military movements. But as a great painter, Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, Van-dyck, will paint the best portraits and overwhelm the performances of the painstaking village artist, so the imagination, the scholarship, the trenchant thought and exquisite perception of a great master in literature utterly annihilate in the comparison the most flashy and rhetorical penny-a-liners. Mr. Kinglake, the author of the brilliant "Eothen," has a history of the Crimean War in press. How the good man, who has always been oppressed by the splendor of his one success, must tremble as he sees the war literature his work will confront: Carlyle's Frederick, Theirs's twentieth volume with his account of Waterloo, and Victor Hugo's Waterloo in "The Miserables!"

The language returns to us with a new and surprising value from the page of a man who knows how to use it. The sword is a clumsy weapon enough until a master of fence seizes it. Then it has a character we had not fancied. Carlyle uses no words helplessly. He chooses the fittest word in the language to his purpose, and consequently his page moves and burns. If you read any old translation of an old history, which describes a march or a movement, the whole is so dry, formal, and pedantic, that all human likeness and consequent sympathy are utterly squeezed to death. So many soldiers marched so many miles. It rained and they were tired, but they pushed on. And so the description drags on as wearily as the march. How vividly do you feel that they were human beings of your own blood, each with his history, his hopes, his passions? They are all lumped in the mass, and glimmer visionary like flat puppets, until your mind drops off asleep, and no image of a scene is left upon your memory.

But see how a few words skillfully used make the same account thrill and redden with life, until you are sure to remember it as a marvelous picture. Take these lines from the new volume of Frederick:

"Rain still heavier, rain as of Noah, continued through this Tuesday and for days afterward, but the Prussian hosts, hastening toward Glogau, marched

still on. This Tuesday's march for the rearward of the army, 10,000 foot and 2000 horse; march of ten hours long, from Weichau to the hamlet Milkau (where his Majesty sits busy and affable), is thought to be the wettest on record. Waters all out, bridges down, the country one wild lake of eddying mud."

It is not Virginia you know, but toward Silesia, beyond Prussia. Other soldiers have been in mud before ours—not stuck there, as our author would say. They do not stick. Their General is Frederick the Great. They are still marching "up to the knee for many miles together; up to the middle for long spaces; sometimes even up to the chin or deeper, where yon bridge was washed away. The Prussians marched through it as if they had been slate or iron. Rank and file, nobody quitted his rank, nobody looked sour in the face; they took the pouring of the skies and the red seas of terrestrial liquid, as matters that must be, cheered one another with jocosities, with choral snatches (tobacco I consider would not burn), and swashed unweariedly forward."

Of course when they reached Manassas they marched in, colors flying, drums beating, wet, draggled, cheerful, irresistible—that is to say, not Manassas, but Silesia.

Here is a scene in the battle:

"The Austrian army becoming instead of a web a mere series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes in the way we see, appears to have had about enough. These symptoms are not hidden from Schwerin. His own ammunition too he knows is running scarce, and fighters here and there are searching the slain for cartridges. Schwerin closes his ranks, trims and tightens himself a little, breaks forth into universal field music, and with banners spread starts in mass wholly 'Forward.' Forward toward these Austrians and the setting sun. An intelligent Austrian officer writing next week from Neisse confesses he never saw any thing more beautiful. 'I can well say I never in my life saw any thing more beautiful. They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow straight, and their front like a line, as if they had been upon parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went on no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder.'"

We are in a mood to understand all this now. War is a vague tradition, a misty romantic remembrance no more, but a pang and a tragedy to all of us. In Frederick's wars it is only remotely that you can see the real interest of man. Sitting in your belfry of observation you might often hesitate whether to ring for his victory or defeat. As in Napoleon's wars, so much is personal, selfish, and mean; so much is mere individual ambition, that the mind gets clouded and confused.

But while the essential interest of our own war is so palpable and solemn, the details of military life and movement have an interest we have never known in them before. This very Magazine that you hold in your hands will be read—yes, is at this moment perhaps being read—by hundreds, by thousands of soldiers, to whom also the story of the marches and counter-marches, the battles and retreats, that shook and stunned Europe a century ago will be pure romance—a history interpreted by their own new knowledge and daily experience. They will here see what men have done for a man. They will compare his cause with theirs; and they will remember that their cause is that of Man, not of a man or of *the* man.

This last volume of Carlyle's *Frederick* is a resplendent chapter of history. The historian believes in his hero, but the reader will hesitate and doubt. Yet the manliness of the author and his genius are such, that whatever his predilections for any man, and however unfair the torrent of humorous sarcasm which he pours upon what he does not like, his perception of the events and of the characters which control them are so just; his descriptive, analytic, and picturesque power so remarkable that history becomes real upon his page. It is no longer dim, remote, or dead, but throbs with life as much as this morning's accounts of yesterday's battle in Maryland.

ANOTHER very remarkable battle-piece is Victor Hugo's *Waterloo* in the second part of "*Les Misérables*."

This work, one of the most striking of the year, is the most melodramatic of all Victor Hugo's melodramas. It is peculiarly a sensation book. Its style is meretricious. Yet its interest and skill and brilliancy are undeniable. Hugo is a consummate literary artist. He knows what effect he wishes to produce, and he knows how to produce it. The word "sensation," as a descriptive term in literature, not only of style but of conception, is so applicable to him that it seems inappropriate for any body else. Yes, and his whole life might be described by that word. There is a supreme regnant self-consciousness, which keeps him poised in an attitude for mankind to contemplate. The scenes that fill the pages of his stories are such as we used to go to the Bowery to see and shudder at. Do you remember *Rienzi*? The great hall, the "CAPITOL OF ROME," with its dusky heights, and ghostly galleries, and mysterious council? Then the hollow booming bell striking midnight, and the hollow booming voice, "Walter di Montreal, thy hour has come?" Cold sweat came at least, however it was with the hour. And audiences came and paid: and Walter di Montreal's hour struck every night until the crowd struck for a new spectacle.

Victor Hugo's novels are of that kind. *Notre Dame* is held to have introduced the modern romantic school. Its last scene where the Abbé, or some ecclesiastic, is slipping slowly from the roof of the cathedral to be dashed to pieces upon the pinnacles below, yet within reach and saving distance of the Dwarf to whom the Abbé appeals in vain; for the Dwarf, with eyes full of tears, is looking past his agonized face to the form of the gipsy girl swinging upon a gallows in the distance, the beloved of the Dwarf done to death by the falling wretch—this scene as ghastly as any in literature or imagination is the catastrophe of *Notre Dame*, and the model of Hugo's stories. It is the essence of melodrama that the catastrophe is not developed from the natural play of the characters, and that physical horror takes the place of moral terror and retribution.

With all this, the popular success of such books is unquestionable. In the "*Miserables*" there is an incessant succession of startling events, ingeniously contrived, and relieved by the most prolonged episodes. Thus forty double-columned pages are occupied with a minute, rattling, flashing, dashing, yet perfectly clear and coherent account of the battle of Waterloo, in order to introduce two characters in the last four lines. The account is an episode, but then it is the best part of the number of the story in which it appears. There have been many books written upon the subject, but none

leaves so vivid and distinct a conception as this. And this effect is due to the masterly literary skill of the author, which is, so far, like that of Carlyle.

Victor Hugo seizes the whole plan of the battle upon both sides—or, to speak more accurately, he conceives a distinct plan of the battle. He describes the ground and the general disposition; and then subordinates every thing to the description of certain leading and controlling movements. These are recounted in glittering amplitude of detail; with romantic and heroic and pathetic episodes, with bright touches of personality and character, but with an absolute disregard of every thing else upon the field. There is nothing else doing but what he is describing. This intense and masterly concentration of attention upon one point, upon certain points in perfectly distinct succession, leaves the whole clearly cut in the mind. If he tried to grasp every thing, to give you at once the panorama of the whole battle, the account would be a brilliant jumble, and your conception would be as chaotic as that of most battles really is.

But with an amusing recurrence of himself, in the midst of the most effective passages when the *élan* of the movement he is finely describing is carrying the reader forward with absorbed interest—behold! Victor Hugo. There is a most admirable picture of Napoleon in the very crisis of the battle. It is the moment when the plateau of Mont Saint Jean is left bare by the intentional retirement for a few paces of the British army. The effect upon Napoleon when he saw this, his calm and exhaustive scrutiny of every object between him and the enemy are most vividly described. “He was reflecting. He was examining the slopes: noting the ascents: scrutinizing the tuft of trees, the square rye-field, the footpath: he seemed to count every bush.... He bent over and spoke in an under-tone to the guide Lacoste. The guide made a negative sign of the head, probably treacherous.

“The Emperor rose up and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge.

“Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

“Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder.

“He had found his thunder-bolt.

“He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint Jean.”

The thunder business here is amusing, but it does not seriously delay. You recognize the Gaul, smile and pass on to the charge, which is most effectively related. But in the very moment of the catastrophe, of the plunging of men and horses into the hidden road which the guide had not revealed, when “riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and, when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on;” instead of carrying us on with the sweep of the charge with which the mind is in full sympathy, we, too, the impetuous, charging readers, suddenly fall pell-mell, grinding each other, and making common flesh in the dreadful gulf of moral platitude which the terrible Hugo had hidden from us until this moment.

“Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer, No. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No. Because of God.

“Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed.

“He vexed God.

“Waterloo is not a battle: it is the change of front of the universe.”

And all this and plenty more, while the cuirassiers are struggling in that pit of Death! As if Napoleon hadn't thought of the hidden road because the universe was changing front! As if there would have been no road there if Napoleon had not vexed God!

This reference of events to the direct divine agency is the cheapest kind of rhetoric. But it is just as true one way as the other. Try it in exactly the opposite strain. “Was it possible that Wellington should win this battle? We answer, Yes. Why? Because of his army? Because of Blucher? No. Because of God. Wellington had not been impeached before the Infinite, and his success was decreed. He had not vexed God.”

Read in this way it becomes sheer nonsense. Yet it is just as true in this way as the other.

Victor Hugo's reflections are all in this vein, beginning with the preface to the work. It is sensation writing; flash rhetoric. It is not thought; it is platitude. For we may freely allow that nothing happens without the divine permission. But we must not forget that the Duke of Alva lived and worked as well as Luther. The horrors of the Inquisition are as integral parts of history as the Reformation. God permitted both. And if a novelist describes the one and says, solemnly, “It was the will of God,” he can not, upon the same ground, help saying of the other also, “It was the will of God.” Napoleon was beaten at Waterloo, of course, says the novelist, for he vexed God. William of Orange was assassinated. Will the novelist say, because he also had vexed God? How is death or defeat an indication of the divine displeasure? If they are so, why does not Victor Hugo see in the resuscitation of the Bonaparte dynasty a sign of divine favor?

Ah no! Perhaps it is not so easy to sound the divine counsels as the novelist supposes. Modern rhetoric, written and spoken, uses the divine name very freely, and we are gravely told the secrets of God, as if they were cabinet secrets. We know that the ends of Justice are slowly wrought, that often the wicked prosper and the good fail. We know that through clouds and darkness we hope and reach toward the light. But that God loves England more than France, Wellington more than Napoleon, does not plainly appear, although Victor Hugo says so. Such talk covers the solemnity of life with ridicule. It makes it a foolish and shallow stage-play. What a pity that a man whose literary power is so remarkable as Victor Hugo's should disfigure his best pages with such execrable stuff as what we have quoted!

CURIOUSLY enough, as Carlyle's battle-pieces and Victor Hugo's are exhibited, Thiers presents his picture and theory of Waterloo. And the first thing that strikes every reader is the uncertainty which shrouds the circumstances of that day.

For instance, nobody can tell exactly at what hour it began. Wellington said at about ten o'clock. Thiers and others at half past eleven. Napoleon at twelve. Marshal Ney at one.

Napoleon wanted to beat Wellington before Blucher arrived. It was therefore of great importance to him that the battle should begin as early as possible. But it had rained the night before, and his

artillery could not well move in the morning. He was beaten; consequently, he would wish to make it appear that he had not time to win. So he says twelve o'clock. Wellington, for precisely the same reasons, would wish to have it appear that Napoleon had plenty of time to beat before Blucher came, but could not do it. So he says ten o'clock. Two hours in such a battle are of the utmost importance. Which is right?

The French theory of the battle is that the English were beaten when Blucher appeared and saved the day. The English claim that the retirement of their line was a feint to entrap Napoleon, and that it succeeded.

The French declare that Wellington was in the same spot throughout the battle. The English say that he was with every regiment by turns.

Thiers says that he spoke despairingly. John Bull responds "stuff."

Thiers records that the English squares were broken and routed by the French cavalry. John Bull swears that not a single square broke, and calls upon Victor Hugo to confirm the story.

Thiers and Hugo gloat over the colors captured from perfidious Albion; John Bull denies that a single standard was taken.

It now appears that the old Guard did not shout that it died but never surrendered. And Wellington did not say "Up guards and at them." And he did not mutter "Night or Blucher."

And, in fact, scarcely any of the rhetorical and romantic gossip about the battle is true. The only great fact and undisputed is that the French were beaten, and followed, and hammered to pieces. Napoleon's plan may have been the best. It may have been the rain that softened the ground, or it may have been the unseen road at the foot of the plateau of Mont Saint Jean, or it may have been the delay of Grouchy, or it may have been that Blucher, unluckily for France, took the right road instead of the wrong one; but the great fact remains that the French were defeated, and that the defeat was so overwhelming that the term "Waterloo defeat" describes the most disastrous rout. The French authorities with amusing persistence deny that the conqueror of Napoleon was a great general. They think it more creditable to their demigod that he was beaten by mud, or his own mistakes, than by military genius directing English arms. But it would be hard to show what better combinations were possible under the circumstances than those of Wellington.

Party-spirit, national prejudice, personal preference, and not the facts of the case, even if you could ascertain them, settle the question. It will be so with us. There are certain generals of ours whose successes will always be explained by one party as the result of miraculous military genius, and by another as the inevitable consequence of favorable circumstances.

Victor Hugo's method is the shortest and most comprehensive. If a general is defeated, it is because he "vexed God."

In the midst of the battles and the stress of war the great political conventions have been held and the political campaign is opened. No one need regret that parties survive and appeal to the citizens. For we all belong to parties. We all believe that our own political views are the soundest and safest for the country; and although we may not say it quite so openly as Mr. Seymour, we all feel that

the opposite party is not fitted to administer the Government.

The existence of parties in a free country is not to be deplored. But party-spirit is always a threatening danger. Parties exist to hold the Government in its proper direction. They represent the check of half the body of citizens upon the action of the other half. They are a constant warning to each other. But so interested do we all become in the success of our party as a party, irrespective of our interest in the legitimate objects of all parties, that we may easily miss the dividing line between patriotism and partisanship, and find ourselves forgetting the greater cause in the less.

In the present position of the country a party which seems to regard its own triumph more fondly than the national safety is not a loyal party. The only party rivalry that is tolerable at such a time as this is a rivalry of devotion to the country. Party names and purposes are only regimental colors, but Patriotism is the great banner of the whole army.

Every man, therefore, will look with suspicious scrutiny upon all political proceedings in this emergency. Understanding that political organizations are inevitable, he will instinctively act with that one which appears to promise the largest advantage to the cause to which all other causes are subordinate. He will weigh the antecedents of all candidates, and reason from the character of the supporters to that of the candidate. Men are known by their company. They are also known by their words. Therefore every man will be judged by the tone of his speech. If it is simple, frank, and fair; if it is earnest and uncompromising, then of itself it will be his best ally and worker. If it shuffles and shirks, if it insinuates and hesitates, every citizen will instinctively respond, "Whoever is not for us is against us."

THOSE pleasant rural festivals, the cattle-shows and agricultural fairs, feel the pressure of the time. In many counties they have been omitted for the year. In many others they have been scant in numbers and languid in spirit.

The bright, bounteous autumn, which in its fields and forests shows no sign of war, and none of change except its gorgeous annual transfiguration, misses these cheerful homely feasts. The low winds that wail along the meadows and rustle the drying and falling leaves, sound dirge-like over the places where the county met and owned its debt to the hardy valor of peaceful farmers. Its tone is dirge-like, for the brave boys that were the heroes of these tournaments of peace and rustic plenty have marched to other fields and reap another harvest.

Yes, they reap and are reaped. Their brows are wreathed with "the blood-red blossoms of war." They fight for the fields they till. They strike for the peace which is their life. They are the true sons of the farmers of a century ago who gathered on Lexington Green and stood fast at Concord bridge; who forced the brilliant Burgoyne to surrender at Saratoga, and the courtly Cornwallis at Yorktown. Whoever looks into their brown and earnest and cheerful faces as they pass through the city sees in them victory and peace. He sees more than that—the intelligence which understands the cause, and the conscience that approves it.

Such an army as they compose was never before assembled. It is an army which, were it a million strong, would have little terror for peaceful citizens. For no leader could hope to guide it against

its convictions, nor delude it into any blind enthusiasm. Though its chiefs should show the purpose of Cromwell and the genius of Napoleon, they could never control as those men controlled, because the armies of Cromwell and Napoleon were men entirely different from ours. We are constantly looking back and remembering history. But history has no precedent for us and our war.

Yet when the leaves redder again the "embattled farmers" will probably have returned, and the autumn feasts begin anew. Many of them indeed will come no more—not merely because of the chance of war, but because for the rest of their lives they will have beaten the plowshare into the sword. "Paradise is under the shadow of swords," says the Mohammedan proverb. We men of this generation will substitute Peace for Paradise, and prove the proverb.

OUR own struggle can not entirely blind us to those of other lands. In the lists of wounded we read the name of Garibaldi. Shall we find that of Italy also?

Mrs. Browning believed in Louis Napoleon as the friend of Italy. He has now the opportunity of showing if he be so. At this moment it seems as if he were master of the situation in Italy, and were hoping to become so farther away. He is master in Italy by a curious complication. The Italians love Garibaldi and believe in his honest purpose; but they no less believe in the *re galantuomo* Victor Emanuel. When these two are apparently opposed, Italy is necessarily silent and motionless.

"I told my men not to fire," says Garibaldi, speaking of the engagement in which he was wounded and captured. "I cried *Viva Italia*, and told them not to fire."

It was not strange, for the circumstance must have seemed tragical to him. He knew that he could succeed only in concert with the King, and here were the King's troops aiming at him. They fired; he fell. The King sent him his own physician. But Napoleon remained master of the situation.

At this distance we must not take sides too vehemently. We see how hard it is for an Englishman to understand our affairs, and we can not suppose that we adequately comprehend those of Italy. Doubtless the King and Garibaldi wish equally well to their country. But Victor is a king of one of the most ancient royal houses, and Garibaldi is a republican. Besides, the King can not forget that France drove the Austrians away.

No harm can officially befall Garibaldi. He is the passion of Italy. His name is a spell. He is all that Napoleon ever was to France, or Hofer to the Tyrol, or Washington to America. He is a living man, but he is already almost as much a romantic hero as William Tell. Italy needs him yet; she can not spare such a son. More practical than Mazzini, he was not unwilling to recognize Victor Emanuel, and to do all he could if he could not do all he would. For the moment apparently in a false position, he can not stay there. He hates Louis Napoleon, but Louis Napoleon has helped Italy, and his cousin is the husband of Victor's daughter.

It is a melancholy complication. The heart, the head, and the hand of Italy never seem to move together. Is it that in Cavour the head is gone?

THE new novel of Wilkie Collins's, "No Name," which appears weekly in *Harper's Weekly* and Dick-

ens's *All The Year Round*, is an extraordinary specimen of literary skill. The readers of the "Woman in White" remember, of course, the marvelous interest of that tale. It was impossible to be especially interested in the characters. The people were weak or bad, yet from week to week it was devoured with an eager intensity of attention that very few novels have ever excited. And the interest was not at all in the development of character, but simply in the plot. Single scenes, however well drawn, did not detain the reader for enjoyment or admiration or reflection, but served merely to point the question more keenly, how is it coming out?

This is even more so with the new story. The characters are very few. The action of the novel is really divided among five; of whom two are knaves, two are fools, and one is a woman who lives for revenge at any personal cost whatever. The aim of the action is infamous, as the means are unscrupulous. Yet, with all this, the story is of surpassing interest. It is a study in knavery. It is the conflict of cleverness in persons whom you utterly despise. There is no Bulwerian gilding of scamps. The scoundrels of both sexes are unmitigated. You do not deceive yourself for a moment, nor does the author try to deceive you, about the people or their purposes. The book is evidently written, as Poe wrote the "Raven," with a deliberate intention of exciting the strongest interest by the most artificial means, and the success is prodigious.

The work has now been running on for several months, and there is no hint dropped by which you can guess the catastrophe. Every week brings you nearer to it but makes it no plainer. The interest does not flag. There is a steady adhesion to the story. There are no prolix descriptions, no episodes, no moralizings. The author holds you fast as the Ancient Mariner held the gnest with his glittering eye. You may hear the loud bassoon of other and what you suppose more important reading calling you away, but you remain to hear the end.

Thackeray lately had a "Roundabout" paper upon novels and novel reading, in which he chats pleasantly of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and Scott, and Dumas. But of the old style of novel, Gerald Griffin's "Collegians," upon which the "Colleen Bawn" is founded, was the most passionately and absorbingly interesting to this Easy Chair. The young reader ended it up to the neck in his own tears. But that was a love story. "No Name" is a hate story. Scott and Dumas and the others have left this field free for a new hand. Thackeray himself disdains plots. He nips the smallest bud of expectation. "Let us start fair," he says. "You think that Strephon is going to marry Amaryllis. Wrong. I give you my word of honor that, though it seems so now, he is really going to marry Chloe. He is going to suffer. He will almost starve. He will betake himself gloomily at midnight, in the chilliest December weather, to the bridge. He will gaze moodily at the black, awful gulf. He will cry, frantically, Why has Heaven deserted me? He will throw up his hands and rush forward, murmuring, 'Well, then!' But, dearest reader, I pledge you he shall not jump in. He will think better of it, go home to his decent bed, and in a very short time Fortune will begin to smile, and I tell you that, at this moment, he is a rubicund, jolly gentleman, who takes a child upon each knee, one on each foot, and one on each shoulder, and says to his wife, 'My dear, when I walked gloomily on a certain night to a certain, etc., etc., etc.'"

In this ruthless way Thackeray destroys all the interest that springs from expectation. It is perfectly characteristic. He sees that what he considers to be the legitimate character of a novel is prostituted to an entirely inferior and subsidiary purpose, and he protests against it by leaning—too strongly, perhaps—the other way. It certainly is an impertinence for an author to step forward in the middle of his story and say, "You are guessing wrong." The guessing is the business of the reader. If it is wrong, the author is not responsible. And if it be pleasant, why should the author be a kill-joy?

Wilkie Collins is guilty of no such intrusion. His stories tell themselves. They have, as we have said before in speaking of them, the same absorbing interest that a trial of importance has. Every word and incident bear directly upon the result, and are of small value in themselves. Thus they are essentially novels of to-day. They are not broad pictures of life or social spirit. They will be of no use to the historian as glances into the time, but only curious as showing the prevailing taste in fiction. But let the historian say what he will, the reader to-day declares that there are no novels more absorbingly interesting.

In the American edition Mr. M'Lenan felicitously sketches the two chief actors in the drama. Captain Wragge and Mrs. LeCount are the only characters in which he has any chance, and he improves it with his usual skill. Mrs. Wragge he easily hits; but she is a caricature in the story.

WHAT would you give for a perfect view of the battle-field of Dunbar, or of Waterloo? of the Huguenots flying from France, or the Covenanters praying in the Highlands? What would you give for an actual view—homely or handsome, as the fact might be—of any great event, or famous place, when the event took place or the fame was made?

It would be a fairy gift beyond human science, you think. Yes, so it would have been when Dunbar was fought, or even Waterloo. But it is not a boon of fairy now, only of science. Brady's album photographs of the war, and its persons and places, are the portraits of the living time. Here is a bridge over a sluggish stream. Every tree-trunk, leaf, and stem is exact. There is nothing here that is not in nature. There is no "composition"—no arrangement of any kind. The rough logs upon the rough log piers, over the gleaming, reflecting water. It looks compact and very strong—strong enough to bear an army. What is that still, narrow, sluggish river in a wilderness? Last year it had no association, its name no meaning except to the dwellers near it. Henceforth it has a melancholy interest. It is the Chickahominy. The bridge is built by Colonel M'Leod Murphy's men.

Or here is a picture, quite perfect in itself, although seized instantaneously from nature, such as Leopold Robert, reversing Italy and apparent poetry, might have painted. It is a river ford. In the distance is a high bridge stalking across. Woods fringe the other shore and make the dark back-ground. In the centre of the picture and the ford is a heavy country wagon, with two yokes of oxen that have stopped in the coolness. A dusky figure sits upon the nigh ox behind, and there is a group of similar figures clustered high upon the wagon. In front of the oxen is a horse with loose blinders and bridle, and another dusky form bestriding him. Behind the wagon in the middle distance there are other horses mostly

drinking in the stream, all carrying the same kind of rider. The whole scene is tranquil. They are travelers, evidently, reposing. And they are more than that. They are fugitive negroes fording the Rappahannock.

But here again is the living time. This is Savage's Station, with the wounded there after the battle of the 27th June. There is a tree in the middle; a shed and tents; and around the tree, lying thick and close, so that the ground looks like a dull, heavy sea of which bodies are the waves, lie the wounded soldiers. This scene brings the war to those who have not been to it. How patiently and still they lie, these brave men who bleed and are maimed for us! It is a picture which is more eloquent than the sternest speech.

This calm, smoothly-outlined hill against the sky, soft, distant, infinitely peaceful, with gently waving lines of field and placid trees between it and us, is Cedar Mountain, near which is this house and barn and fence and shed in the next picture; and the holes in the side of the house were made by the cannon-balls of the battle which was fought upon this field; and in that house General Winder was killed.

The interest of these vivid pictures is very great. A set of them—there are more than five hundred—gives you a picture of the whole theatre of the war in Virginia. Suppose Lossing had had such material for his "Field-Book of the Revolution!" This series is a perfect Field-Book of the Rebellion. In these days of Photographic albums what is so stirring, so touching, as these views! Look, here is a glance behind the war, and beyond the revolution. This is St. Peter's church, Yorktown, in which Washington was married. It is plain enough, with its arched carriage-way under the tower. But as it stands there distinct and firm in the clear daylight, how it annihilates time, and actually brings us nearer to men and days which are dim and strange when we read of them!

The thought of Mr. Brady in making this series is so good, and the choice and execution so excellent, that it only needs to be generally known to be universally familiar.

Editor's Drawer.

AFTER all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious good thing a laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or deep-lines the visage, or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into happy shaking and quaking of idiotcy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Botton's transformation; under every circumstance, and every where, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is "a joy forever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting, except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You can not gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughter and one witness, there forth-

with are two laughters. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic!

"Laughter! 'tis the poor man's plaster,
Covering up each sad disaster.
Laughing, he forgets his troubles,
Which, though real, seem but bubbles.
Laughter! 'tis a seal of nature
Stamped upon the human creature.
Laughter, whether loud or mute,
Tells the human kind from brute.
Laughter! 'tis Hope's living voice,
Bidding us to make our choice,
And to pull from thorny bowers,
Leaving thorns and taking flowers."

A PRIVATE, Company A, Eleventh Regiment Illinois Infantry, writes:

"I do not know when I ever read any thing that I thought more appropriate for the times than an article in *Harper's Monthly* for October, entitled, 'One Day.' There are a great many Mrs. Marshalls; and, I am glad to say, a good many Mrs. Reeds. One that has not been around the hospitals can have no idea how much good it does a soldier—when he is lying sick in the hospital, far from home—to see a cheerful woman about. If some of those Mrs. Marshalls, both male and female, could see the indignant look on the countenance of some of the soldiers when they hear and read such remarks as Mrs. Marshall made when she was waiting for the boat—"Don't you think the army very low?"—it might do them good. I would like to have a chance to express my mind to some of them. I do not know that it would raise the army in their estimation, but it would relieve me not a little. I do not know whether that story was written from imagination or not. If it was, the writer has fine powers of imagination. I am well pleased with the Magazine this month, as I always am—but more particularly this month. There are three articles in it that have more than usual interest in them for soldiers. 'About Cannon' is first-rate, only it is not quite long enough. I do not know of one that has read 'Letty's Proposal' and 'One Day' who has not said they were 'first-rate'—just the thing for camp reading. Both your Paper and Magazine have a large circulation in the Western army, and well they deserve it."

A CORRESPONDENT in Oregon gives us two or three specimens of life in that part of the world:

"Our past winter has been one of unusual severity; so much so, indeed, that potatoes—housed, as usual, lightly, have generally frozen.

"My friend Beach peddles vegetables to 'ye honest miner,' whom he necessarily frequently credits; and being a very conscientious man, he informed a Hibernian, to whom he lately sold a load, that his potatoes were slightly frozen, but were as good as could be had; if, however, upon cooking, they should prove unfit to eat, he could easily repudiate them.

"A few days afterward his customer hailed him somewhat in this style, 'Beach! how d'ye repudiate petaties? I've biled 'em, and payled 'em, and baked 'em, and roasted 'em, and stewed 'em, and little are they fit to eat, at all, at all! Now how d'ye repudiate 'em?'

"'Why, don't pay for them,' said Beach.

"'Ah! bother take ye! Sure I thought 'twas some Frinch way ye had to cook 'em!'

"The following I send that you may know some

of the trials to which young ministers are subjected in the mining regions of Oregon:

"We have never been highly celebrated for our great piety; indeed, giving but poor pay, we can expect but a 'poor preach'; besides, we are devoid of those great incentives to civilization and morality—women to lead the way.

"Our last—I had almost said our least—preacher was Brother Hawkins, and of him it was generally supposed that he had mistaken the name, and that another was '*called to the ministry*' when he answered. Consequently he always had great difficulty in obtaining an audience; and from a congregation of some ten or a dozen upon his first Sabbath, it had gradually dwindled in the course of a month to nothing. Finally, upon his last Sabbath, no audience assembling, Brother H. proceeded to the various whisky shops and billiard saloons, where the miners love to congregate, and informed them that he was about to preach the Gospel out upon an adjoining porch, and would be much pleased with their attendance. Only one accepted this generous invitation, Wyat, a careless, rollicksome fellow, who attended only because no one else did.

"After singing a psalm or two, and finding none others came, Brother H. turned to his *solitary audience*, and remarked that, as no one seemed desirous to hear him, he believed he should not preach.

"'Preach away, old covey!' was the consolatory reply; 'preach away! I'll hear you clean through!'

"'But,' remarked Brother H., with some spirit, 'it's very hard to have to preach to nobody.'

"His audience, rising indignantly to his feet, cried out, 'If you call me nobody, Sir, I'll leave!'

"Whereupon Brother H. apologized, and, to conciliate his *audience*, preached him a sermon of nearly an hour in length, which was occasionally broken in upon by some half-inebriated outsider.

"A FORMER prosecuting attorney of this county, more celebrated for his vulgar wit than legal lore, in order to prevent all fault-finding with his indictments, hit upon the policy of rendering his chirography unintelligible to any one but himself.

"In time he found opposed to him, in a certain liquor case, Judge T—, a shrewd but testy old attorney, who fancied he had found a flaw in the indictment; but upon attempting to argue it before the Court, the prosecuting attorney insisted that the Judge had given a faulty reading to the indictment, and gave it himself an entirely different one—to which neither the Clerk, the Judge, nor the Court could say him nay.

"Whereupon the irate Judge T— turned to the Court, in a high, shrill voice, and with slow emphasis, exclaimed, 'May it please the Court, I would respectfully submit that it is not proof *positive* of a legal indictment because a numskull sees fit to throw a bottle of ink at a sheet of foolscap!'

"IN 1856, our county having just been divided from Jackson, and ere we had yet time to erect a jail, a worthless fellow, one Jack L—, who in an inebriated state had committed some petty theft, was arrested upon a charge of petit larceny, and tried before Justice P—, of this village.

"Having neither money nor friends, his counsel was appointed by the Court; who, after vainly endeavoring to convince his Honor of the innocence of his client, at length alluded to the well-known fact that he had not the wherewithal to pay a fine, and the county had no place of confinement should his

Honor see fit to commit him, and argued logically from these premises that the best and only course the Court could pursue would be to acquit him.

"His Honor, however, could not so far violate his conscience as to pronounce not guilty one whom the evidence too clearly proved guilty; he therefore fined him \$25, and costs \$25 more. Here, however, arose a great difficulty—what to do with the prisoner. The county had no jail, and to send him to the adjoining county would be attended with much expense; besides, his Honor much doubted his authority to do so.

"In this sad dilemma the prisoner came to the rescue, and coolly proposed to give his note for the amount.

"His Honor stared, reflected, and marveled much that so simple a solution of the problem had not sooner occurred; accepted the proposition—and the following was the result:

"TERRITORY OF OREGON, AND COUNTY OF JOSEPHINE.—One day after date I promise to pay to the afore-mentioned County and Territory the sum of Fifty Dollars, for value received, with interest at ten per cent.; this being the amount of a fine levied upon me this day for petit larceny.

"Witness my hand and seal, JOHN L.—.

"KERRVILLE, OREGON, June 7, 1856."

"The rogue was discharged, but, true to his vile instincts, ran away without discharging his note.

"IN sympathy with the misfortunes of the hero, or victim, of the following, who was lately a defeated candidate for county clerk, I shall conceal his name:

"In earlier times there lived in our beautiful valley an honest but ignorant old farmer yclept 'Uncle Dave,' who had been 'raised and educated' in the far-off State of Pike, and was famous only for his uncouth manners and his utter contempt for 'biled' shirts and their unfortunate occupants.

"Uncle Dave was blessed with two bouncing, blooming girls—at a time, too, when they were almost the only girls in our whole county. Various were the modes adopted by love-lorn swains to win the affections of these lovely damsels, and at the same time to ingratiate themselves into the confidence of their more difficult 'parient.'

"Among the aspirants was our young friend, Bill E—, a courteous, gentlemanly youth, who fancied he had won sufficiently upon the esteem of Uncle Dave to warrant some slight attentions to his daughter Sarah. Accordingly, one fine spring morning he gathered a bouquet of the beautiful wild-flowers that so luxuriantly abound in our lovely valley, and arranging them with his usual excellent taste, hastened 'on wings of love' to the cottage of his inamorata. Of his reception here we may not confidently speak, he being remarkably retentive upon this subject. A short time afterward, however, Uncle Dave astonished a mutual friend by the following strange inquiry:

"I say, Jack! what kind of a feller is that Bill E—? Durn fool, ain't he?"

"Oh no," was the reply. "What makes you think so, Uncle Dave?"

"Why, d'ye think! T'other day he fotched a big bunch of these 'ere wild-flowers, and handed 'em to my gal Sally, as perlite as a French dancin'-master, and called 'em a bo-kay! Bo-thunder! If we wanted the durn things, couldn't we go and git a whole cart-load on 'em?"

"IN our regiment," writes a soldier in the South,

stationed not a thousand miles from Fort Pulaski, "there is a rule requiring every member 'who has not conscientious scruples against attending Protestant worship,' to be present at service on the Sabbath. A few days after this order was issued a fatigue-party was dragging a truck loaded with a piece of artillery. The load was heavy, and some of the men were taking a rest. Presently one of them seized hold of the rope and cried out, 'All you who hain't *conscientious* scruples against work lay hold here!'"

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER of the North was he—
Who wounded in the battle lay,
And ere he sighed his soul away
In fancy spoke these words to me:

"Far from my native Northern hills,
Whose tops are hoary still with snow,
And where the cooling breezes blow,
And brightly leap the icy rills;

"In this inhospitable land,
All sultry with the summer heat,
In which the pulses languid beat,
And listless lies the fevered hand;

"Although 'tis but the month of June,
And Northern skies are soft and clear—
The loveliest time in all the year—
When temperate shines the sun at noon,

"I sink beneath the Tropic blaze,
And, faint and weary, long to lie
In some cool spot where I may die,
And so resign my future days.

"My past is scarce remembered—home
I never knew save long ago,
And that was where the wild winds blow,
And roll the billows white with foam.

"Near to the stormy coast of Maine,
Where life is hard, but fresh and free,
Oh I was cradled on the sea,
And long to feel it rock again!

"Oh, Northern hills and native shore,
Through many an intervening year
Your features to my eyes appear
Dear and familiar as of yore.

"And here upon the battle-ground,
Exhausted with the march and fight,
And sickened with the dreary sight
Of the red carnage all around,

"I sigh to taste one cooling breath
Blown from the icy hills and sea;
Then welcome as a bride's to me
Would be the gentle kiss of Death."

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE "ruling passion" never had a more striking fulfillment than in the following instance:

"Poor A—! Beautiful, accomplished, and admired, her sweet Christian virtues shone unostentatiously, far above earthly acquirements. Through her quiet soul ran a vein of humor and ready wit which no circumstance could entirely check, and nothing but relentless death itself subdue.

"But the fell destroyer who respects neither the young nor old, the simple nor wise, lovely youth nor wrinkled age, had laid his grasp upon her. Consumption was doing its work. A few days before her death, when pain and suffering were visible in each lineament of her features, Widow R—, her disagreeable and meddlesome aunt, called. On going to her bedside to bid the sufferer good-by, per-

haps for the last time, aunt informed A—— that she wished her to bear a message for her husband in the spirit-world. A——, summoning all her strength, and rising up, replied, ‘Really, Aunt Mary, you must excuse me; I can not act as mail-agent for anybody!’’

How shamefully the poor Irish are imposed upon is shown in the following story from a correspondent:

“One evening, a few years ago, there came into the telegraph-office in Cincinnati a man who, judging from his appearance, had just arrived from the Emerald Isle. He was dressed in a dark-colored jacket, red vest, corduroy breeches, with long stockings, etc. He was unmistakably a ‘green Irishman,’ and supposed he had entered a bank, for he threw down upon the counter what was thought at first to be a ten-dollar gold piece, but which proved on examination to be a brass card advertising a rat-killing invention.

“‘An’, Sir, how much is that?’ said Pat, making a bow, with his cap in his hand.

“‘Why,’ replied the man at the desk, ‘it isn’t worth any thing; it’s an advertisement for poison to kill rats and mice. Where did you get it?’

“‘Well, Sir,’ answered Pat, ‘I was comin’ from New York on the railroad, an’ whin I got to Erie I wint to the ticket-office to buy a ticket to come here, an’ I gave the man a twinty-dollar gold piece. He gave me the ticket an’ this, an’ bade me be quick on the cars or I’d be left; so I snapped it up an’ came away, an’ now it’s nothin’ but rats an’ mice! Oh, my! oh, my! Where does the Lord Mayor live?’

“Said the man at the desk, ‘We don’t have any Lord Mayors in this country.’

“‘Oh!’ exclaimed Pat, ‘if I only knew where the Lord Mayor lived, I’d go to him ivery toe of the way!’

“He had no doubt heard the expression, ‘every foot of the way,’ and thought it was intensifying it by saying ‘every toe of the way.’”

WRITES a cheerful friend as follows:

“Passing into the street, not long since, on a bright starlit night, with a youngster who still travels on railroads and in steamboats without charge, a small luminous point, fiery red, was seen in the distance. We knew from its position that it could not be one of the heavenly bodies; and while busy in amusing speculations as to the real nature of the phenomenon, an elder sister playfully suggested that it might be a burning world. In a few minutes afterward the heavens were entirely overcast; and as we looked up, wondering at the sudden change, one of our number exclaimed, ‘What has become of all the stars?’ Promptly our youngster solved the riddle with a power of imagination not usual, we think, in one of his age: ‘They have gone,’ said he, ‘to the funeral of the burning world!’”

THE following letter was found among the effects of a poor soldier who recently died in one of our large military hospitals. It is a sample of many hundreds which remind us that none is so humble who will not be sadly missed and mourned by some fond heart. The writing is poor, the orthography far from correct, in the original; but what devotion is expressed in this homely, old-fashioned love-letter:

May the 25, 1862.

“DEAR JOHN,—I seat myself again, this pleasant morning, to write a few lines to the one I love. I am well at

this present time, and I sincerely hope these few lines will find you in good health. I received your letter of the 20 of April, and it gave me great satisfaction to hear that you were well. John, I hope the star-spangled banner will soon float over the homes of the brave and the land of the free. John, I hope the time will soon come that we will meet in peace and pleasure, to part no more. The rose is red, the stem is green, the day is past that we have seen. John, if God loves you as I do, you will never fall in the battle-field. Oh that I had wings like a dove, I would fly to my true love! God bless you, and the rebels miss you, and Heaven grant you a safe return to the one that is left behind. Your true love until death. Farewell.”

A WELCOME contributor in Philadelphia, whose penmanship is beautiful—and, in his signature, carried to such an extreme of elegance that we can not read his name—writes to the Drawer:

“We are told that certain *diseases* are hereditary. Old Gunnybags declares the gout is hereditary in his family—he has it himself, and his wife’s uncle died of it! May not certain *habits* and *vices* be hereditary also? May they not ‘run in the blood,’ as people say? Be that as it may, certain habits and vices may sometimes be traced in families, from generation to generation. For instance: We had in this beautiful City of Brotherly Love a family long addicted to the habit of failing in business and making money by the operation. The grandfather failed, and secured the profits to his daughter; her husband failed, and afterward her two sons, each adding their ‘honest earnings’ to the ‘pile,’ till she became possessed of a large fortune, sat with dignified demureness on one of the uppermost benches in Quaker meeting, supported her husband and sons in gentlemanly idleness, and married her daughters to scions of the F. F.’s of Maryland and Virginia. [In those days the penniless cadets of the Southern F. F.’s did sometimes condescend to marry the daughters of wealthy Northern ‘mud-sills.’] A certain simple, half-witted young Quaker, living in the neighborhood, whose brother was a princely speculator in real estate, once essayed to court one of her daughters. The old lady gave him to understand that no one worth less than a hundred thousand dollars need think of asking her consent. Tommy told her that, if he was not worth a hundred thousand dollars, his brother Isaac was worth two; but the old lady failed to be moved by the force of the argument. He continued, however, to visit the family as a friend, though not as an accepted suitor, until the close of the second son’s financial operations. It was a grand ‘blow-up,’ and the explosion caused a considerable noise about town. The sufferers, as may well be supposed, were greatly incensed, and spoke of the mother and son in unmeasured terms. They, on the other hand, claimed to be the injured parties, and invoked the sympathy and commiseration of their friends and the public. Tommy became quite a useful ‘medium’ by which they were enabled to learn what was said of the matter out of doors, and the old lady pumped him accordingly.

“How very cruel it is in the people to talk so hard of Sam-u-el!” said she.

“Well, they do say a great many hard things about him,” said Tommy.

“Only think, now,” said she; “they say he has got all the money that should have gone to pay his creditors.”

“Oh no,” said Tommy, “they don’t say *that*; they say *thee* has got it!”

“Tommy, in the innocence of his heart, only intended to set the old lady right as to the reports

about town; but from that time forward all his inquiries for the family at the front-door were invariably answered with, 'Not at home.'

AND again: "In olden times, before the introduction of railroads, there lived in the town of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a certain tavern-keeper named Ramsay, proprietor of all the stage-coaches in that region of country. His house was not one of those miserable, dirty holes usually selected as the stopping-places of the stages; but a fine, spacious, old-fashioned inn, where one was sure to find cleanliness and comfort—the best of every thing that rich country could afford, and plenty of it. Squire Ramsay had become rich, and was much respected by all his neighbors. Unfortunately, however, he became also a little too fond of his 'pure old rye,' and was likely to become a regular drunkard. His friends felt the necessity of cautioning him against this besetting sin; but the Squire, being a high-spirited old colt, required careful handling.

"Finally, it was agreed that the doctor of the place, one of his oldest friends, should deal with him in the most delicate manner possible. The Doctor thought best to approach his friend in the way of a parable, as Nathan did David, and felt certain of success. At their next interview he led the conversation intentionally to the subject of stage-coaches—how long they would last, etc.

"'Now, Mr. R.', said he, 'suppose you had a fine, well-built, old coach, that had done good service and was yet sound, though perhaps a little shackling and the seams a little open; would you put it to a team of fiery young horses on the roughest part of the road, or would you not put it to a team of steady old staggers, and on the smoothest part of the road you could find?'

"'Well, Doctor,' said the Squire, in perfect ignorance of the Doctor's drift, 'if I had such a stage as you describe, *I would scak it!*'

"The Doctor was silenced; but, whether from the advice of his friends or the promptings of his own good sense, the Squire ceased to run 'the old coach' so hard, and died highly esteemed and respected."

A NEW SONG OF THE SMITHY.

ALL the noises of the village
With the evening have grown still,
Save the tinkling and the clinking
In the smithy on the hill.
As I sit before the fire-light,
In a dreamy sort of doze,
Hearing, yet not listening to it,
The rhythm of the blows
On the distant anvil ringing
Throbs and murmurs in my ears,
And I'm borne away in spirit
O'er the intervening years;
And I stand before a smithy,
In the godly coming time,
And I weave there in the spirit
This little web of rhyme.
Cling! clang! cling! The merry clamor
Of the big and little hammer,
How they ring! ring! ring!
With their cling! clang! cling!
As they beat the glowing bars
Lo! the white sparks fly about,
Like a troop of shooting stars—
Seen a moment, and then out.
And the panting of the bellows,
And the roaring of the fire,
As the smiths—great, stalwart fellows—
With arms that never tire,
Drag the metal, hot and red,
From its glowing, fiery bed,

And with many a sounding blow
They beat it and they heat it
Till the yielding bar doth grow
Into something that will wear
On the form that it will bear
The exalted crown of use.
I draw near the ringing anvil,
Where the brawny master stands,
And I see the shapeless metal
Taking beauty from his hands;
And I say, "My worthy master,
Thine's a craft I love to see,
I would have some token of it,
Pray you, forge a sword for me."
The master raised his head,
As he heard the words I said.
His hands were rough and horny,
And his figure rude and large,
And his forehead black and grimy
With the coal-dust of the forge;
But I saw his great white spirit
Lighting up his swarthy face,
As a burning taper lighteth
Up a costly porcelain vase;
And he said, "Good friend, whence come you,
That you ask a thing so vain?
Know you not the heavens are opened,
And our Lord hath come again?
Yea, 'tis true, good friend and neighbor,
I will forge you, if you choose,
Any instrument of labor,
Any implement of use.
But the dreadful tools of warfare
Are with us forgotten things;
We have beat them into plow-shares
That the godly harvest brings.
So we forge the sword no longer,
Nor yet any arm of strife;
We've a better use for iron
Than to bore out human life.
Neither cannon, gun, nor musket,
Neither lance nor pike we make;
Neither bar, nor bolt, nor fetter
Will we forge for Jesus' sake.
We no more have need of these
To protect our hearth and home;
For the world is full of peace,
Now the Prince of Peace hath come."

LEXINGTON, GEORGIA.

"At the time when Sydney Smith, the Reverend Canon of St. Paul's, was denouncing the 'drab-coated men of Pennsylvania' for neglecting to pay the interest on their State Stock, of which he held a considerable amount, he was visited by a young author, exceedingly lavish in his compliments and flattery, who declared that if he could only hope to attain to even a small degree of the fame and honor which he (Sydney) enjoyed, he would be the most happy man on earth. 'My dear young friend,' said the Canon, 'I would that you were not only almost, but altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*, laying his hand at the same time on the certificates of his Pennsylvania Stock lying on the desk before him.'

LITTLE JULIE, just three years old, came in from the garden, one day this summer, her toilet deficient in an article now considered indispensable, there being at the present day "a skeleton in every house." Her mother called, "Julie, come and see your little cousins!" "I can't, mamma," she responded, in piteous tones; "I haven't got on my hoops!" Julie's hoops were a quarter of a yard long, and about as large in circumference as a good-sized dish!

JAMES L. HALL, a noted beau and politician, and George H. Brown, a noted lawyer and politician, re-

sided, during the good old days of Whig rule, in the County of Somerset, New Jersey, in which delectable land Jim's saered memory remains shrined even unto this day in the heart of many a femininity. Stanch Somerset had always rolled up an old-fashioned Whig majority, and Jim and George had agreed like brothers should, for they both professed the same creed and bowed before the same political altar. A change came. The Republican organization made its appearance in the county, and men who had been the closest together went wide asunder. Jim stood fast by the faith of his fathers, while George took passage in the new ship. Both canvassed the county for their respective tickets, and the result was that the Republican carried the day; and in the pet township of Branchburgh nearly every old Whig voter cast the new-fangled ticket. A short time after the result was known Jim happened in a crowd where the late election was being discussed. Some one said, "Jim, how happened it that Branchburgh turned so complete a somersault? Nothing left of the old line there, eh?" Jim's magnificent phiz assumed an expression of the most supreme contempt as he answercd, "My dear Sir, people generally, in civilized, Christianized, and evangelized communities, believe in God; but the fact is, that the pagans of Branchburgh believe only in *George H. Brown!*"

FOLLOWETH a literal copy of a physician's certificate, sent for the purpose of securing the extension of a soldier's sick furlough and his back pay:

July 8 the 1862
Mrs D— & G— I Sertifi That I Have Bin Tending Thomas W. morrison And His Heith is not fit for Servis an i Donte Think it Will Be this fauel.

DR HENRY KERNEY."

SOME time ago the Drawer laughed at a Northwestern infant State Legislature for a blunder in one of its laws, the schoolmaster being out at the time the act was drawn. But old Massachusetts, the mother of schoolmasters and grammars, has beat the Northwest entirely. Chapter 219 of the Statutes of 1862, enacted by the last Legislature, provides that (see General Laws of 1862, p. 101):

"Commissioners to take the deposition of any person without this State engaged in the regular or volunteer land service of the United States, may be executed by the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, or major of the regiment in which such person shall at the time serve, or with which he may be connected," etc.

It is a satisfaction to know that by the second section of this statute it is limited to one year from its passage.

And the Common Council of Jackson, Michigan, has just adopted the following resolution, and caused it to be printed for the protection of all cows over age:

"Resolved, that the pound-master be instructed not to receive into the public pound any cows that any person may drive to the same pound under the age of 21 years."

TOM and Jack were gay students at Dickinson College. A young lady acquaintance had rather carelessly left her boudoir window uncurtained one warm summer night, and Tom, passing by, found it out of his power to resist the attraction which arrested his footsteps upon the pavement opposite, and drew his eyes to the fair one within her bower.

Jack was taking his friend to task for acting "Peeping Tom of Coventry," and trying to persuade him that he should have passed on. At last, as he

saw that his arguments were not working conviction, he said:

"But I suppose you were ungallant enough to say to yourself that you were not to blame, and that if she chose to be a spectacle to those in the street it was her own look out."

"Yes," said Tom, "and my *look in!*"

"THE Doctor's natural inference—'He was sick, and of course he sent for me, of course I prescribed for him, and of course he died'—with which the Drawer nearly split our sides not long ago, reminds me of another somewhat in the same style.

"Our Society,' the Union Philosophical, was at one of its meetings unusually excited and uproarious. Of course the 'grave and reverend Seniors' did their utmost to restore matters to their wonted state of order and dignity. With this object, one of those important personages arose to speak, and commenced with,

"Mr. President, I am sorry to say it, but it is nevertheless a fact that this society has been degenerating ever since I have been a member of it!"

"The inference was too plain; it 'brought down the house,' and good feeling was at once restored. The astonished Senior, the 'pint' slowly dawning on him, sat down amidst bursts of applause, not quite satisfied with the manner in which he had accomplished his object."

"WHILE standing at a window around which a small group were gathered, an ice-cart passed by, when a friend remarked to our venerable Uncle Bill that 'the Ice Company reaped a very small harvest last winter.' Turning to the speaker, Uncle Bill dryly asked, 'Do they reap their harvests with an icicle (ice sickle)?"

"A RELATIVE of the genuine, original 'Hardshell,' living near Rockford, Illinois, was not long ago preaching about the 'Christian Race.' After the inevitable description of the Olympic Games, he astonished and complimented his hearers with,

"The true Christian, my hearers, will go straight to the jail; he will never turn aside. I trust that every one of you are going straight to the JAIL!"

"In his endeavor to make use of elegant language he had confounded 'goal' and 'jail' in the above startling manner."

A CORRESPONDENT in Nevada Gulch, Colorado Territory, writes to the Drawer, and modestly begins:

"Unfortunately most all our 'good things' are rather too rough for the society into which your high-toned periodical finds its way. Here is one, however, which shall stand on its own merits:

"Mr. Salamon is a long, slab-sided, flat-footed, buttermilk-eyed, thick-lipped, and conceited Dutchman, perfectly worthless except for gassing and destroying lager-beer.

"Not long since Salamon was in Buckskin-Joe (a mining district on the head-waters of South Platte River), vaunting the many advantages of Cañon City over every other locality in the Territory—descenting upon its salubrious climate, splendid scenery, etc. While thus employed, John Riley, a facetious ranche-man, interrupts him with,

"But, Mr. Salamon, what kind of people have you down at Cañon?"

"Mr. S. 'Oh! we'se got de Nordeners, de Sud-dener, und de Missourians.'

"MR. R. 'But have you no foreigners? no Dutchmen?'

"MR. S. 'Yes, dare ish *yon*; but you don't know it if somebody not dell's you vot he ish. Now vot coundrymans you takes me to be?'

"MR. R. 'Why, an American, Sir, *of course!*'

"MR. S. 'Ha! ha! ha! I 'spects I fools more as a hund' thousand bebbles! *I beesh a German!*'"

EVERY body about Wilmington, Delaware, remembers poor Tom Joslyn, as clever a fellow as ever lived; but, like a great many other clever fellows, he was too much addicted to the "Oh be joyful!" In fact, he had done so much at the business, a red nose, somewhat swollen, was the consequence. At length, all at once, Tom seemed to see the error of his ways, and attempted, as his friends all hoped, a *bona fide* reformation.

While he was still firm, and his resolution as yet had remained unbroken, he happened one day to go into a public house in Wilmington, and an old acquaintance insisted on his taking a smile with him.

"No, I thank you," Tom replied, with that suavity of manner which was so natural to him. "I do not drink any more; I have reformed."

"Not drink!" ejaculated his friend, at the same time gazing on his rubicund nose with astonishment.

"No," replied Tom, "I have quit it entirely."

"Then why don't you take in your sign?" his acquaintance asked, pointing at the same time to Tom's red nose.

This was too much. Tom immediately smiled with his friend, and continued to smile ever afterward, feeling, no doubt, that when a man has a sign hung out, it is sheer nonsense to attempt to gainsay it.

"SEVERAL years ago I was an operator in a telegraph office at Smyrna, Delaware. At that time, and in that section of country, telegraphing was a new thing to most people. They had an idea it was used for the transmission of messages from place to place, but they could not tell how it was done, and hence a great deal of my time was employed in explaining to the curious visitors the *modus operandi*. One afternoon an Irishwoman, with a face almost as red as the handkerchief she wore round her neck, entered my office and asked,

"Is it here where the tiligraph office is just?"

"This is the place, Madam; what can I do for you?" I replied and asked.

"My man, Tim Flaherty, works in Wilmington, and I wants yer to sind the crature by the tiligraph these sax shirts that I hev jest made for him," the woman replied, innocently.

"We explained to Mrs. Flaherty the nature of the telegraph, and assured her that it was impossible to comply with her request. But to no purpose; and she left our office in a rage, asserting in language not so choice as it was violent, that 'of all the dirthy omadhauns' we were the dirtiest."

BILL WINTHROP was running for the Legislature at a late election in Illinois. He was a very eloquent man, but much after the "Fourth of July" style. He was very vain of his speeches, however, and a great favorite with the people. Any interruption to his flights always confused and irritated him. On one occasion, when he was to speak in the courthouse immediately preceding his opponent, in the presence of a large audience, his antagonist laid a

plot to interrupt and confuse him in a quiet way. Joe Henry was a wag both in body and mind. He never let any thing escape without some witty remark. A single eye, and that a crooked one, and a fearful stutter, gave an air of comedy to every thing he said. He determined on the speaker's downfall, and placed himself in the dock right by where the candidates were to stand. Winthrop flighted his oratorical kites with unusual success for about ten minutes, when he started one which seemed to bid fair to soar off into heaven out of sight. He had just come to the turning-point in his climax when it became plain he had overreached himself, and growing entangled, he paused, with his hand pointing to heaven, about which he had been speaking. Joe was looking with his cork-screw optic as straight up as he could, as if gazing after the soaring eagle. He turned to the speaker, and, in the most commonplace tone, remarked: "L-l-l-et that o-o-ne go, Bill, and fl-fl-fly another." The speaker fell like a collapsed balloon, and could not raise another eagle for the evening.

A KENTUCKY correspondent robs the jail door in Boyd, Kentucky, of the following notice, and sends it to the Drawer. We print from the original:

"N.B. take pur tickler Notis that thar is now in the Jale of boyd county Ky 1 negroe man bearing the name of Jackson marloe from mazuray as he says. Delivered to me buey A pur mitamus from the Justis of the peas of said county on the 5 of June 1862

"this the 9 of June 1862

P. T. JILSON"

"GEORGE was a little shaver, four or five years old, who was in the habit of coming over to our house very frequently. One day I said to him,

"Georgy, did your mother say you might come over here to-night?"

"No, she didn't."

"Well, you had better run right home and ask her."

"I have asked her, and she said I mustn't."

A CORRESPONDENT writing from "Camp in the Woods, near Corinth," sends us the following:

"As we sat this noon under an arbor, sheltering ourselves from the intense sun here, the distant boom and growl of a '32' at regular intervals reminded us of the usual national salute at meridian on the Fourth of July.

"The Lieutenant spoke up, 'What's that, Cap'n?'

"It's customary to fire a national salute at meridian," I replied.

"Meridian? Meridian? where's that, Cap'n? I've never heered of ary such place about yer," replied the Lieutenant.

"I was just about to explode, when the cruel Captain H——, an inveterate wag, pressed my foot and rejoined,

"Why, Lieutenant, haven't you been to Meridian yet? You can get more things there than at Corinth. I saw linen pants for sale there yesterday' (an article the Lieutenant had searched Corinth for in vain).

"So as the cool of the evening came on the Lieutenant saddled a mule and went in search of 'Meridian,' directed by the cruel Captain H——. He has returned, and has 'allowed' he's been 'bad sold.'"

A CORRESPONDENT in Pennsylvania says that when the great excitement in that State prevailed

in the apprehended invasion by the rebels, every body shouldered arms and was ready to rush into the battle-field. When the enthusiasm was at its height, General M' Clellan had driven the enemy off, and Governor Curtin recalled the troops. A young man who was deeply imbued with the spirit of patriotism and religion was describing his own feelings during this period. He was slow in coming to his decision, he said : "I sought the direction of Heaven, and I heard a voice saying unto me 'Go,' and I was on the point of going when Governor Curtin countermanded the order!"

THE same correspondent says : "A Captain of one of our Harrisburg companies had hard work in bringing his men up to the military standard of promptness and efficiency. One of his men was uniformly late in making his appearance; but when the morning came that they were to march to meet the foe, Jinks was the first man on the ground. He saluted his astonished Captain, who congratulated him on his early appearance, and worked off the Irishman's three-barreled joke : 'Why, Corporal Jinks, I'm glad to see you! You're first at last: you're early of late: you were always behind before.'"

MINISTERS make poor jockeys. It is related of old Dr. Burnet that he had a horse which he wished to sell, and when exhibiting it to an expected purchaser, mounted and rode the horse gallantly, but did not succeed in hiding his defect.

"My good Doctor," said the trader, "when you want to take me in you should mount a pulpit, not a horse."

"OUR little Molly, who is only six years old, broke her doll's head 'all to smash,' and when her mother put on a new head with Spalding's glue Molly was delighted. She ran to her old grandfather, and begged him to get a new head and put it on in the same way.

"One day she said to her uncle, who was visiting here, 'Uncle Harry, do you say your prayers to God?'

"He replied, 'Certainly; every body does who is good.'

"'No, they don't,' said Molly; 'for my Ma is good, and she says hers to a chair!'"

ONE of our readers in Ohio writes to the Drawer to relate an incident that happened Down East:

"A good old lady who lived in one of the rural districts of Maine, and who had never seen much of town life, was prevailed upon on one occasion to pay a visit to a relative who lived in a distant inland town of some importance. When Sunday came round the old lady accompanied her friends to church, where her simple notions were shocked at the wonderful display of what she called worldliness and pride. The minister himself did not escape her criticism. In the midst of the sermon, and while the old lady was cogitating upon things around her, a mischievous crow that had been tamed and taught to speak flew in at one of the open windows, and alighting upon the back of a seat in front of one of the deacons, looked that functionary full in the face, and exclaimed, in a clear, audible voice that sent a thrill of horror to the heart of the old lady, 'Curse you! curse you!' And before the deacon could capture the fugitive it flew to another place, and pronounced its malediction upon another prominent member of the church. The minister stopped, and

the congregation became disturbed. Every body was anxious to see the intruder captured and expelled from the place, and many were the fruitless grabs made for the crow's legs; but he eluded them all, and round and round he went, uttering his imprecations. At last he came across our old lady, and she too shared the crow's ominous imprecations. The old lady rose up from her seat preparatory to its evacuation, and confronting her black adversary with flashing eyes and uplifted finger, exclaimed, in a sharp, shrill voice that startled the audience, 'Oh, ye needn't curse me, for I don't belong to this congregation!' and left the place in deep disgust."

A PHRENOLOGICAL lecturer in this city advertises his ability to point out "the right man for the right place," by manipulating the heads of his countrymen. What a pity he had not mentioned it before! It would have saved the country millions of money and thousands of lives if this learned professor had been employed a year or two in pointing out the statesmen and generals who were born to guide and command. How many wretched blunders have been made for want of this simple operation! When we reflect upon the fact that this science of skull-ology has been professed for more than twenty-five years, and its wonderful power been proved by such numerous facts, it is surpassingly strange that the people do not have a professor at every Nominating Convention. The President should have one at his right hand to guide him in all his appointments, and every general sent home immediately whose cranium does not show the bumps like bombs that mark the man of war.

But physiognomy is often quite as good an index to character as the science of the skull. So it was shown in Boston when one of the philosophers there undertook to study the rough side of human nature, and see for himself what it was. To this end he made himself at home with the hardest kind of people. He hung about low taverns; and now and then got drunk, just to see how it feels. One day he went into a bar-room where he was a total stranger, and stepping up to the bar with an air, called out decisively for a glass of brandy. "No, no," said the barman, "lemonade's the drink for you!" The great philosopher declined the innocent beverage, and retired to meditate on the wondrous physiognomical capabilities of this humble mixer of drinks.

FOUND TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

IT may be after years have passed away,
'Mid faded relics of a time gone by,
These lines, in some far-off and distant day,
May chance to fall beneath your careless eye!

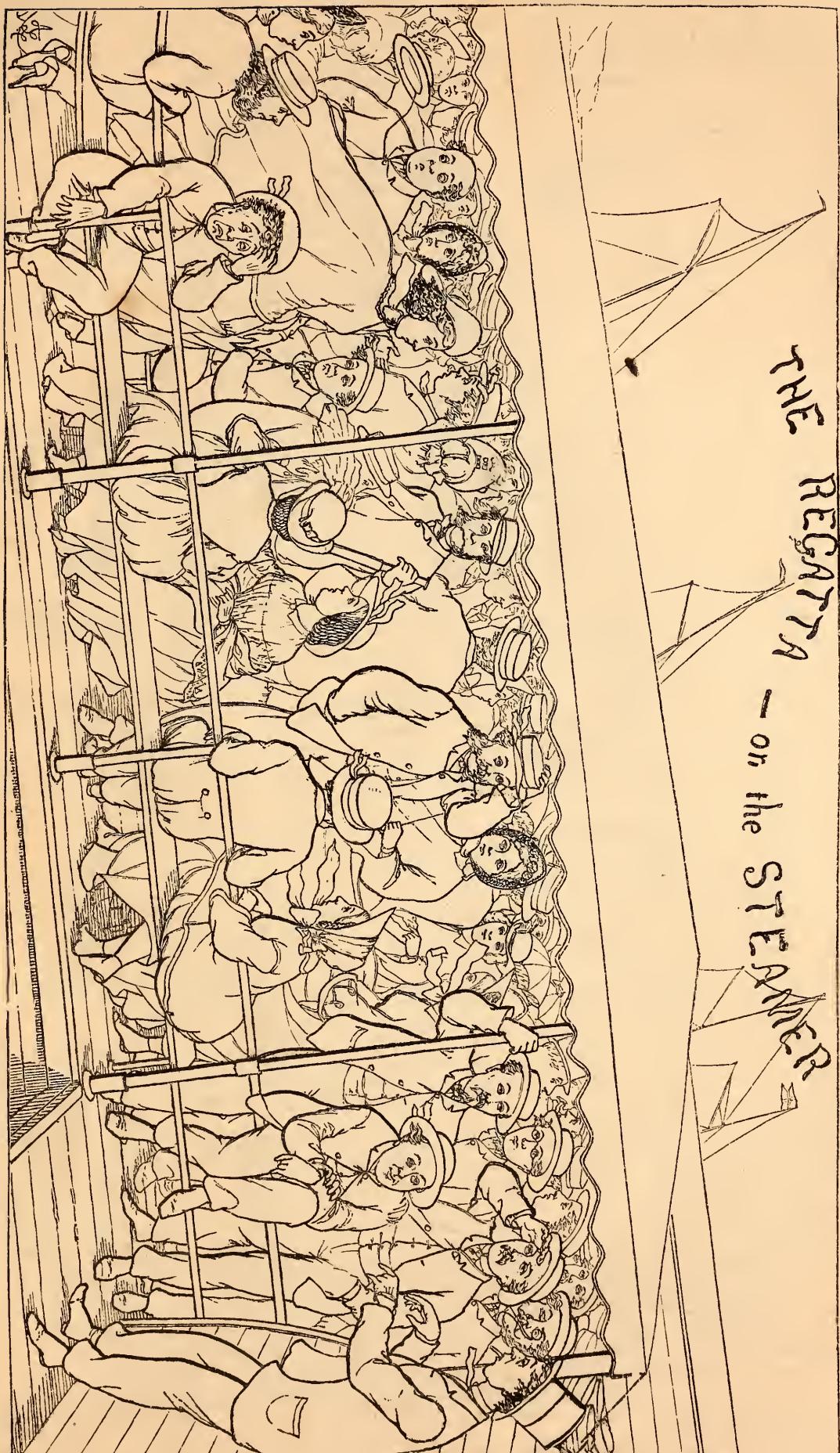
If then the hand that penn'd them long ago
Lies nerveless in the grave—if then the heart
From whence this stream of fancy once could flow
Is cold in death!—it may be you will start.

When dwelling in the changes time has seen,
'Mid hopes deluded, 'mid accomplished fears,
When naught is left of all that once has been
Save the pale memories of happier years!

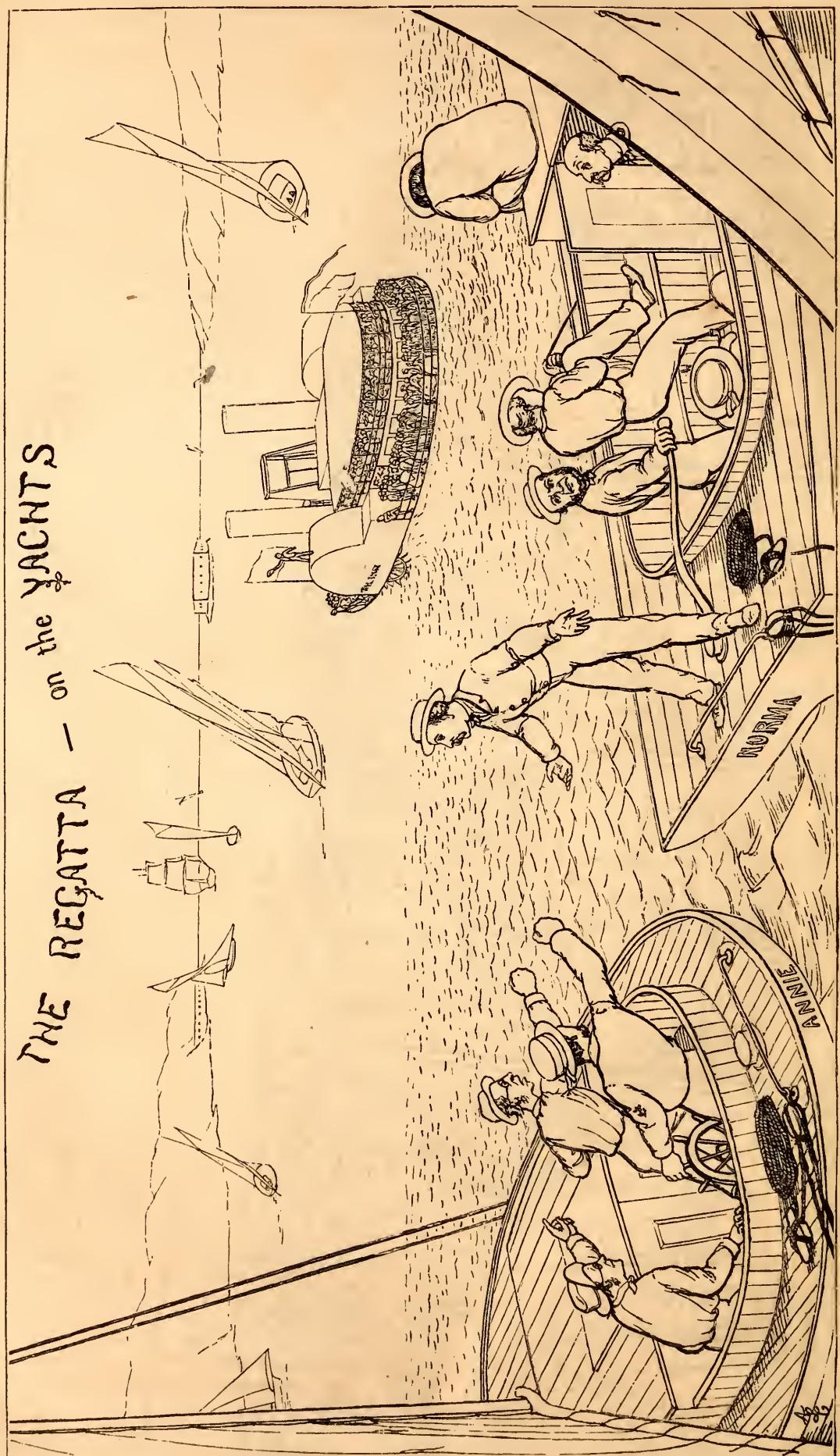
If at that hour a shade of sorrow creeps
O'er your poor spirit—worn on its way;
If one who could have cheer'd forever sleeps—
Lean on the love of a forgotten day!

May be rank grass will choke a rotting grave,
Where cruel rains beat down, where winds moan past—
Yet feel that love—that life you scorn'd to save
Was true to death—was faithful to the last!

The Regatta.

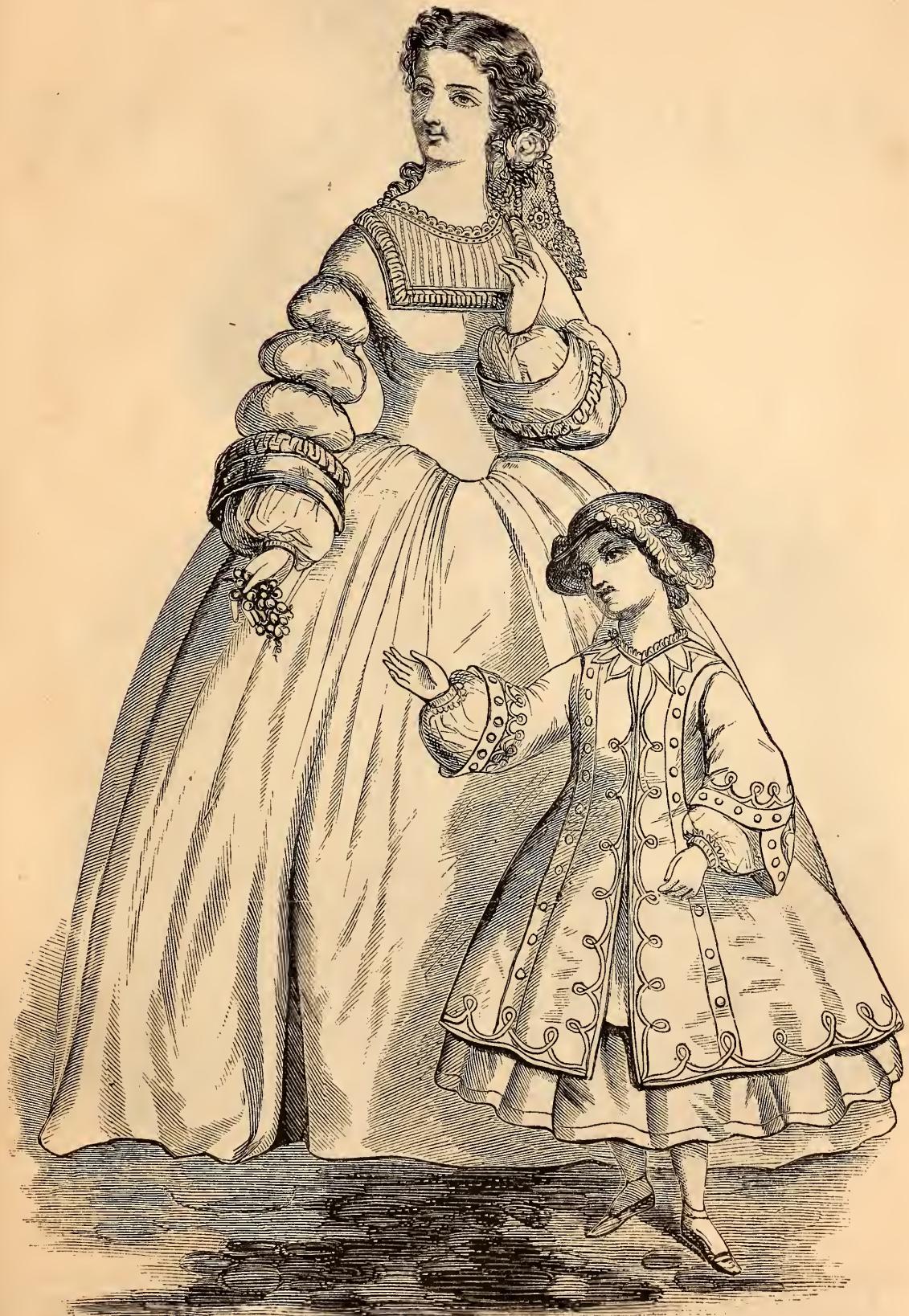


THE REGATTA — on the YACHTS



Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—HOME DRESS AND GIRL'S PARDESSUS.



FIGURE 3.—STREET COSTUME.

THE HOME DRESS is of gray taffeta, with double box-plaits employed as *passamanerie*.

The GIRL'S DRESS consists of a velvet hat with white plumes, and a light drab pardessus.

In the STREET COSTUME the cloak is made in neutral tints and gray cloth; it may be appropriately made in black. It is ornamented with braid and buttons.

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